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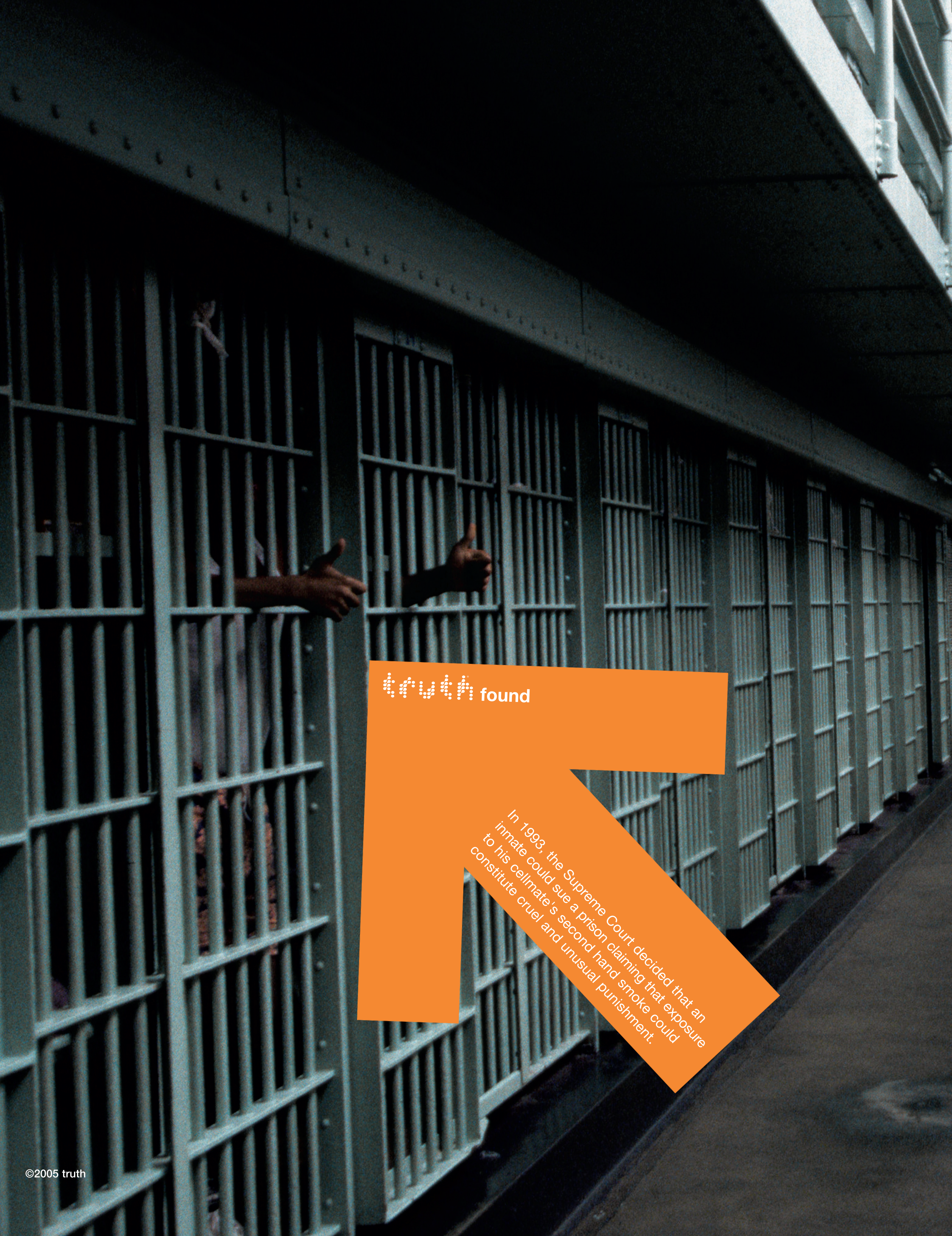

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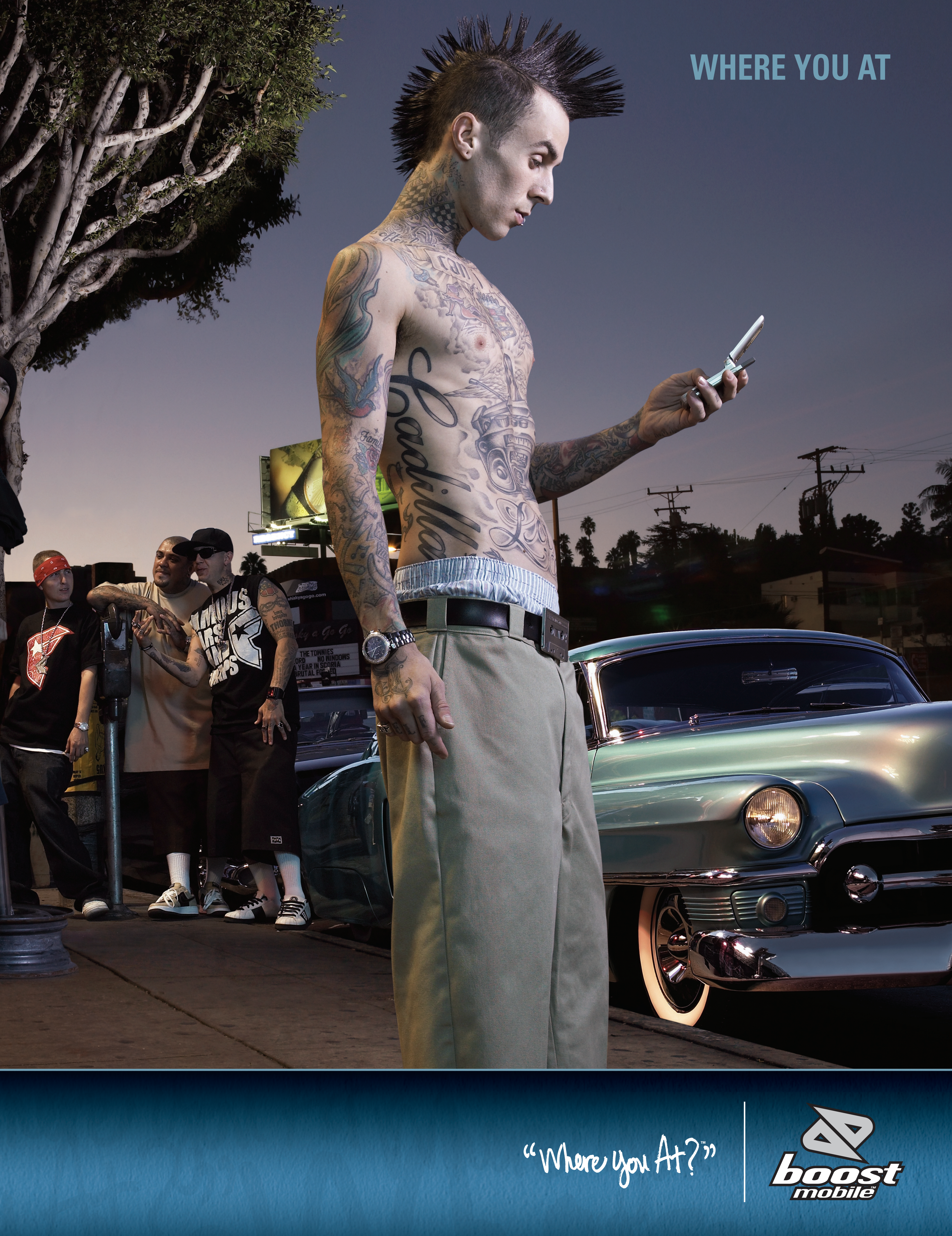
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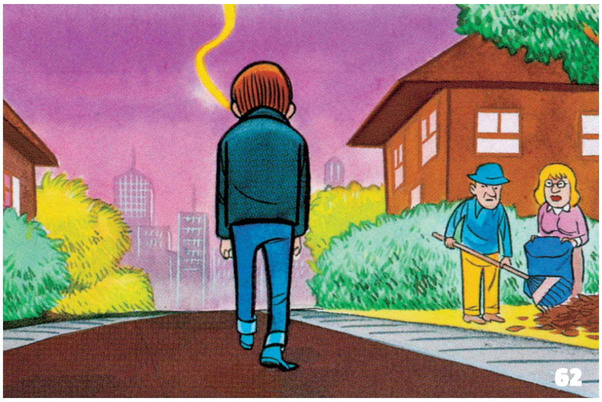

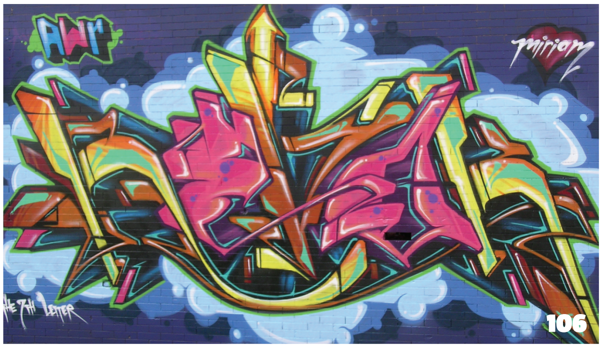

38

LIVE: ***16. Duck Hunt: The Hipster Camera Craze*** *Point and shoot you in the face.* ★ ***18. That's Gangster!: Deer Hunting at Home*** *Deerly departed.* ★ ***19. Ricky Powell is... The Doloist*** *Photography and philosophy Courtesy of Ricky Powell.* ★ ***20. Dine Piece: Lupe Fiasco*** *The Chicago MC shepherds delicious pie into your life.* ★ ***22. Career Watch: Crime Scene Tour Guide*** *Crime pays! (in suggested donations.)* ★ ***24. Real Talk: Uncle Ben Has A Story To Tell*** *Horrible wrongs make a rice.* ★ ***26. We Style In: Dunderdon*** *Put in work, and watch their status escalate.* ★ ***28. Miss Thing: Ms. Debbie*** *Juelz Santana's mama's a shotta!* ★ ***30. Fight Club: DJ Muggs*** *Hits from the bong.* ★ ***32. Tragedy: The Story of Queensbridge*** *The documentary for duns.* ★ ***32. Super Blunt!*** *Take a footlong to the head. Pause.*★ ***32. Tour De JR*** *Parisian persuasion.* ★ ***34. Laces*** *Apparently women have feet too.* ★ ***34. Air McFlys For The People*** *Back to the Future fashion.* ★ ***34. Public Discourse*** *A documentary for the skreets.* ★ ***35. ELK 'Zine*** *Hunting for originality.* ★ ***35. Shut Skates Is Back!*** *Could the rat tale be next?* ★ ***35. Dalek Meets FIFTY24SF*** *A cartoon collabo.* ★ ***36. Hey, You're Cool: Kimbra Pfahler*** *Black on black crime.* ★ ***38. Original Flavor: Derrick Adams*** *I'm your puppet.* ★ ***40. Sinematic Enema: RA's Coming Attractions*** *The Rugged Man has a dream.* ★ ***42. A Day in the Life of Livingroom Johnston: A By Myself Meeting*** *LJ conversates with an old friend.* ★ ***44. Sexytime Explosion: Do It To the Music*** *The soundtrack to the sheets.* ★ ***46. OG Status: Prince Paul*** *Dante Ross meets with the Amityville Ambassador.*

FEATURES: ***50. Imperial Media*** *TV on the Radio makes history. By Noah Rubin* ★ ***56. Creative Writing*** *Graf writer Slick knows what it's like to live and dye in LA. By Danny Boy O'Connor*★ ***62. Confidence Man*** *Comic book straight man Daniel Clowes does the Hollywood shuffle. By Brendan Frederick* ★ ***68. Tenn Toes Deep*** *Gangsta Walkin' In Memphis. By Benjamin Meadows-Ingram* ★ ***82. She's Gotta Have it*** *Style to make you say, "Please baby, please baby, please baby, baby baby please!"*

EXIT: ***92. Jockbox*** *Cat Power rolls Mobb Deep!* ★ ***94. How I Get Down: Scarface*** *The Southern legend loves George Bush.The President, not the piff.* ★ ***96. Rides & Rims*** *A memorial-fueled chopper.* ★ ***98. Toy Story: Fulla*** *Dolls for the little Muslim in all of us.* ★ ***100. Kickin' It: Sell Your Soles*** *Re-up quick.* ★ ***102. Play at Your Own Risk: Phone Game*** *Off the hook!* ★ ***104. Paper: We All Die Alone*** *Garbage Pail Kids creator Mark Newgarden lives.* ★ ***106. Off The Wall: Revok*** *The fastest burners in the West.* ★ ***108. Whip Appeal: Go Greasel Lightning!*** *Pass on gas.* ★ ***110. El Producto*** *Long johns and some beanies, fuck a button-up shirt.* ★ ***114. Public A***

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EDITOR'S LETTER:

The employees of the year? Yeah, we're back to work! This year, *Mass Appeal* is turning a decade old (pinch your pennies for this summer's special ten year anniversary issue), and the aught-six will surely be 360 days full of snappin' necks and cashin' large checks. Oh yes, we heard the rumblings in the street from you pissy princesses about *MA* featuring an actor on the cover last issue, but guess what...we don't give a fluck, fucks! And just to prove it, we're going left on you again this issue with the first rock band to ever grace the cover of *Mass Appeal.* That's right fellow stalkers: you know we had to track down Brooklyn's finest, TV on the Radio. We can't be pigeon-holed...it's the Byrd Gang, you bastards!

Thank God for the kid Noah Rubin, who's always there to remind *MA* that there is life outside rap, penning his first cover story this issue ["Imperial Media," pg. 50]. Speaking of going left, it's been like Comic-Con up in this bitch lately, with *MA*'s first feature on your awkward friend's favorite graphic novelist, Daniel Clowes ["Confidence Man," pg. 62]. You geeks are gonna love us—we've even got rap's favorite nerd (sorry, P) cooking up some pies ["Dine Piece: Lupe Fiasco," pg. 20].

But best believe we're still out in these skreets. The big dog BMI came through and blessed us with a whopping 14 page blowout about the good folks holding down the Memphis hip hop scene ["Tenn Toes Deep," pg. 68]. I know you hipster fucks are loving M-Town right now, so please, at least recognize the realness Plus, the legendary Scarface has some real words for the powers that be ["How I Get Down," pg. 94], and Juelz Santana's mama reminds us all why we should love the lady who carried us in their belly for nine months ["Miss Thing," pg. 28]. Hi mom!

And you know we're showing Brooklyn love, 'cause they show us love back—this issue's fashion story, inspired by Mars Blackmon ["She's Gotta Have It," pg. 82], is gonna have all the kiddies on Grand St. rocking flip-top cycling hats again. I have to confess, this is probably the hottest fashion spread we've ever done. You wish your art director was as fresh as ours is! Tune in next issue for a slice of snowy goodness from the Brothers Thornton. I'm gonna make this one short—this issue has had me sleepless for the last two nights, and I might start saying some things I don't mean.

Brendan Frederick
Editor-In-Chief

MassAppeal

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Retraction: In Ricky Powell's feature "The Ruler's Back" from issue 37, an editor wrote the title and subtitle, which were not a reflection of Ricky Powell's sentiments.

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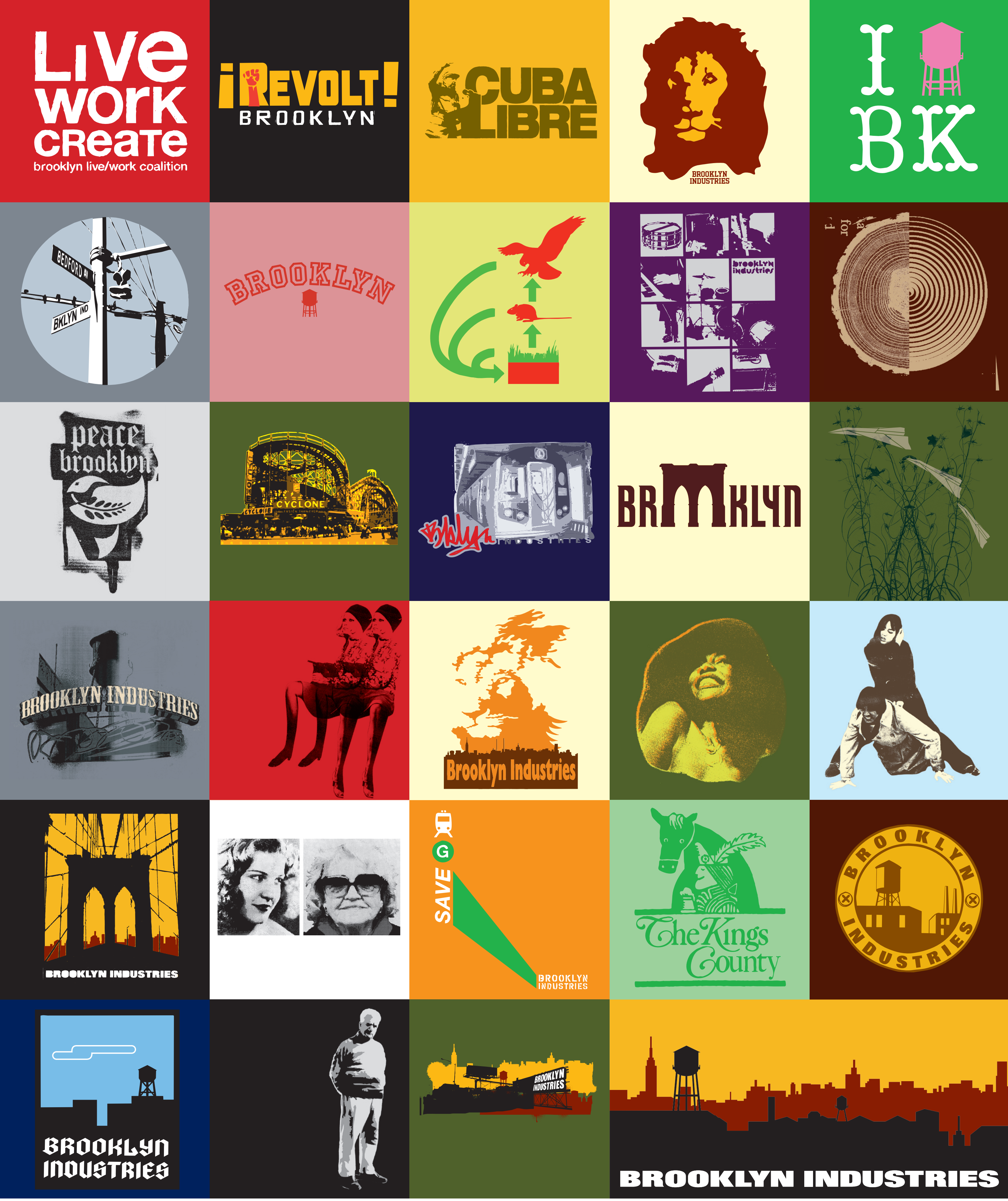
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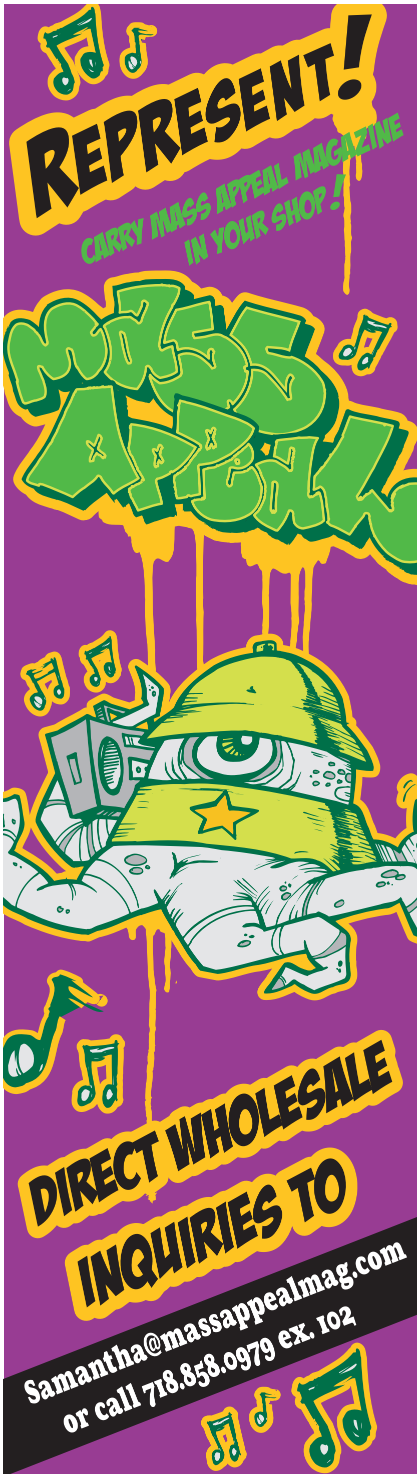
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On The Cover: TV on the Radio shot by Clay Patrick McBride in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

FROM THE FRONT LINES

ADRIEN BRODY SNAGS ANOTHER TROPHY (JOANNE CAROLINO)

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BENJAMIN MEADOWS-INGRAM

When you're doing a sprawling, 14-page story about the virtues of Memphis, Tennessee rap music ["Tenn Toes Deep", pg. 68], you need Benjamin Meadows-Ingram on speed dial. The 27-year-old M-Town native moved to NYC in 1997, but anyone who's been the victim of his relentless shit-talking or intense (yet, helpful) 5 AM lectures knows that the Southern drawl is still alive and well in this boy. Working in magazines since 1999, BMI (as some call him) has garnered a resumé that includes *Blaze*, MTV, *Interview*, *XXL*, *Emixshow*, *RPM* and *MPS*. As a *Mass Appeal* Contributing Editor for more years than anyone at the magazine is aware, his advice and writing has always been a secret weapon. Today, the Big Boss Hogg Outlaw is the Senior Editor at *VIBE*, where he enjoys driving expensive cars and wearing hats. But through it all, Ben still has Memphis on his back (literally).

KATE ERWIN

Kate Erwin a.k.a. K8 a.k.a. Krazy Kate a.k.a. "Don't call me Katie, bitch!" has been down with *MA* for a minute (or 150,000, give or take a couple weeks, to be precise). Since 2002, the 24-year-old has penned book and album reviews, beefed with an Editor-in-Chief and a Photo Editor and generally proven to be a really valuable pain in the ass to have around. Now, as *MA*'s Fashion Director, she's out to put the bossy back in Hugo Boss and scream on the kids at the Phat Farm. Check out her styling this month in "She's Gotta Have It" [pg. 82], but don't ask her where she got those or she'll punch you in the face. The Norf Cackalack native calls Bushwick home, and when she's not kicking it with her boo Max Julien or fleeing the pack of deranged cats charged with assassinating her, she's probably browsing gear for her baby brother Jamie.

DANNY BOY O'CONNOR

Born and raised in Brooklyn, New York in the late '60s and '70s, long-time *Mass Appeal* contributor Danny Boy moved to the West Coast in the '80s, where he formed his first band called House Of Pain, the multi-platinum-selling, Grammy-nominated hip hop group. Now Danny spends most of his time as a graphic artist, designer and street level marketing guru. In 2005, along with Big Left, Slaine, Ill Bill, DJ Lethal, Optimus, Ceekay, Kaves, CodyMac, Sabac Red and more, he formed a hip hop supergroup called La Coka Nostra, who has a project scheduled for release in 2006. In this issue, Danny Boy interviewed LA graffiti writer Slick ["Creative Writing", pg. 56].

SHANE'S APARTMENT

What's really hood?! Classon & Dekalb! Being born and raised right across the street from the Lafayette Gardens PJs, it was tough, but it helped me build character. When Shane first moved in, I was skeptical. He had a Hello Kitty coffee maker and I heard his hometown Berkeley is full of 401k hippies. He also never let me peep on his lady friends (Under the covers? With the lights out? What's that about?!) But Shane turned out cool—he doesn't even recycle! Even when the wailin' mutant alley cats from 'round the way sing duets, he doesn't freak out like I thought he would. I get mad love in *Mass Appeal* from hosting so many photo shoots. This issue, I did "Sinematic Enema" [pg. 40], "She's Gotta Have It" [pg. 82], "A Day in the Life of Livingroom Johnston" [pg. 42] and "Toy Story: Fulla" [pg. 98]. He still hasn't given the Fulla doll back, because he cuddles with her every night. All eyes on me!

CHRIS GLANCY

Twenty-five-year-old Chris Glancy most certainly knows how to keep the party going. Born in Detroit and raised in South Florida, the photographer moved to New York to further his career. He has done work for super fun clients like Adidas, Levi's, Supreme and Sony. You ever read *Nylon Japan*? Probably not, but Chris has, because he shot for them. He's also shot flicks for *Lowdown*, *Made*, *Jane* and *Warp Japan*. Even though he's super busy, Chris manages to do a fashion label/party called "1977" that rolls around paying tribute to the Misfits by getting rowdy in the club. They ask people to DJ Misfits all night long, give away T-shirts and get you drunk at parties. Hop on the train at *its1977.com*. Chris masterminded the Mars Blackmon-inspired fashion feature "She's Gotta Have It" [pg. 82] in this issue.

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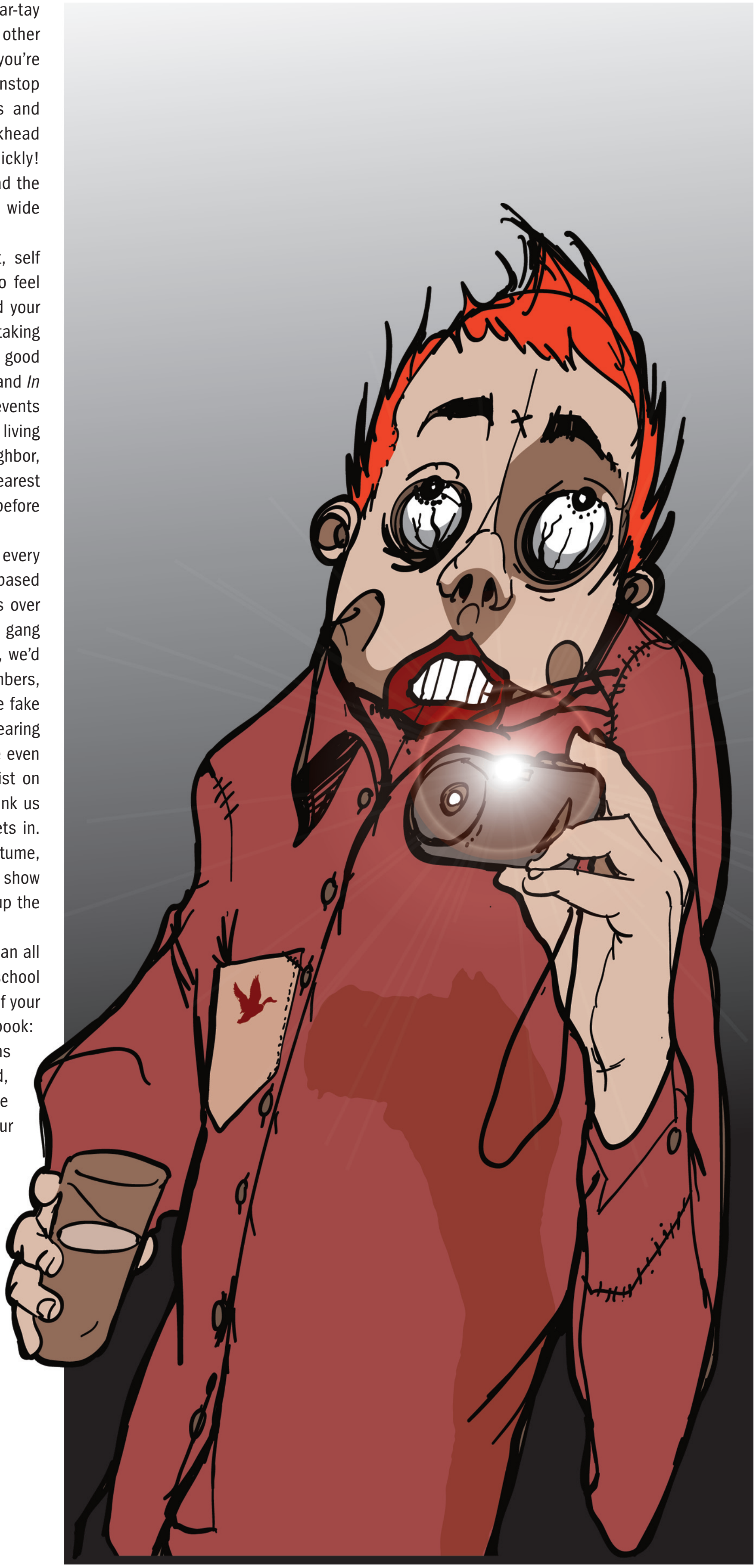
Picture that. Now picture us rolling—with this self indulgent, self important, piece-of-shit trend. Never that. We know it's tough to feel like *somebody* when you spend your days bagging groceries and your nights carpet-bagging at Arlene's Grocery. But wait...if someone is taking pictures of you, then you *must* matter! We understand—like all good Americans, you want to be a celebrity, and with rise of reality TV and *In Touch* paparazzi stalkers, being completely talentless no longer prevents you from commanding droves of adoring fans. And now that you're living in the city and you're stealing wireless DSL off your downstairs neighbor, getting famous is as easy as one, two, three, CHEESE! Grab the nearest actor from a Larry Clarke movie, put your ice grill on freeze and before you know it, you're a shining star. No matter who you are!

Oh, we've seen you hanging out with the same 15 people at every party, sipping Jack & Coke, or maybe Sparks (or any Guarana-based alcoholic beverage). A word to the wise—stop rocking bandanas over your busted grills, sporting "Free Tookie" Tees and throwing up gang signs! If you Digital Elphs insist on taking these ridiculous shots, we'd like to issue an open invitation for any and all real gang members, prison alum, or generally anti-social people, to please jump these fake fucks in. The only sight that's scarier is these herion-chic geeks wearing low-rise women's jeans, exposing their treasure trails (and maybe even the treasure). If you pasty, red-nosed, androgynous patsies insist on exposing yourself in public, please don't photograph it. You'll thank us in five years when the coke runs out and the embarrassment sets in. And if it's March and it looks like you're wearing a Halloween costume, something is terribly wrong. It seems people will do anything to show how ironically wild their social life is—don't even make us bring up the "Blackface Jesus." Just stop.

With these terabytes of terrible pictures piling up, maybe you can all get together and combine forces. Since you burned your high school yearbook on prom night while hysterically sobbing into a puddle of your own mascara, perhaps you could create the official Hipster yearbook: LES 2005-2006. On second thought, you might run into problems when deciding who wins "Best Dressed" or "Most Popular". Instead, maybe you can really show the people how wonderful it is to be you—next time you hit the open bar, strap a video camera to your forehead and invite your fans to attend your virtual party. Snap!



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THAT'S GANGSTER!

DEER HUNTING AT HOME

Hunters and gatherers have faded out like the buffalo. Tromping around and lickin' shots in the wild just doesn't sound so rewarding to our generation. Maybe *Surviving the Game* scared the shit out of us, but that's no excuse for sitting around, getting fat and playing a fancy version of *Oregon Trail*. Fifty four-year-old Wayne Goldsberry was sitting at the computer in his daughter's house alone when a wild 5-point Buck jumped through a window and began trashing a bedroom. The deer showed strong initiative to destroy all in his path as he C-walked about the house. But with the hot comb to his scalp, Goldsberry stayed cool, smoothed everything out and made sure to enjoy his fat score. Bridging the gap, *Mass Appeal* brings you a tale gangster enough for the whole family.

That night in early November, the deer apparently saw its own reflection from the exterior of a back window in the Bentonville, Arkansas home, charged and smashed through it. Goldsberry remembers, "I got up and it took me a minute, because the noise went on for like 30 seconds and it was just terrible, a crashing noise. I peeked down the hall and the deer came out of the spare bedroom and was slipping and sliding on the hardwood floors. It slid across the hall into the master bedroom." With a cell phone from Florida and no house line, he had no immediate way to contact local authorities. "I picked up my phone and I called my wife and said, 'Baby, you need to call somebody'," recalls Goldsberry. He then approached the bedroom where the deer was. "I can't for the life of me understand why I did what I did, but I saw an opportunity when that deer turned his back to me and was trying to climb up the wall. I just went right in behind him, grabbed a hold of his horns, held his face to the wall and just pushed him down into the corner and sat on him."

After holding it down for about 40 minutes, no help arrived and the deer got a second wind. Realizing he was in danger of not being able to keep the deer subdued, Goldsberry grabbed a hold of the antlers, twisted the deer's head and broke its neck. He dragged the body out to the front lawn and the sheriff arrived minutes later. That night he hung, skinned and iced the deer meat before carving and freezing it the next morning. Since then, Golsberry has treated his family to delicious venison steaks. As a lifelong hunter, Goldsberry might seem like a prime candidate for wild game follies. But he points out, "I don't do trophies. I'm gonna eat what I hunt, 'cause that's the way that I was raised." Golsberry's legendary actions are attributed to the man-strength he harvested as a former wielding inspector and the patience practiced as an ICU nurse. Other than that, "I think I had one fight in my entire life and that's when I was in high school. I'm pretty sure I lost it," Goldberry admits. "I'm not a 'bad ass'."

words: ***Maclean Jackson*** *images:* ***Marc Henning***

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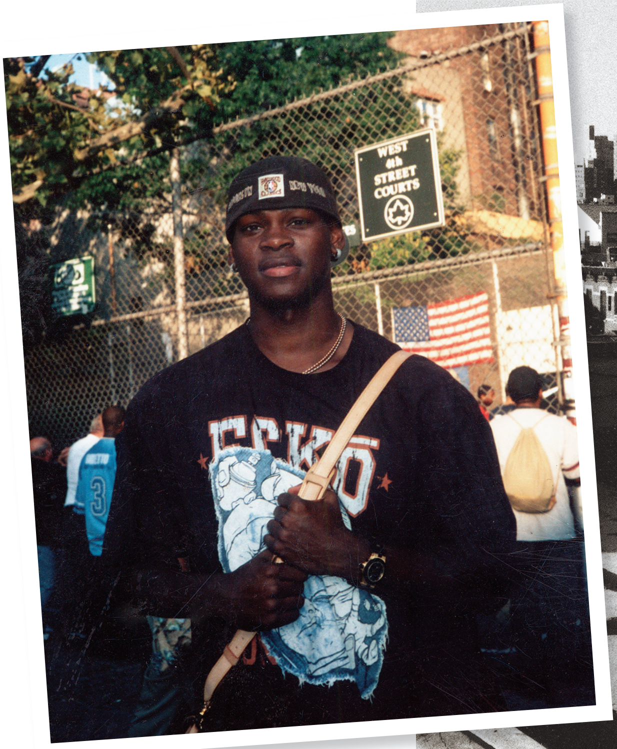
RICKY POWELL IS...THE DOLOIST

CHOCOLATE TIE (MAGICALLY ENHANCING)



Smush Parker
Laker guard Smush Parker repping/cooling at West 4th St., where he honed his game...(In the Village...).

Keene 'TEAM' Carse
My longest friend did the graphics for my TV show as well as my book cover for Public Access. Urban Blight in the house.

Live

I know a dope albino escort service for anyone who's into that kind of thing.

Sarah Silverman, I'm on yer dee-ock...(a little bit).

Benedict Arnolds: Democrats who crossed over to the Republican side (Bloomberg esp.)—I hope you choke on your kickbacks ya fuck'n weak-ass traitors.

Tremendous TV:

1) "The Showbiz Show with David Spade"...That shit got me screaming with laughter sometimes.
2) George Carlin's "Life is Worth Losing"...I thought I was pissed at cornballs...This guy takes the cake.
3) That beer commercial with Flavor Flav...YYEEEAAAAHHH BOYEEEEE!!! (Jeanyis....)
4) I can't forget "The Daily Show"—Jon Stewart is great at exposing JO's...(Jake-offs).

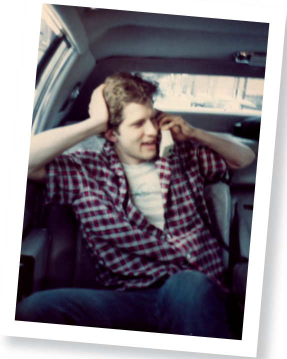
You know who's a dope photographer...? Former Dallas Cowboys' defensive end Bob Lilly...Check his book *Reflections*.

WWHHAAATT!?!...The Knicks are talking about retiring Alan Houton's number before someone named Bernard King (Get the fuck!)...ESPN reporter Rachel Nichols is mesmerizing...The new 'old' Pro-Keds are weak...The Pussycat Dolls are fugly...I'm DJing for the Bus Tranfers...Trey Wingo is the shit on "NFL Live"...WWHHAAATT!?! ...(You bet yer bippy).

SHHAADDUP!! : Star Jones, Tyra Banks, Nicole Ritchie, Ashlee Simpson, Toni Time on Channel 11 news and Paris Hilton (and her dumpy sister)...to name a few. You're stupid and have nothing interesting to offer. Sit down and SSHHAADDUP.

I love NY1's (High School) Scholar Athlete of the Week segments...

The Knicks' introductions are soooo weak. Who chooses the music? Who's that hee-haw announcing the starting line-ups..? And the dancers do the corniest routines...I thought New York City was supposed to be the capitol of sophisticated culture... It's insulting.



Kiely Jenkins
artist/sculptist RIP...He was a fixture in the early-mid eighties East Village art scene. Hate to see him go, he was a classic New Yorker. Photo by Zephyr.

Ran into Chuck D recently...Man, he knows his sports trivia...Big Ups...

"Curb Your Enthusiasm" fell off...big time.

I LOVED Stephen A. Smith's interview with Jim Brown on "Quite Frankly"...Bravo...!

Oh Snap!! Futura 2000 just turned 50...(WhhaaaTT !?! He looks half that). Happy Birthday my fellow Scorpio...Stay up...You're a national treasure...As well as a classic New Yorker..

Tidbits: "Rappin' with the Rickster" is back on Manhattan Neighborhood Network Wednesday nights at 11PM (NYC time) on Channel 57 (Time Warner Cable) and can be viewed live on *mnn.org* from anywhere as well...Signed copies of my book (*Public Access*) are available at powerHouse Books...My IZM jacket is my stage cloak for my slideshows (Thanks SSUR)...signed prints are available through *rickypowell.com*...Thank you and have a tremendous day. R.A.P.

Ricky Powell (.COM)

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DINE PIECE:

LUPE FIASCO

Chi-town rapper Lupe Fiasco sticks to the simple pleasures in life. So although he was hard at work finishing his Atlantic Records debut *Food & Liquor* (with Jay-Z handling co-executive producer duties), it's no surprise that the 23-year-old found time to cook up something good for the soul—Shepherd's Pie. "It's the easiest, most favorite thing I know how to make," he eagerly explains. "It's just a casserole with a layer of mash potatoes, a layer of seasoned ground turkey and then cheese on top." His interest in the special cuisine originated from his visits to the local mosque, where he would feast on Shepherd's Pie after service. "I actually learned how to make it from a lady at the mosque," he recalls. "Every Friday she would make these big humongous pans of it and we would just eat."

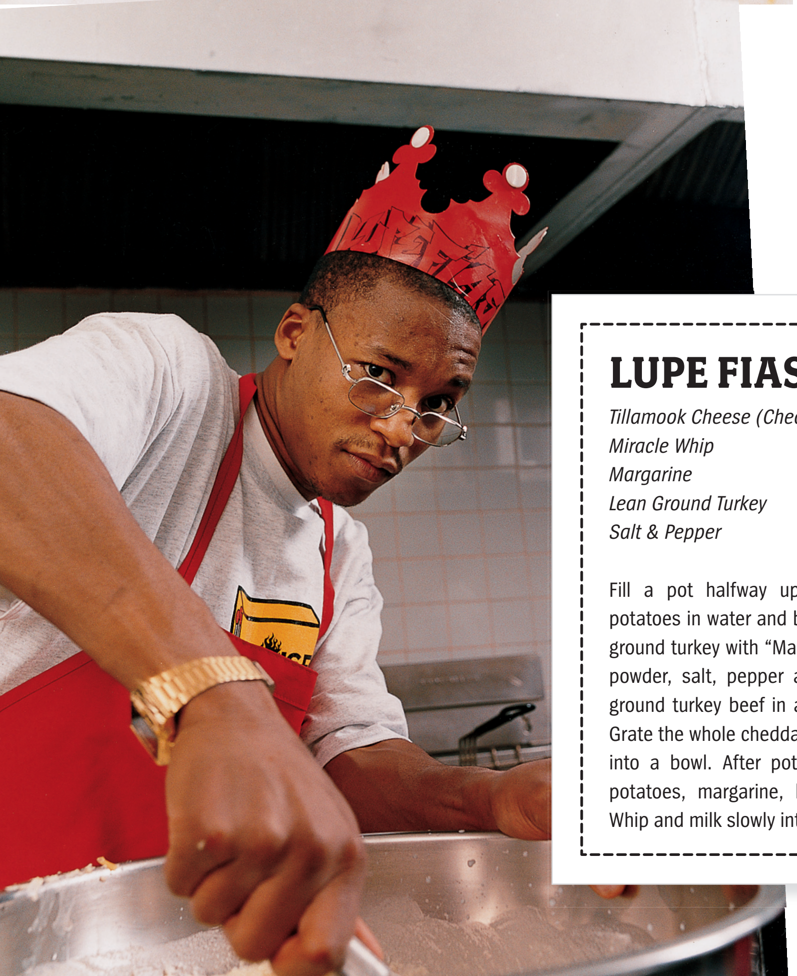
While grating cheese, Lupe reveals his secrets to a tasty Shepherd's Pie. Aside from his special seasoning, he places a high importance on cooking slow and making sure to watch the casserole closely while it's cooking. "I make the potatoes first and then the ground turkey, but you could actually do it at the same time." After a delayed reaction to the realization that he hadn't washed his hands, Lupe walks away from the counter to indulge them in soap and water then goes back to grating his Tillamook Cheese. His special seasoning called "Magic Seasoning Blends", along with Italian seasoning and a touch of salt and pepper, helps brown the ground turkey.

It might be unusual to hear Lupe rapping about the virtues of skateboarding on his lead single "Kick Push", but the rapper born Wasalu Jaco has never followed the pack. The self-proclaimed "nerd" even gives an educational lesson on the difference in the cheese that he uses: "I try not to use cheese that has animal sources, but I try to use cheese—I know this sounds nasty—with microbial sources. Make sure you use a good cheese—you can't use Velveeta or slices of American cheese. You have to get block cheese or shredded cheese." He starts on the potatoes using Miracle Whip, butter and Oberweis Dairy milk, a.k.a. "The Champagne of Milks." He pours the milk slowly over the potatoes to secure a measurable amount that will enhance its thickness. "You mash them, put the milk in—mash, mash, mash—make sure you add the milk very slowly. You don't want to add too much milk and not enough potatoes."

With no set time frame involved in his process, watching your food carefully is the only option according to Lupe. "I don't know about time. My mama taught me how to cook, so it wasn't like a time thing. It was more like a watching thing." Lupe grabs the aluminum pan, preparing to layer the casserole. "Lay a layer of mash potatoes first, then the ground turkey second and then you just put a layer of cheese. Put it in the oven, let it cook and that's it."

With the last sprinkle of cheese on the casserole, the pan is layered and put in the oven. After minutes of waiting, Lupe checks on the casserole, looking for a sign of light brown melted cheese. After what seems like forever, the casserole is finally ready and cools for a couple of minutes. After dubbing himself the Shepherd's Pie King, Lupe digs in and approves of his self-made masterpiece. With *Food & Liquor* in stores this winter, Lupe is sure to stir up a buzz and give you a good meal all in one. "Anybody buying the album will get a free pan of Shepherd's Pie," he says. You'll probably get hungry while waiting, so maybe you should just make your own instead.

words: ***Briahna Gatlin*** *photos:* ***Mireya Acierto***



LUPE FIASCO'S SHEPHERD'S PIE

Tillamook Cheese (Cheddar, Colby)
Miracle Whip
Margarine
Lean Ground Turkey
Salt & Pepper
Italian Seasoning
Garlic Powder
Magic Seasoning Blends
Oberweis Dairy Milk
Bag of Potatoes

Fill a pot halfway up with water. Place peeled potatoes in water and boil until they soften. Season ground turkey with "Magic Seasoning Blends," garlic powder, salt, pepper and Italian seasoning. Cook ground turkey beef in a skillet until meat is brown. Grate the whole cheddar and Colby blocks of cheese into a bowl. After potatoes have softened, place potatoes, margarine, half a container of Miracle Whip and milk slowly into a bowl and mash until they are soft. Place the layer of mashed potatoes in the bottom of a glass or aluminum container, covering with a layer of ground turkey. Spread grated Cheddar and Colby cheese across ground turkey until it's covered and place in the oven at 400-450 degrees until the cheese melts. Be careful to watch the casserole. Once the cheese has melted and slightly browned, take the casserole out of the oven, let it cool for about ten minutes and get ya grub on.

CAREER WATCH

CRIME SCENE TOUR GUIDE

Without a hit record or famous scandal, it's been easy for music history to omit the colorful history of New York City hardcore. By the mid '80s, the bands that were lighting up the Lower East Side had grown into their skin, and the punk aesthetic had morphed into something that spoke to the times. Formed in Astoria in 1984, Leeway quickly put the scene on notice. Fronted by the charismatic Eddie Sutton, the band challenged the status quo of NYHC with metal tinged riffs, tight musicianship and a legendary live show centered around Sutton's mix of chaos and cool. After touring the world and releasing four LPs (the first two on Profile Records) Leeway disappeared amid rumors of Sutton's problems with addiction.

After a break from New York to confront his problems, Eddie has returned to start a new chapter. His first endeavor is a two and a half hour tour of lower Manhattan's historic crime spots, narrated by Eddie himself. Working the crowd like a packed CBGBs matinee, Eddie illustrates each block and corner of the neighborhood. The success of the tour has also kicked Leeway back into gear for 2006, including a proper DVD release, re-issues of the back catalog and the promise of more tours and a brand new studio record. The following narrative was given on the short hike between the Bowery and Delancey St., showing how much history is soaked into just a few blocks of Lower Manhattan. For information on the walking tour, please contact OCtournyc@nyc.rr.com.

"In 1902 one of the largest gunfights between Monk Eastman and the Five Pointers happened on the Bowery. Paul Kelly was the leader of the Five Pointers. His real name was Paolo Vaccarelli, but he got the name Kelly one night hiding in the gallery of a boxing club on the Bowery. They noticed him and grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and said, 'You know, kids like you ain't supposed to be here. Now you gotta fight the mascot of the club. What's your name?' He was surrounded by a bunch of ruddy-faced drunk Irish guys, so he didn't give them his real name. He said, 'Paul Kelly.' He kicked the mascot's ass and became the new mascot of the club. Kelly was known as the sheriff—back then bouncers were called sheriffs. He was the sheriff of the New Brighton on Great Jones. There's a restaurant there now called The Five Points, but it's not in the style of any of the turn of the century spots. It's another hip eatery with a ton of roaches and rats like any New York restaurant. I worked in service as a kid, I know.

"The Bowery was the line between the gangs, and over time this line would get blurred. Eastman was shot in a fight over this and was lucky to survive. He made his way to the hospital holding his stomach together after being shot. Monk owned a pet shop his dad bought him and he had over 500 pigeons. He'd walk around the neighborhood in an undershirt with cats under his arms and a blue parrot on his shoulder. One night there were 20 to 50 guys shooting in a three block radius because Kid Twist assumed someone was there to rob the territory. The Hudson Dusters were out looking for action and fell on to the shootout. They were quoted as saying, 'We saw all these guys popping at each other, we figured we'd do a little popping off ourselves.' The cops were able to break it up, but three guys died and many were injured. Kelly got away but Monk was arrested. After serving time, Monk was a relic and his gang leading days were over, so he volunteered for World War One. By the end, Eastman was relatively harmless. Kelly saw the writing on the wall and moved to Spanish Harlem, an Italian area at the time. He got into labor extortion on the Brooklyn docks."

"After finishing high school, I was living on the Lower East Side with Doug from Kraut and pitching in for my family in Astoria. I didn't have the opportunity for a higher education but was involved with Leeway. I never found reading about serial killers or stuff like that very fascinating—I didn't connect. As a kid, my grandfather had a lot of pictures of gangster life from old *LIFE* magazines. Black and white pictures, whether I'm looking at my old baseball heroes or seeing Marcus Garvey, seem to be from another world or dimension. That grew my fascination. Organized crime was from my ethnic background, so I couldn't help my interest."

words: **Anthony Pappalardo** *photo:* **Erik Snyder**

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UNCLE BEN HAS A STORY TO TELL

words: **Lord SHR** illustration: **Cycle**

Ben "Uncle" Jenifer (b. Aug 22, 1771) has been around for a minute—a minute being literally since the slave ships. Ben came up in South Carolina (a.k.a. the place Jim Crow still hasn't forgot) the hard way, picking cotton until his hands turned to clumps of pus; from age eight to until the boy turned man at 18, he performed this bloody routine every goddamn day. The brother always looked young for his age, and in 1866, "Grandpappy," (that's what the 'hood was calling him), feeling like his life could change for the better because of his man Honest Abe's Emancipation Proclamation jumpoff, secured himself 40 acres and a mule and got into the rice business.

Rice moonshine was Ben's little hustle on the side, and for his 95th birthday, Grandpappy was brewing up a special batch for himself and all his peoples. A disgruntled white field boy named Barton would secretly introduce pig dung to the already lethal mix. Instead of inducing death (as the silly helper had hoped) the collective properties in said seemingly toxic mixed drink created an amazing fountain of youth potion. As soon as Grandpappy sipped the juice, the man physically lost 70 years of wrinkles and stress and things. His heart was reborn, and that shit has stayed the same—fresh out the box like a pair of stupid rare Nike Dunks—ever since.

When Ben discovered what the secret ingredient was, he murdered everyone who knew, because he was gangster like that (Barton and his mulatto mistress "Sexy" Sadie Shiverton got deaded with the quickness. Ben let Barton's white wife live, though. She had ass—a rare natural resource for a Caucasian broad. Her name was Mandy.) Ben grew shamelessly power hungry; he thought he was the second coming of black Jesus. For real. He would share his holy water with nobody. Actually...I take that back. Ben would share his elixir with his sister, Beth (pronounced Bef) "Big Nastee" Jenifer, who would go on to give birth to well over 35 kids, which is another reason why Ben made the transition from Grandpappy to Uncle.

Anyways, during the Great Depression of the 1930s, Ben was a rich cat. A fat cat. He would meet his future wife, Jemima Jenkins, at Scranton, Pennsylvania's first annual Black Bingo World Championships in 1932. He would set wifey up with her own business (hence Aunt Jemima's pancake syrup), and she would be a successful sista doing her own thing years before Oprah Winfrey. Although the couple have maintained separate yet equal bedrooms since the second year of their marriage (Jemima can be mad annoying), Ben broke down ten years into the relationship and blessed Ma with his youth juice. So they're both mad older than you think, but ageless...you feel me?

Ben never had a problem stepping out on his lady; duke had a whole slew of chickens on the payroll, if you know what I mean. He especially loved it when, during love making sessions, his conquests would call him "Papi"—with a capital P—instead of "Uncle." At any rate, like any real man, Ben had a problem with his wifey getting *hers* on the side, and he was especially crushed when he discovered that the fat-ass Michelin Man was breakin' her off a lil' somethin' something. Here, for the first time, Uncle Ben speaks out on Jemima and the Michelin's relationship, and how he's gonna take care of biz.

BEN, YOU'RE NO ANGEL. YOU'VE BEEN HITTIN' OFF CHICKS ON THE SIDELINE FOR YEARS. WHO ARE YOU TO HATE ON YOUR BELOVED JEMIMA FOR GETTING SOME LOVE?

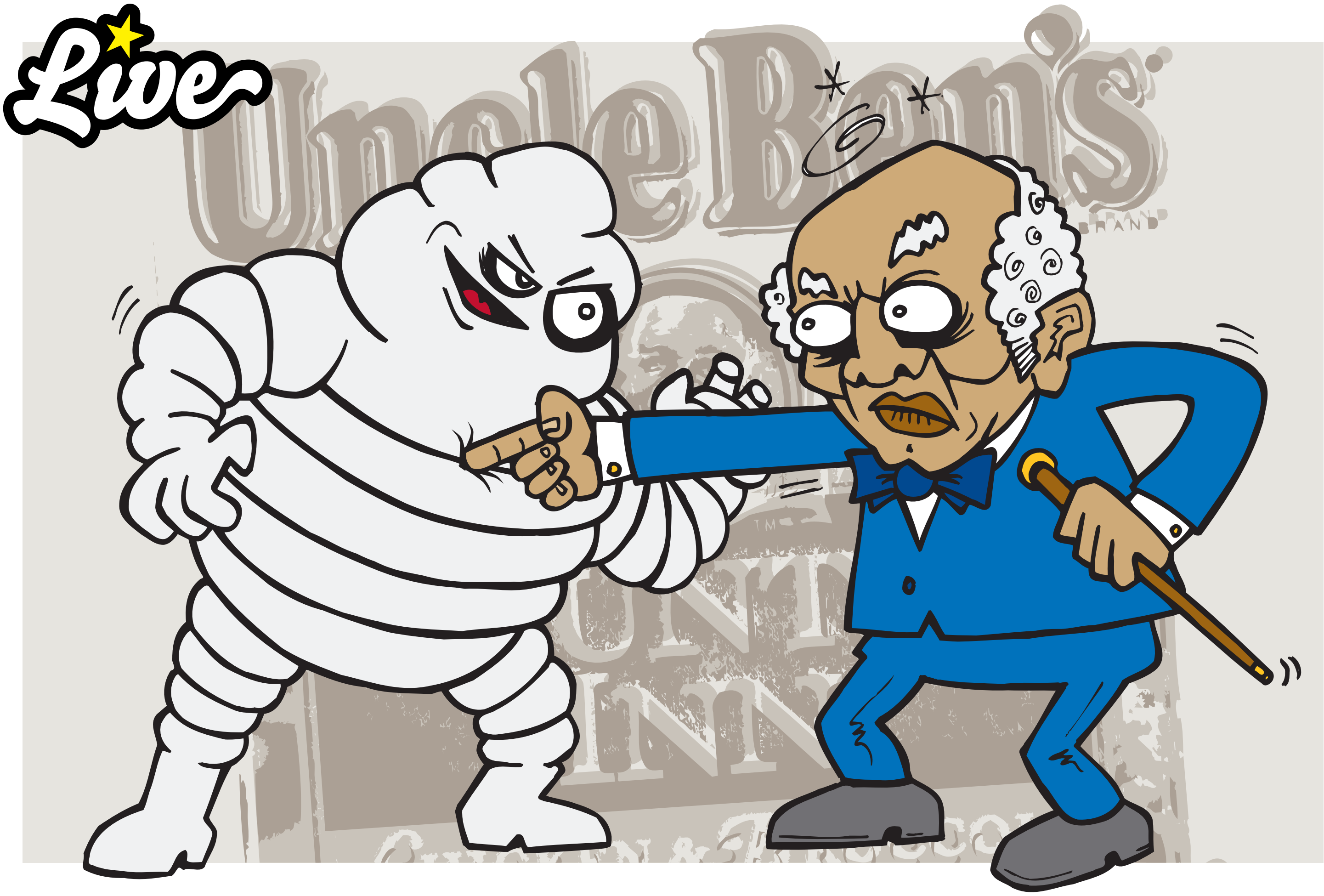
First of all, I made that ho! How you figure she rich? She'd have to suck a whole lotta sugar cane to get put on the way she did. Instead, all she had to do was be my loyal wife. Which is way easier than picking cotton. But she done gone and screwed around on Big Ben with that devil and Big Ben ain't having it. I'm gonna put a cap in his marshmallow ass. Fo' 'rilla.

IS IT TRUE THAT YOU'RE EXTRA SADDENED BY THE FACT THAT MM IS WHITE?

Whatchoo think? I'm from the South. Matter fact, I'm from the 1700s South. This is before Bubba Sparxxx and all that. Ain't no sorry-as-molasses whiteboy supposed to be mounting my woman! Never that!!!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH MANDY?

Have you seen the lithographs that clearly show how much junk was in her trunk? The truth done come to light a few score back: Mandy momma was colored! But that's besides the point. How dare you ask me about my one romp with a lightskinded sista with rump? This interview is over! Just know this: Jemima, you still my boo-boo. Come on home, girl. Your Uncle Ben still loves you. Just keep that mouf shut about you know what because you know what happened to Sadie for knowing too much. I love you, sweetness...Now, as for Michelin Mole bitch-ass—I'mma see you when I see you. Word to my man Barton, who shall remain resting in pieces.



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WE STYLE IN...

DUNDERDON

Dude, you're grown. Step away from the promo T and retire those baggy jeans that make you look like you've deuced in the seat. Fact is, if you were born in the late '70s—nay, the very early '80s even—and you've got a disposable income that doesn't elicit a scoffing cackle from wifey, it's time to dress the part.

There are a lot of landmines to avoid. Diagonally striped Paul Smith shirts and Prada sport bungie cord loafers, for example. Nothing says "Gerald and I went to the most fabulous tapas restaurant in Chelsea last night" more than that tell-tale red sole.

Seriously, you should consider Dunderdon, a Swedish workwear company that is as sturdy as the collision of consonants implies. The clothes are staid and substantial, the logo is an imposing fire spitting mountain and the founder, Per-Ivan Hagberg, is a frickin' carpenter. "My clothes are dull and clean," deadpans Hagberg. "There is nothing there that doesn't have a meaning, a function." The aesthetic is bracingly austere yet wonderfully so. Void of keening graphics or giant embroidered logos, the company's offerings are left contentedly simple.

The cuts are disciplined. The pants neither ride nor chafe, the hoodies are warm yet sleek without bulges or puckered seams and the outerwear has two sets of pockets, one for crap, the other for your hands. Every jacket has an inner pocket for a cell phone and a hole for a wire headset. Dunderdon makes sense. Even the fabric from select pieces is woven from Cordura and Kevlar, fibers three and five times brawnier than steel, and is intended to be worn hard and often. "If you have a cool butter knife but you can't use it for butter, then it's a waste," says Hagberg, who at 45, is confident of his pared-down vision. "I don't follow fashion. You kill a lot of good ideas all the time making such changes. For example, I wanted to make a pant where it's known for being a good pant, not because it was there at that time."

The trousers' silhouette has remained constant since the inception of the company in 1997. They are American in their roominess. The jeans do not have any fussy fading, are not forged from ancient million dollar selvedge looms and do not come numbered in a box, hand painted and hewn by virgin Harajuku girls (Ha, as if there exists such a thing. Sluts). Instead, the pant breaks as it should—gracefully—at the shoe, and the considerate company thinks to mimic the shape in dressier cottons. It's like the luxe Air Max of trousers, expensive looking, soft as shit and not painful to throw on if the club has a dress code.

Lucky for you Dunderdon is now readily available stateside, and their recently-opened flagship on Lafayette Street in New York harkens the end of your dark and misguided forays into fashion. Your lady friend would thank you. At least she would if you hadn't dropped her plaintive ass like yesterday's jeans.

words: ***Mary H.K. Choi*** *photo:* ***Brooke Nipar***

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MISS THING

MS. DEBBIE

The age-old adage "mother knows best" is rarely abated, especially in hip hop. Just take a listen to the number of songs in which rappers detail their remorse for not listening to their mothers' orders and the subsequent superlative appreciation and gratification for their undying love and support. 'Pac, through heart-felt narrative, told his mother he was sorry for selling drugs and that she is very much appreciated, while Kanye, through syrupy prose, apologized for... not finishing college. Harlem hustler-turned-rapper Juelz Santana has also paid homage to his mother in verse, professing his undying love and boundless devotion—and rightfully so.

His mother, Ms. Debbie, does a lot for him, like running his Harlem-based retail store, Santana's Town, at 1809 Amsterdam Ave., organizing family get-togethers, and shuttling her six-year-old grandson (Juelz's nephew) to various Dipset events (he's the little kid swimming in women in "The Whistle Song" video). She does all this while preparing and organizing fashion shows for her sons' upcoming Z-Line clothing company and finding quality time for her other half. Mass Appeal *was fortunate enough to rap with Ms. Debbie before she got on her daily grind like clockwork. A!*

YOUR GRANDSON JA'QUAYE IS BECOMING QUITE THE STAR IN HIS OWN RIGHT. HOW DO YOU KEEP UP WITH HIM?

That's my baby! [*Laughs.*] That's my sweetheart. Ja'Quaye has always been before his time. He's always appeared to be older than what he really is. Even when he was three, if you could have seen how he used to talk and throw up the Dipset sign, and put on his uncle JuJu's bandanas. I remember Ja'Quaye loved bandanas so much that one Christmas, Juelz gave him about 30 different colored bandanas as a present. He was so happy. And they are really, really close. So, yeah, you know, I try to get him involved. The same like Juelz, nobody forces him. We ask him, "Do you want to?" If he doesn't wanna go to the studio and do nothing, he doesn't have to. Juelz is paving the way for him, if that's what he wants to do. His father plays basketball, so he does basketball in the summer. That's what he wants to do. But I try to take him everywhere so he can be involved in what they're doing because that's what he likes to do.

THE DIPSET CREW SEEMS LIKE A ROWDY BUNCH. HOW DO YOU FIT IN?

Well, you know, I like to have fun with them. They know their limits, I know my limits, you understand? All their friends call me "Ma." So, I just try to fall into a place where I can, but I know where to draw the line between me and them. We like to be playful, we like to enjoy each other, especially as a family. We do a lot of family things, like cook outs, you know? In the summertime, we have our cookouts. We have our family day at home. We have dinner on Sundays. We do stuff like that.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE CONTENT IN SOME OF JUELZ'S SONGS?

Well, of course some of it I don't approve of, but what can I do? That's his job. I can't tell him what he can and cannot say in his music. That music sells, so it's something I just have to accept. But I don't think his lyrics are as bad as some people I've heard. Not because he's my son, but I can kind of stomach his raps a little more than other people. I can actually understand what he's saying! Some of the stuff they do say, I don't agree with. I didn't agree with a lot of the cursing and stuff, but sometimes as a parent, you have to take a step back. This is his career.

WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DID YOU LISTEN TO GROWING UP?

Oh, I listened to a lot of blues, like Ella Fitzgerald, Jimmy Scott. My parents used to listen to a lot of the old blues music—Billie Holliday and Diana Washington. When I got a little older myself, I guess that's when I started falling into stuff like the Temptations, O'Jays, Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, people like that.

SO HAVE YOU ALWAYS BEEN INTO FASHION?

Since I opened the store [*laughs*]. We have an annual fashion show every year in May dedicated to my mom who passed away. I have a couple of girls who started with us who used to do the painted clothes for Juelz when he first came out and sewed the bandanas on his shirts and on his jeans and what not. The trend that Cam and them set with the clothes and stuff, my sister said, "Let's start a clothing line." We were trying to get it started before, but when you don't know anybody, you don't know how to get your foot in the door. So, I just asked questions and talked to people, and finally the day has come when we have somebody to help us out with the clothing line and get us started.

THE WORLD IS DYING TO KNOW, IS THERE A MR. DEBBIE?

Yeah [*laughs*]. There's a second half. Been together what...22, 23 years.

WHO'S MORE POPULAR IN HARLEM, JUELZ OR YOU?

Juelz, of course.

I THINK SOME PEOPLE WOULD BEG TO DIFFER.

[*Laughs.*] Really? Well, you might get a few that say that.

words: ***Damien Scott*** *photo:* ***Shane Nash***

THE NORTH FACE
HyVent

FIGHT CLUB

MUGGS

Live

as told to: **Chris Yuscavage** photo: **Estevan Oriol**

Okay, tough guy. So you swallowed back a couple shots of the Goose, a few handfuls of Heineken, and now you think you've got what it takes to knuckle up outside the bar? DJ Muggs knows your type, homeboy. And please believe that he's whooped on your kind before, too. Between producing bangers for Cypress Hill and holding down his position in the world-renowned Soul Assassins crew, the Alchemist's mentor has toured the country slapping the shit outta drunkards who've tried testing his patience–and his fists. While he's no longer so inclined to bust a bottle upside your dome or crack you on the cracked pavement, he's taken up Muay Thai boxing these days. But before you even make your move, Muggs, who recently collaborated with Wu-Tang wordsmith GZA on their long-overdue record Grandmasters*, tells about the time he's spent dropping bodies in the 'hood and on tour. The Soul Assassins may not run your city...but they will fight it!*

"Me being an Italian kid growing up in a Spanish and black neighborhood—I grew up in Queens in Jackson Heights—motherfuckers was always like, 'What's up?' So we was scrapping our ass off all the time. I moved out here to LA in '84 and fools hit you up like, 'Man, you got a white T-shirt on, a bald head, where you from, homie?' They gangbanging on you. If you say you're from some clique, you're scrapping. If you say you don't gangbang, you're scrapping anyways because they think you're full of shit or you're a punk. I've been jumped, hit in the fucking head with bottles. I broke my hand about four times cracking niggas in the head. I've felt it all. You ain't got into a fight until you've gotten your ass beat.

"One time we was on tour—this was in '94 during the Soul Assassins tour—and we was actually in Plattsburgh, New York. It's like fuckin' Mayberry! My homeboy School Boy was walking by this bar. One of the locals was a little drunk, talking some shit, and my homeboy wasn't having it. These dudes, they go out, they lift a little weights, and then they get this liquid courage. [Laughs] I was up the block and I see this big fool. School Boy's like 5'10", a stocky Samoan cat, and this fool is like 6'8" looking like Big John Stud staring right in his face. I'm walking up the block like, 'What the fuck is going on?' Next thing I know, School Boy just let him have it—bang!—and then they just started scrapping. So we started running up the block, and keep in mind, this is a whole tour! There's like about 15 of us. Motherfuckers started pouring out the bar, 'cause it was all windows and they was coming to back up their homeboy. So everybody starts pouring out. We're running up the block and then everybody just collided. Everybody's got bottles, bottles is breaking on motherfuckers. They're falling into flowerbeds, just getting stomped on. It just turned into like a 20 against 15 fight, our tour against the town.

"The cops came and they was scared as fuck. I was yelling at the police, 'Fuck you doing? Y'all motherfucking pussies!' You know motherfuckers get tired after about two minutes though, huffing and puffing and drunk. They had three or four cop cars set up. That was probably the whole town. They maced one of the big homies and just grabbed a couple fools and locked them up. I went back to the hotel to get the people we had with us, the tour managers, to get people out of jail. When we got to jail to get the homies, some fools was there that got hit. I didn't even hit them fools, and they was like, 'He did it!' Locked me up right on the spot! Everybody on the fuckin' tour got sued. Like I said, I didn't even hit that particular fool and I got sued by some cat that got hit in the face with a bottle. And once they pin it on you in a small town, you just got to break bread.

"There's always drunk, disrespectful idiots like that who just come up to the table and say something. That's usually where it all starts. We don't go out of our way. We're laid-back, but these motherfuckers drink and everybody gets wild, so we got to tame them right quick, chin-check them. But now I just tell fools to go to the gym. Let's take it to the gym, homey. Put them gloves on and we'll beat the shit out of each other. We go to the Muay Thai gym and we train. I can't remember the last time we smacked the shit out of somebody."

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TOUR DE JR

What do you get when you combine a Parisian photographic commando with a balls-out street artist? Why, JR, of course. And JR's newest addition to the world of printed matter is his book *My Street Journal*, published by Freepresse in France and packed to the binding with original European street flavor.

JR is one of France's best-kept secrets (until now...surprise!) and has been paying serious dues for a minute. He blew up in Paris by wheat pasting portraits of youths of the Les Bosquets ghetto the size of a small chateau (like 40 feet long by 30 feet high!), all the while sticking them on the side of the projects while the cops drove by.

The equation continues when JR hits the road. His pit stops include New York, Los Angeles and every major European city that easyJet will fly to. This is not one of those boring street art books in which the artists just send their photos in. Instead of sitting at home and waiting for the emails to pile up, JR took off across Europe and America to catch some action and see the kids rocking out.

Specials guests and featured artists include: Akim and Zast from Berlin, Chaz (the London police) from Amsterdam, Shepard Fairey from Los Angeles, Miss Van from Barcelona, Zevs from Paris, Oclock 156, Stephen Schuster, Martha Cooper and many more. Check out *jr-art.net* for more information on the book or for a short film of his travels.—*the kid*

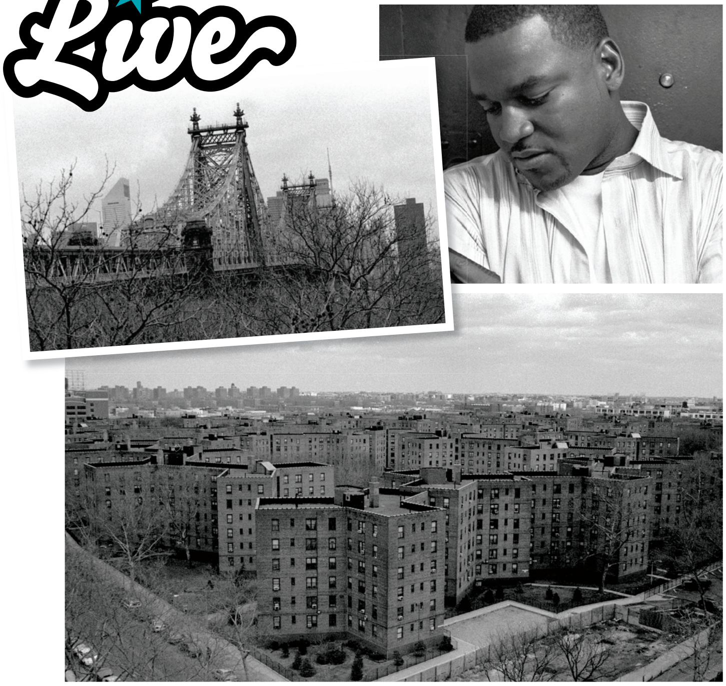
SUPER BLUNT

Let's be clear—*Mass Appeal Magazine* does not sanction the sale or distribution of marijuana. Nor do we condone the donning of hemp clothing. Selling drugs is no way to support yourself after college, and frankly, wearing hemp clothing makes you look like a bag lady. We do, however, endorse the smoking of Super Blunts. What you put *in* them is up to you, but we would recommend something non-toxic. Like rainbows.

To be completely honest, when I rolled this up, I expected it to be a gimmick—most things I try to smoke that are the size of a small child's arm (please, we're not going to get very far in this article if you start making gay jokes) end up being too large to actually function correctly. Turns out I had it all wrong. Even with eight friends, we were all left lovely after smoking the ten-inch tube and still had enough left over for two additional smoke sessions. That's value! Also, it should be noted that I am completely incapable of rolling blunts. This is another reason our friend the SB was helpful—it comes rolled up in a tube, so it's basically already pre-formed. Just pour the ingredients in, lick it a few times, twist it off and BAM! Smoke.

So next time you have a party, order a six foot sub from Subway and consider investing in a Super Blunt. They're actually rather inexpensive, and if things get real, you'll always have a large blunt object to smack the haters with.—*Piffy Kombs*

Live



TRAGEDY: THE STORY OF QUEENSBRIDGE

Most documentaries about the lives of rappers are laughable, overly sentimental portrayals or "who the fuck cares?" drivel (except that Benzino *Arch Nemesis* documentary, which was PURE FIYAH). Thankfully, filmmaker Booker Sim picked an artist with a fascinating, untold story for the subject of his debut feature *Tragedy: The Story of Queensbridge*. Watch and learn, duns.

As an underappreciated icon, Tragedy Khadafi has seen the prolific Queensbridge Housing Projects through it's many moments of fame that hip hop has brought, without ever quite getting his due. This documentary follows not only Tragedy's life from child to mature artist, but shows the Bridge through Trag's eyes. The portrait is at times harrowing, edgy and even hilarious, with a supporting cast that features Marley Marl, Capone, Havoc, Poet and NORE. Some highlights: a lineup of young girls sitting outside the Bridge explaining why Nas is a bitch, *Mass Appeal*'s Editorial Director Sacha Jenkins recounting an on-edge interview he had in the Bridge, and Trag himself remembering when he was kidnapped as a child and thrown into the East River. Plus, Capone's on-camera antics have to be seen to be believed.

The exploits of the Intelligent Hoodlum are charted from his days as a teen in the Juice Crew, to his current run of independent albums, with everything in between. The gritty, digital shots combined with photographer Boogie's pensive black and white montages hint at the thin line of quiet dignity that Tragedy walks in his personal life as well as his career.—*Murder Maximillion*

PHOTOS: BOOGIE

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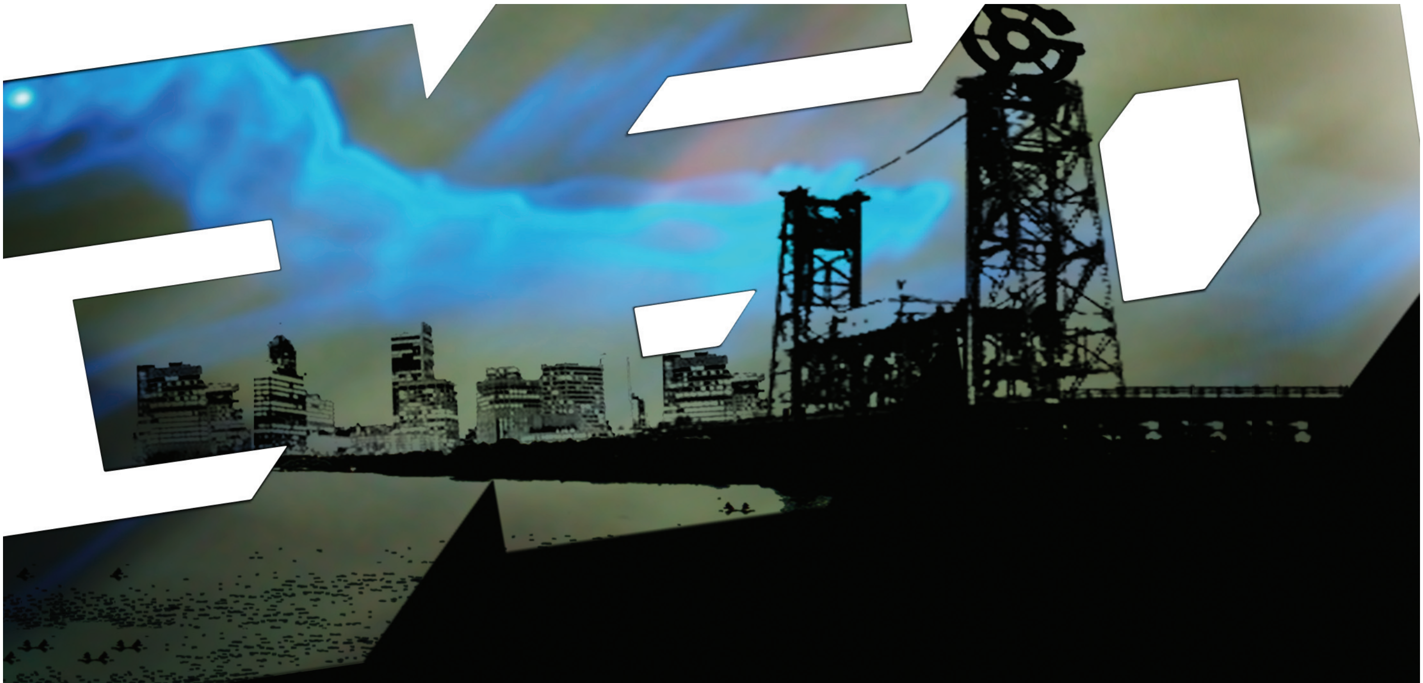

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LACES

Life ain't all peaches and cream for the female sneakerhead—most ill kicks are men's, and when stores do carry pairs for women, they're only in pink/pastel colorways. That's not to say chicks can't wear men's sneakers because I do it all the time, but wouldn't it be nice if there was a place that catered solely to the female sneaker fiend? Well stand up fly ladies because now there is—Louis Colon, sneakerhead extraordinaire and publisher of *Kicksclusive Magazine*, has just opened up the first-ever ladies' sneaker spot in SoHo.

Amongst all the clothing boutiques on Mott Street, you can now find Laces. The store carries Nike, Royal Elastics (Gwen Stefani's LAMB line), Creative Recreation and soon Reebok. The interior décor is like nothing you've ever seen in a sneaker shop—plush leather chairs and beautiful curtains, courtesy of Louis' sister, who is an interior designer. When asked about the inspiration for the store, Louis said, "It was always a dream to open up a sneaker store before I even started the magazine, and now I had the opportunity to do it for women. So I put all my efforts and focus into making it happen." If you're a chick who loves her kicks, you need to check out Laces (go to *laces-nyc.com* for info). Susan B. Anthony would be so proud.—*Dominique Hendelmen*

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PUBLIC DISCOURSE

Brad Downey, one of New York's major players in street art antics has put together a new film along with Quenell Jones and Tim Hansberry called *Public Discourse*. The documentary examines the role of street art and graffiti in a world where illegal art isn't just marker tagging with toys in your neighborhood. Complete with appearances by NY graff staples like Desa and Nato, it also highlights up and coming artists like Swoon and Darius Jones who, by the time the film was complete, had become household names in the NY street art scene.

Public Discourse doesn't just give the new jacks shine, it sheds light on people who have been long overdue for recognition. JJ Veronis in particular is given a hefty segment on the street sculptures he's been welding and illegally installing for over 20 years. The film has the ability open the artists up as real people, and one of the most interesting parts of the movie is Verbs' transformation from graffiti artist to street art prankster. Together, Darius and Downey use graffiti tactics to make fun of things we take for granted in the everyday. From parking sign sculptures to block buster rollers on the BQE, Darius and Downey constantly reinvent their artwork and move forward. By the end of the film, Verbs sheds his tag name and embraces progression by turning into street art swindler Darius Jones.

But like any good film, *Public Discourse* is complete with fire extinguisher tags, bolt cutting action and British middle-aged women bombing 6-inch oval landscapes in broad daylight. For more information check *publicdiscoursethemovie.com.—steveshu*

AIR MCFLYS FOR THE PEOPLE

Al Cabino claims that he's media shy, but don't let this self-titled "internationally famous sneakerographer from the friendly but frozen land of Canada" fool ya. After masterminding production of the world's first and only chocolate sneaker (a Nike Vandal), he needed a new dream to conquer, and he found it in the 1989 classic *Back to the Future: Part II*. No, not the Hoverboards, but what Cabino calls "the Holy Grail" of movie sneakers—the futuristic grey Nike moon boots Marty McFly rocked in 2015.

This Montreal *Sneaker Freaker* contributor and "sneaker activist" created an online petition requesting that Nike "create a pair of these kicks to be sold to the public," and has promised to hand deliver his sneaker petition to Nike's Beaverton headquarters after he gets "a respectable amount" of signatures. Asics met the demand for the yellow and black Onitsuka Tigers Uma Thurman wore in *Kill Bill Vol. 2*, and Cabino figures that with enough consumer pressure, Nike will produce his dream sneakers.

Only weeks in the making, his petition has garnered media coverage in nine countries while locking down over 3000 signatures from over thirty countries including the likes of Chi-Town's own Lupe Fiasco, Billions McMillions and Nicole Ritchie's own DJ AM. He's convinced that the longer he rides it out, gathering support along the way, Nike will be more inclined to take his cause seriously. "There was actually a street legend that in 2015, these sneakers would be made available by Nike," says Cabino. "But I'm not going to wait." To keep his dream alive, hit up *www.petitiononline.com/future2* and just sign it.—*Jessica Emili*

Today Your Love
Tomorrow The World
Thurston Moore & Jocko Weyland
ELK
No. 5

ELK ’ZINE

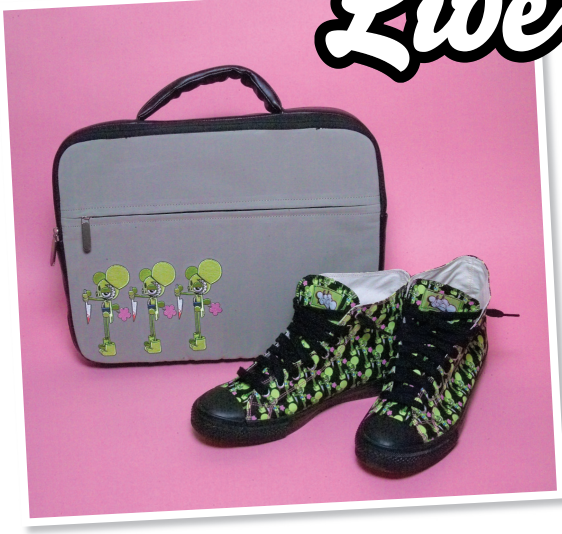
When I was younger, a friend of mine attempted to create a publication resembling a ’zine. It didn’t take off as well as hoped. Readership was an astounding (and crushing) three people—the guy at AlphaGraphics who photocopied the pages, our neighbor and, of course, myself. After his funds and will were depleted, he shut down operations. Seasoned writer Jocko Weyland didn’t seem to have such hardships. His first ’zine *Revenge Against Boredom*, created when was 15, had the response he would have given his Specialized bike for when Sonic Youth frontman Thurston Moore wrote in requesting an issue. Suffice to say, no famous musicians wrote to my friend. With his new *ELK* ’zine, Jocko has returned to the medium he so dearly loves to show these young bucks how it’s done.

At first glace, one is unsure of what exactly *ELK* is. “It’s not a magazine, it’s not an art show, it’s not writing,” says Jocko, “it’s stuff that interests me, taken out of this huge stew.” Started in the spring of 2003, Jocko created *ELK* as an outlet where all the art that struck him as interesting could “play off each other.” There are big plans in store for this little ’zine, such as collaborative books. His first collaboration is with none other than Thurston Moore, called *Today your love, Tomorrow the World.* Alignment with Moore doesn’t mean *ELK* will be going Hollywood, though—Jocko’s next collaboration will be with his old friend George Draguns, who will provide a CD filled with music inspired by the ’zine. Wrastle yourself a copy of *ELK* at *elkzine.com—Damien Scott*

DALEK MEETS FIFTY24SF

Spiderman briefs. Fresh. Superman lunchbox. Pristine. “Alf” T-shirt...alright, maybe I was the only kid in third grade affected by the magnetism of America’s favorite alien. But, I wasn’t the only kid rocking idolized cartoon characters on my being and having them grace all my accessories. The years went by, as did the trends, and wearing cartoon characters on my clothes wasn’t cool anymore (except for Iceberg, but that went the way of the throwback). Now, low and behold, hipster fashion has made it cool to rock cartoon characters again. Not the childhood heroes of years past though—new obscure characters (Bape, ya late!) and politically charged animated rhetoric are all the rave. If slogan spewing figures and monochromatic apes don’t do it for you, check out the new creative conjunction between FIFTY24SF, Upper Playground’s gallery division, and graphic artist Dalek.

FIFTY24SF, known for partnering with the some of the most creative art and design minds such as Ricky Powell, Jeremy Fish and Bly Fordham, has once again struck creative gold with Dalek. Based around his signature vibrant “Space Monkey” character designs, FIFTY24SF is releasing everything from T-shirts to sneakers emboldened with Dalek’s eccentric drawings. For you former wild spirits turned suppressed corporate drones, there’s also a slick suede laptop bag that’s sure to raise some eyebrows. Though no “Alf” t-shirt, “Space Monkey” merchandise is trendy enough for the times, but won’t suffer the same fate as your Iceberg Snoopy sweater, hopefully. Check out upperplayground.com for Dalek/FIFTY24SF clothing and accessories. I crack me up!—*Damien Scott*



SHUT SKATES IS BACK!

Rodney Smith, the Chairman and CEO of Shut Skates called me today, but I was in the shower meditating. I keep missing all the cool shit. That’s how I felt when I was a little skate rat in the suburbs after working up the nerve to go to the big boy skate spot for the first time. I showed up in my finest garb—a turquoise and yellow Powell Perelta with matching shorts, a painters cap and a pair of those fold-over Chucks that were also yellow and turquoise. I was one cool pickle! Once I saw all the older skater dudes doing tricks that I had never seen, I started studying their behavior like gorillas in the mist. I noticed that one of the coolest of the cool skater kids was wearing a Shut shirt that was all dirty and had holes in it. It was the coolest thing I ever saw. It only took me like three months to realize I looked like a damn Power Ranger!

So just now, at the age of 27, I’m getting in on the “inside scoop,” and the word is that Shut Skates is coming back! They’re coming with limited edition everything and an extensive clothing line and skateboards of all shapes and sizes. The graphics are going to be a mixture of old Shut styles and new stuff. Some of the coolest gangsters in NY should be riding for Shut. Word on the street is that Tino Razo is to be the first pro, and Luis Tolentino is the first am. Other behind-the-scenes Shut people are being hush-hush on who exactly is riding for the team, and I havent been able to talk to Rodney and confirm any of this so I’m basically just making it all up to make myself sound cool. But if the return of the Legendary Shut Skates is true (which it is!), you better act like I told you so!—*Nick Kuszyk*

HEY, YOU'RE COOL!

KIMBRA PFAHLER

She might look like a poster child for conservative values, but (believe it or not) sometimes Kimbra Pfahler likes to get naked. Granted, public nudity has lost it's zing in the last 30 years, but still, it makes you wonder how a lady who claims to be a shy surfer girl from Hermosa Beach, California could make a fireman turn red with her Penthouse *pictorial. The real-life horror doll came to New York City in 1979 in search of a different life from the fun and sun of her hometown, and upon her arrival, she didn't let fear of the microphone or case of "uglyitis" hold her back. Instead, she became the front woman for the death rock band The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black and has been creeping people out ever since.*

On stage, she sports her signature look, which includes head-to-toe blue body paint, thigh-high "fuck me" boots and, well...really not much else. Her stage presence is part porno goth queen and part Shiva, the Hindu Goddess (typically known as "The Destroyer"). Combine that persona with sick-yet-cheeky punk lyrics and Ba-Kowwwww... *this is one badass lady. After breaking up in 2000, The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black has reunited and will be releasing their new album* Rage, Lust and Emptiness *in early 2006. Not only can she rock the mic, but she can rock her Singer 4000, putting out three fashion collections with accompanying runway shows. And with her three-piece bathing suit collection on the way, goth girls everywhere will be able to add some desperately-needed color to their pasty parts.* Mass Appeal *was invited to chill at Kimbra's place, where we took some pretty pictures and found out that Kimbra has been masterminding her "Gothletics" program, which she hopes will get people sweating under the moonlight.*

WERE YOU MUSICALLY INCLINED AS A YOUNGSTER?
No, not at all. I had a fear of the microphone, which is probably Freudianly analyzed as something very deep—the fear of holding the microphone and singing into it. I was so afraid to sing and to be in front of people that I had to actually force myself. By doing that, it was really a panacea.

BUT HOW DID YOU BECOME SO COMFORTABLE THAT YOU COULD PERFORM NUDE?
I'm not ever comfortable on stage and I'd like to keep it that way. I always felt shame. I feel like I assassinated Lincoln or kidnapped the Lindbergh baby. I grew up feeling racked with shame and guilt. It was ambiguous; I didn't know where it came from. When you grow up in beach culture, it's always like, "You would look so great if you lost five pounds and had blond hair." For some reason, people feel compelled to intrude. I had uglyitis and felt such a shame about myself. I wanted to just cure myself of that shame. By being so completely vulnerable, I sort of erased the shame. You know, I sewed my vagina shut for *Penthouse*. I really felt like that was a triumph. I feel like the images should be thought provoking. All the firemen on 2nd street saw that and said, "Kimbra, was that you? Oooww why'd you sew your vagina shut?" It was thought provoking and I think that made it a successful piece. It presented a new paradigm of the female form.

SO IS THERE A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE KAREN BLACK CHARACTER AND YOU?
No, not at all really. When I'm in that Karen Black outfit, it's showtime, that's all. I've always loved the dark-haired lady monsters. As a child, I loved Lily Munster and Vampira and Elvira. I love Elvira. She's so camp and her delivery is just so impeccable. If the world were divided, it would be the ravens against the flaxen. It would be like a gang war between the black haired and the blondes.

SO DO YOU HAVE ANY THOUGHTS ON THE AFTERLIFE?
I am what I call a Vanilla Existentialist, which means that I believe that my life will end when my body dies. So while I am still here, I will have the most decoration and do as many projects as I possibly can in this body.

WHAT'S GOTHLETICS?
The Gothletics is my third fashion collection and it's swimwear. It's based not on a two-piece bathing suit, but a three-piece suit. And we also have a Karen Black type of workout routine where we work out at night in the park and we do Gothletics. It involves some martial arts and meditation. I was a gymnast when I was child, so I think that's why I'm able to do the moves.

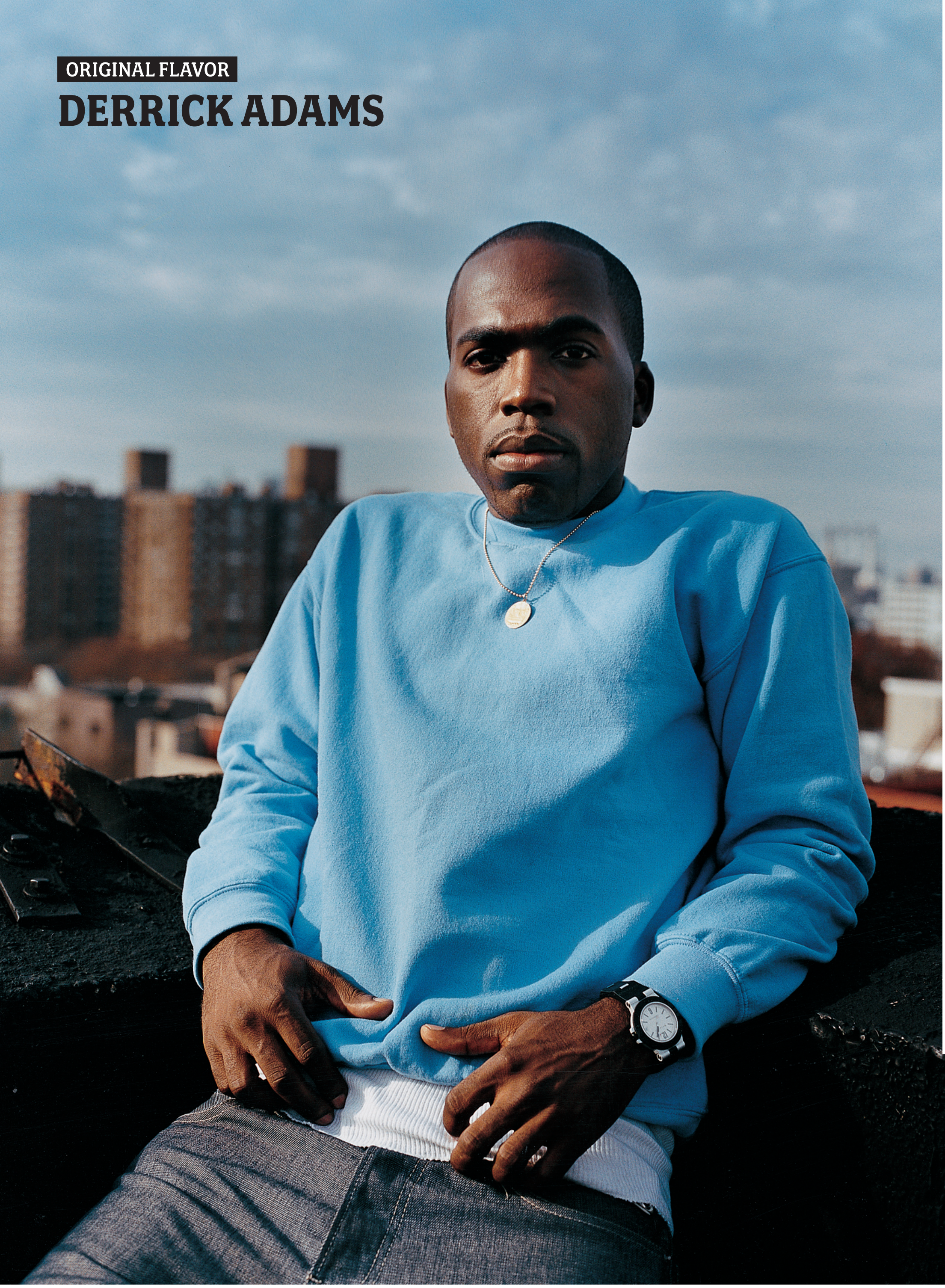
SO YOU LEAD THE WORK OUT?
Well, yeah, but most of the time I can't get anyone to do it with me 'cause it's too hard and it's at night...and it's usually cold. I've decided to turn it into an actual aerobics class that I will instruct because I think it's really helpful. I think in our culture, aerobics is a preparation for sex and prettiness, and I believe that we should have a Gothletic routine—it would be preparation for death, which is a healthy way to deal with it. I feel qualified to do a Gothletics course or even speak about death because I went through it recently. So, I'm giving people an exercise routine so they don't need to go completely crackers when the subject of death arises.

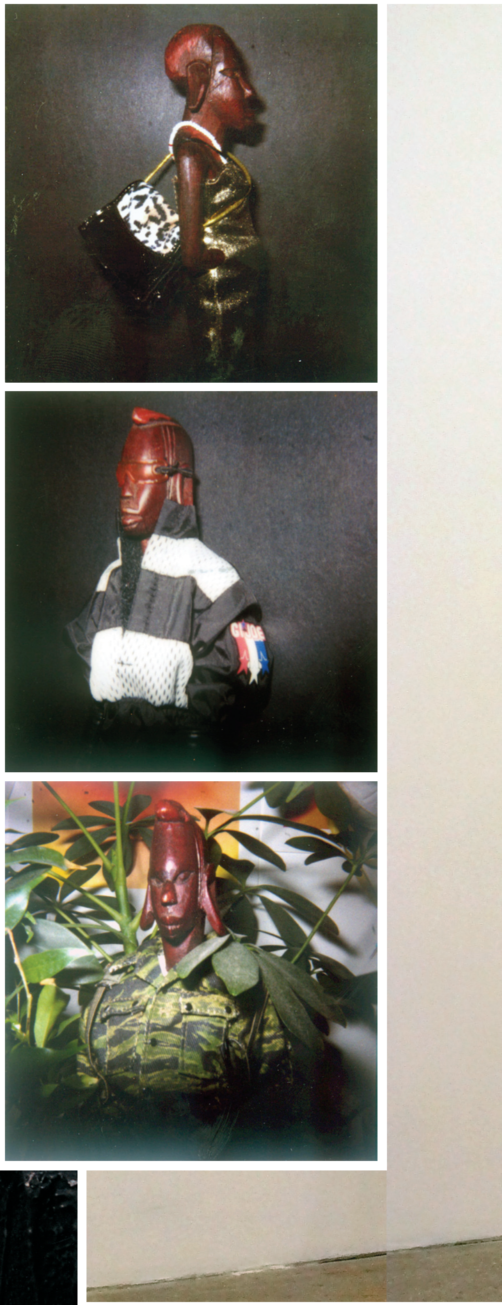
words: ***Samantha Moeller*** *photos:* ***Angela Boatwright***

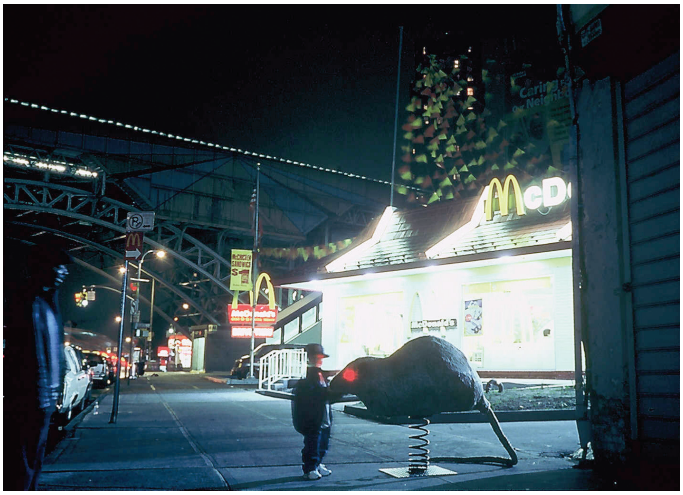
Live

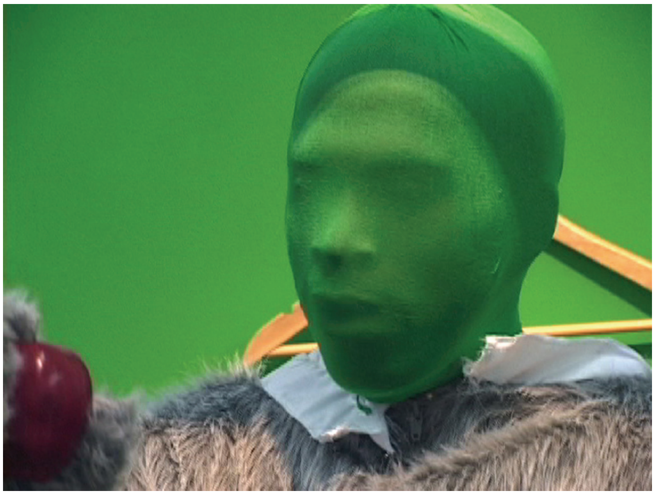
ORIGINAL FLAVOR

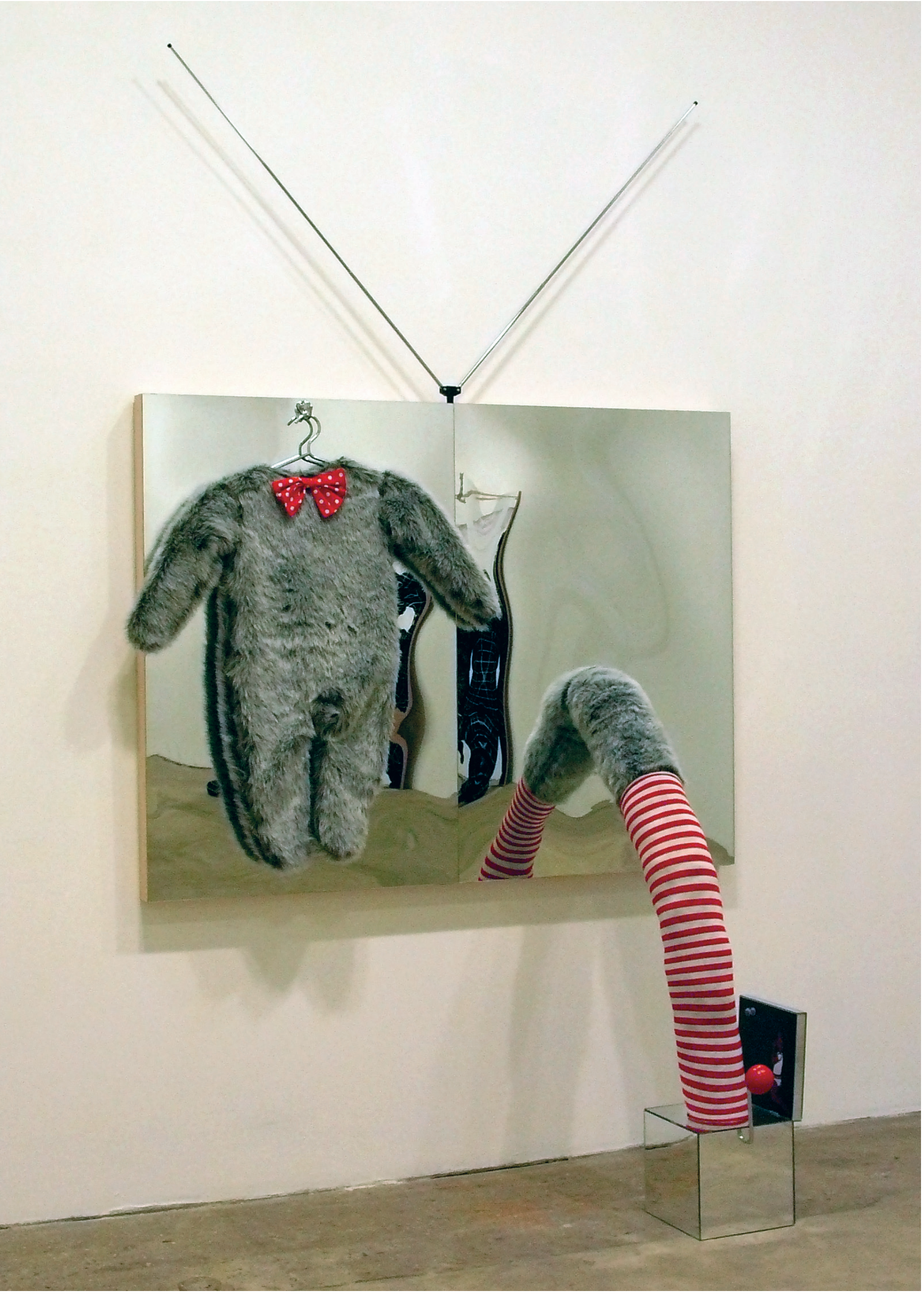
DERRICK ADAMS

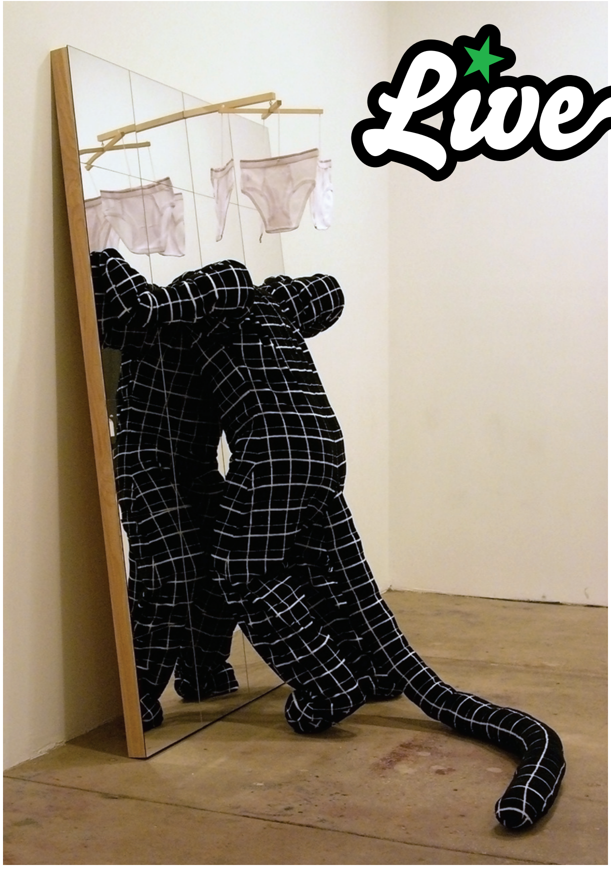


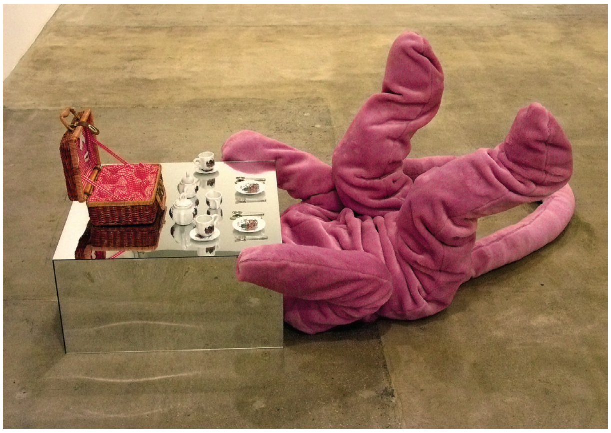












words: ***Maclean Jackson*** *portrait:* ***Shane Nash***

Don't kids say the darndest things? When adults start squealing over children saying and doing precocious things, it might tell more about the adult's assumptions than the baby geniuses. You only expect foolishness from Junior because he's tiny, bowlegged and lisped—but he got so much things to say! Remember your adorable friend Cookie Monster? He's a small, awkward, incoherent puppet who sprinkled many crumbs of knowledge on you. As a child in the '70s, educational television programs like "Sesame Street" taught artist Derrick Adams life lessons, which shows in his work that explores the costumed and musical model our society uses to teach children.

His multi-genre art includes live performances, drawings and sculptures to create a tangible, soothingly familiar world, but it can be jarring because we become aware of things that passed us by as children. Shows like "Mr. Roger's Neighborhood" and "Sesame Street" made up many of his generation's earliest influences. "I felt, as an adult, these things are what really influenced the way that I think about myself, the way I think about other people and how I actually learned," says Derrick. "The [shows in the] '70s kind of merged to this multiculturalism that we see now, which is not really the true reality of things, but the structure of how we see ourselves based on the lack of representation."

A Baltimore native, Derrick moved to New York to study at Pratt before going on to get a Masters from Columbia in 2003. Currently he's the curator of Manhattan's Rush Arts Gallery, owned by his cousins Danny and Russell Simmons. His 2005 show, "i'm sorry, i'm lost" at the Marvelli Gallery attracted all ages, but the mirrors featured in the art—reflecting the stage in between fantasy and reality—unified the audience to a mutual, receptive state. "Everyone has this different experience," says Derrick, "but what makes everyone kind of the same is their relationship to objects and their relationship to learning about themselves through the media." Derrick and many of his sculptures donned furry costumes in the show, safely allowing him Big Bird-like freedom to be subversive.

Costuming, Derrick feels, "Creates this thing where they're more of a messenger, they aren't like a person. They're more like the person between the person. It's a way of talking about things and dealing with things by showing it, like Kabuki theatre." Derrick's collection of sculptures, *Playthings*, appears to be loaded with sophisticated, minimalist connotations. An adult might see a *Plaything* and say, "Well I see an African relic so..." And that's not wrong, but a child would probably just personify it: give it a name and favorite snack. Minimalism encourages possibilities, but moral and social constraints can block off certain roads in our imagination. "We can look at stuff now as an adult and see something totally inappropriate," Derrick says. "It's very perverse and it seems like more of a reflection of who you are as an adult. We can't see things the way kids see them. It's like once you bite the apple, you can't go back." Why can't Teletubbies just chill and Bert and Ernie be close friends? Because you nasty, that's why.

R.A.'S COMING ATTRACTIONS

GOD
HAS BEEN SO
GOOD 2 ME
Live

Film releases in the last few years have been pretty terrible. I love going to the movies, but in recent years there's rarely been anything in theaters worth paying to see. I'm happy to announce that all is about to change. The new line up of flicks dropping in 2006 are fucking incredible. Here are some of the brilliant titles. Coming soon.

DOWN FOR MY N----S

In this hip hop political thriller, No Limit rapper C-Murder escapes prison and kidnaps President George W. Bush. His mission is to avenge his New Orleans 'hood. It's kinda like *House Party* meets *Rambo*. C-Murder gets guns, rocket launchers and his specialty weapon, a bow & arrow laced with Ebola. In one scene, he tricks Dick Cheney into swallowing a live grenade by hiding it in a pork sandwich. There's also a *Titanic*-esque love story between Condoleezza Rice and Silkk the Shocker. Condoleezza turns her back on National Security and spends her time smoking weed and playing X-Box with her boo. In the action-packed climax, C-Murder shows up in a life-sized diamond incrusted platinum military Tank and blows up the White House. Due to trouble finding distribution, this will premiere on the UPN 9 network.

FAVORITE SCENE: As he peeks through a peephole, the kidnapped George W. Bush masturbates while watching Condoleezza Rice give Lil' Romeo a lap dance for his 16th birthday.

BEWITCHED VS I DREAM OF JEANNIE: TOO HOT FOR TV

After the success of *Alien vs. Predator* and *Freddy vs. Jason*, they decided to get Nicole Kidman reprising her *Bewitched* role as Samantha and Barbara Eden as Jeannie to duke it out. This is an NC-17 adults-only adaptation that starts off with the two stars as lesbian neighbors. Kidman eats out Jeannie and wiggles her magical nose on her clitoris, causing a supernatural orgasm. Jeannie raves how it's better than the Rabbit. The fight sequences at the end are brutal—a floating broomstick actually fucks Barbara Eden in the ass—but she wins the showdown when she makes Nicole Kidman's genetalia permanently disappear. Even without sex organs, Nicole ends up having more of a sex life than when she was with Tom Cruise. There's a follow-up film in the works from the creators of "Diff'rent Strokes" called *Webster vs. Arnold*. The two tiny titans battle it out for who's the cuter black adult that looks like a kid. Bushwick Bill is slated to play the role of Gary Coleman.

BAMBOOZLED II: BACK IN BLACK

Spike Lee outdoes himself in the long-awaited sequel to his minstrel show classic. With the magic of motion picture effects, similar to *Zelig* and *Forrest Gump*, Spike was able to take lost footage and have the long-dead Mantan Moreland starring opposite Don Cheadle. P. Diddy plays an evil film exec whose slick marketing campaigns turn blackface into the most popular pastime in America. When Mantan tries to confront Diddy, he is choked-up and nearly killed by Puff's bodyguard, played by Tiny "Zeus" Lister. Unlike the original, Spike mixes it up—he's also having white people scotch taping their eyes and portraying racist versions of "Orientals," as they were once allowed to be called.

FAVORITE SCENE: It's full of wonderful Hollywood cameos, most-notably famed director Steven Spielberg in black face singing and tap-dancing in a stage/musical version of his film *Amistad*.

NEW EDITION: THE MOVIE

In the tradition of other VH1 favorites, "The Temptations" and "Too Legit: The MC Hammer Story," this made-for-TV movie covers the lives and careers of Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky, and Mike...and Johnny. Ricky Bell finds out he's the bastard son of Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Ralph Tresvant abandons his "sensitive" side after his body begins randomly growing vaginas, and in an explosive scene, New Edition has a blood-soaked gunfight with the New Kids On the Block. Ronnie DeVoe puts five slugs in Joey McIntyre's chest and then spits on his corpse, calling him a "Dirty Mick." It's an amazing soap opera of events. Sometimes the plot seems a bit far-fetched but it makes for great cinema.

FAVORITE SCENE: Three days after getting out of rehab, Bobby Brown is caught freebasing in his *Ghostbusters 2* costume.

EL-DUCE

In the tradition of *Lawrence of Arabia*, this big budget bio pic is based on the life of Eldon Hoke, better know as El-Duce lead singer of the porno-metal super group the Mentors. The man responsible for birthing dozens of crack babies and spitting vile lyrics like "Bend up and smell my anal vapors/Your face is my toilet paper" from his epic tune "Golden Showers". The film discusses how El-Duce and Mentor members Dr. Heathen Scum and Sickie Wifebeater formed the legendary group and even covers Duce bringing underage groupies on national television. It also has that conspiracy angle of Oliver Stone's *JFK*. When El-Duce goes public claiming Courtney Love once offered him $50,000 to kill Kurt Cobain, he's hit by a train and killed.

INTERESTING FACT: I actually hung with the Duce back in '95 when he was performing on the bill with a band named Anal Cunt. He walked the NY streets wiggling a giant dildo from his zipper and taunting gay people, "Come on, suck it."

WHUT CHOO TALKIN' 'BOUT, WILLIS?

Since so much hype has revolved around the *Webster vs. Arnold* movie, they've decided to do an all-out big screen version of the '80s sitcom "Diff'rent Strokes". Director M. Night Shyamalan (*The Sixth Sense*, *Signs*) had major trouble keeping the script a secret. In fact, an important plot twist was revealed on the net: Mr. Drummond and Kimberly are actually sadistic Ku-Klux Klan members who are using Arnold and Willis for grotesque Nazi experiments. Not much else is known.

FAVORITE SCENE: Mr. Drummond mates Arnold and a Labrador Retriever in an attempt to create an army of murderous half-dog/half black-dwarf creatures, but instead ends up with 39 Bushwick Bill clones.

R.A. the Rugged Man is still touring worldwide, collecting checks. If you have cash and you'd like him to rap at your daughter's Bat Mitzvah or you need a hot 16 bars, e-mail him: ra@massappealmag.com. Die, Rugged Man, Die! *In stores now.*

words: ***R.A. The Rugged Man*** *photo:* ***Shane Nash***

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF LIVINGROOM JOHNSTON

A BY MYSELF MEETING

Where would one be if there was no place one came from? Exactly...nowhere. What a rhetorical statement! Now let's go! Livingroom Johnston is obviously a Rabelaisian, and if you are an avid reader, you might have noticed he "quotes himself" with multiple characters. Today, Livingroom met up with a brother from his past life, Jamal Simmons. Jamal is a skateboarder and a survivor. He made history that not many people are aware of. Jamal was on the cover of Transworld Skateboarding Magazine *in April 1991. He was the first Negro skateboarder to be on the cover of* TWS. *Amazingly true, believe you me. After over a decade, Livingroom and Jamal joined each-other for a drink in a flat somewhere in Brooklyn.*

WHAT'S GOING ON, JAMAL? WE AINT SEEN EACH OTHER IN HOW LONG?

Somewhere around 1998. I think. You wasn't around too much before that, huh?

I WAS AROUND. JUST LYING IN THE CUT LIKE MEAT THAT SHOULDN'T BE EXPOSED. WHERE WERE YOU LIVING WHEN YOU GOT THE TRANSWORLD COVER AND HOW WERE YOU RECEIVED ?

I was living in the South Bronx. I mean...there were a lot of skaters up there, but most of them didn't come downtown to Manhattan too tough. Then there were the people I went to junior high school with. Most of the guys turned to dealing drugs and shit as soon as they got into high school. They couldn't understand why I skateboarded. They would say I was trying to be white and shit.

THAT PISS YOU OFF?

You mother fucking right it did! But you know what?

WHAT?

The tables turned when that cover came out. That shit was on every news stand I saw in New York. All the people who used to make fun of me acted a lot different. They were cool with me. It was funny. Ain't was no more food on the table though.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
You know...Moms had a bad drug addiction. She cool now, though. She been clean for over eighteen years—now. She got a decent gig with the City and shit. But back then, Moms wasn't able to hold it down too tough.

SO WHAT DID YOU DO?
I got frustrated and went out in the streets. Stole food and clothes. I lived kind of a dual life. I hung out with the skaters, sometimes I would hang in the Bronx with my old classmates. I'm not getting into that though. I would go to school at lunchtime and sell used boards. What about you?

WE'LL GET TO ME IN A MINUTE. I'M MORE INTERESTED IN WHAT IT WAS YOU WERE DOING BACK THEN. WHAT YEAR WAS IT WHEN ALL THAT WENT DOWN?
1992-1994. Then I went to Arkansas.

ARKANSAS?
Yeah. Back when they did that HBO documentary on the gangs out there in Little Rock. I stayed with this crazy woman in a hotel across from the bathhouses. The Hot Springs were right down the block.

INTERESTING. WHAT WENT DOWN OUT THERE?
I'll tell you one thing. That was the first time I encountered straightforward racism. I went to get an apartment and this motherfucker looked me in the eyes and said, "You can't live here. I don't have any blacks in here. All you do is sell drugs and so forth."

WHAT? WHAT DID YOU DO?
My first mind was to break his fucking jaw. Then I thought, This bastard probably got a shotgun in the house and I was on his property. The quisling-ass police wouldn't even arrest him. So I split. Me and the woman got the hotel room by the bathhouses. I stayed there for about three months. Then got into some bullshit with a gang and bounced back to New York.

THAT'S WHEN YOU GOT INTO THE SPOKEN WORD SCENE?
Yeah, I lived with my father for a couple of months. When I first got back, Rodney Smith let me crash on his couch for a minute.

RODNEY SMITH FROM ZOO YORK?
Yeah. I don't think he's with them anymore. That shit ain't my business, though.

ALL RIGHT.
You got me on a roll now.

ROLL, BROTHER, ROLL. WHAT ELSE?
I remember this one time I did a reading at this place called the Metropolis Café. It was at Union Square West. P.M. Dawn had performed. Doug E. Fresh was there. I think. They had the mic open. I took that motherfucker and belted out all my frustrations. P.M. Dawn gave me a hug and shit. Then someone gave me a card. The next day I looked at it and it was someone from Gee Street Records. So, I went to the office. They asked me if I wanted to sign a deal with them.

DID YOU SIGN?
NO. I had no clue as to how that shit worked out. I just wanted to write and get a fucking job. So I went to poetry readings and outside of that, stole everything I could get. Until shit really hit the fan. You know what I mean?

NOT REALLY. WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
Hold on...Livingroom, why are you asking me all these questions?

CHILL, MAN. EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT. JUST CATCHING UP. WE HAVE NOT SEEN EACH OTHER IN A LONG TIME, BROTHER. NOW GO ON WITH YOUR STORY.
Well, my moms was moving somewhere and I was left out in the streets. I was still chilling with the skaters sometimes. I was involved in the poetry scene. Some of the cats from the poetry scene are millionaires now. They know who they are.

WHERE DID YOU WIND UP LIVING?
This older cat named Joel let me live in his living room on Spring Street in SoHo.

FOR FREE?
Yeah. He believed I was going to make something of myself with the poetry.

DID YOU?
NO! You would know it if I did, man!

CALM DOWN, JAMAL. WHAT WAS YOUR NEXT MOVE?
I had this militant girlfriend at the time. She couldn't understand why the people I got along with ain't was all black. She left me when I went into a rehab. Joel saw I wasn't going anywhere with the poetry. I mean, I got paid "poets pay" for a few gigs. Poets pay aint shit! Then Joel went and died. Let him rest in peace. That's where it went. In that rehab, they wouldn't let me write or recite my poems. So I forgot almost all of that shit. The chick split on my black ass. That's one reason to stay the fuck out of jail. A BITCH WILL LEAVE A MOTHERFUCKER!

SO...THAT'S WHEN YOU CALMED IT DOWN.
Yeah. I took jobs in a few corny-ass retail stores not even worth mentioning. You know the drill. People had visitors in the joints and when a couple of grimy looking Negroes walked in, they would be like, "Jamal, do you know these guys?" This was after the fuckers heard the brothers greet me formally. Fuck them though! What have you been up to, Livingroom?

JUST WRITING AND SHIT.
Writing what?

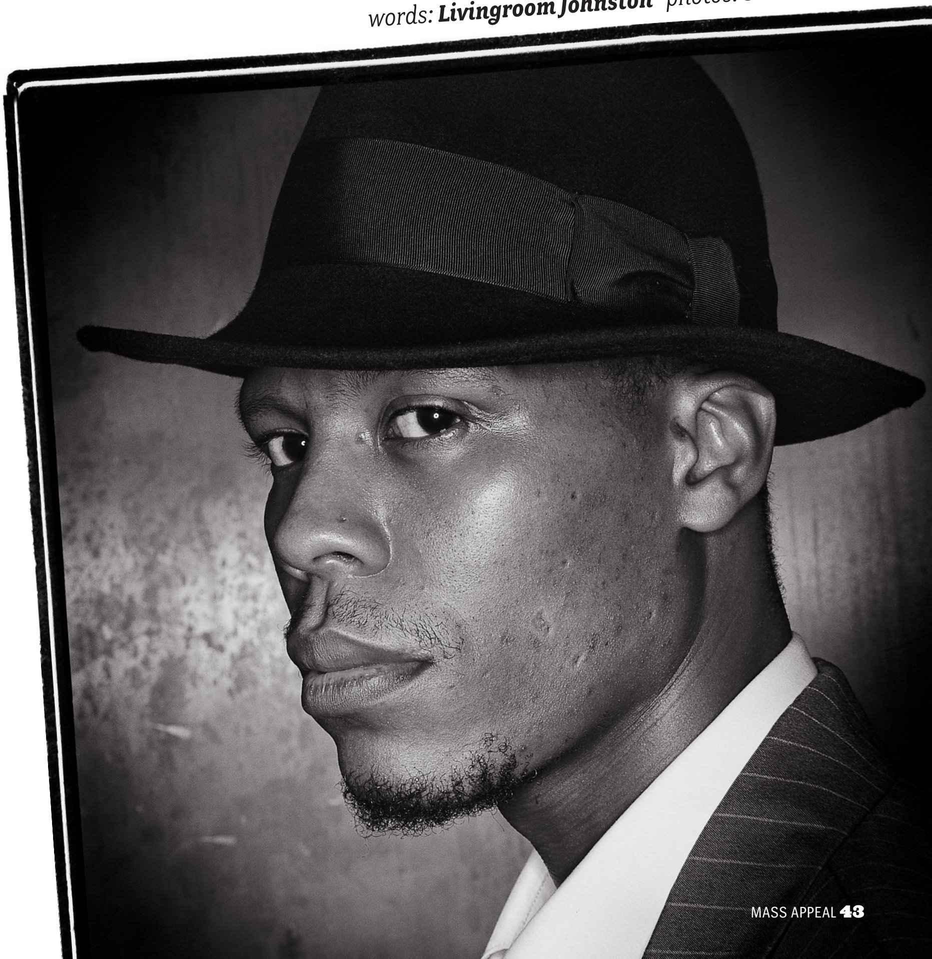
I WROTE FIVE BOOKS AND SLUNG THEM LIKE ANY BUSINESSMAN WOULD, WHATEVER THEY WERE WORKING WITH. I GOT SOME PRESS. IT'S COOL. YOU KNOW. THIS ONE BOOK I GOT OUT RIGHT NOW IS TITLED *I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW*. I MENTIONED IT IN *MASS APPEAL* BEFORE. YOU READ *MASS APPEAL*?
What do you think?

HA, HA, HA, HA! BUT IT REALLY STARTED IN 2000—MY RIB READ MY DIARY AND I DESTROYED EVERYTHING WE...I MEAN I WROTE OVER THE PAST TEN YEARS. THAT'S WHEN SHIT GOT SERIOUS. I PUT EVERYTHING I FELT ON PAPER, LIKE YOU DID AT THAT POETRY READING YOU MENTIONED. AND FROM THEN ON, I SAID TO MYSELF, "LIVINGROOM JOHNSTON NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE IN THE WORLD SAYS, YOU WILL WRITE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! RICH OR POOR!" AND HERE IT IS, BRUZZ. I ADMIRE THOSE WHO DEDICATE THEMSELVES TO THEIR WORK OF CHOICE.
I hear that! Livingroom, I have to get on with my life.

YOU DO THAT JAMAL. KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOVE WATER. I'LL STEP IN MY GATORS, EVEN THOUGH A FEW CLOWNS BEEN MOCKING AND A FEW FOOLS BEEN HATING. MOST OF ALL, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN LIVING. KILL EVERY NEGATIVE THOUGHT AND REPLACE IT WITH A BLESSING.

Reach Livingroom Johnston at *livingroomjohnston.tk*.

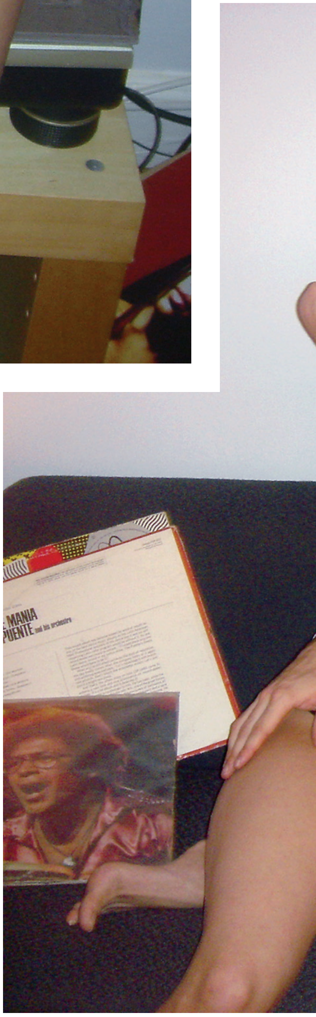
words: ***Livingroom Johnston*** *photos:* ***Shane Nash***



SEXYTIME EXPLOSION

DO IT TO THE MUSIC

words & images: **Matt Goias**



Monte Carlo. 1986. A perfect, end of summer twilight had just begun to shine a shiney glow ’pon the Mediterranean. I was on the balcony of my hotel suite having a four-way with Rue McClanahan, Valerie Bertinelli and the chick that played Blair Warner’s retarded cousin Geri. Music played softly from a transistor radio being held by a small, uniformed gypsy boy. The front desk promptly sent him up not four minutes after I had called in the request. Nothing beats the service in Monaco. Nothing.

Geri Jewell. That was that chick’s name!

Anyway...We’re doing our thing. Rue got slayed, Palsy girl was laid out and I was just getting into my assgroove with V-dot Bert when little Barbara Cooper Royer gets all stiff and uncomfortable like.

I was like, “What’s a matter, baby?”

She pursed her lips tightly and with a sad, frightened look on her grill, she pointed to the boy holding the radio (Who was now serving as my ashtray too).

Through the piled mesh of the radio speakers, the four of us listened as we heard the unmistakable guitar god virtuosity of none other than Mr. Valerie Bertinell—Eddie Van Halen.

Without thinking, I began to sing along with David Lee...“PANAMA!!” It then dawned on me why this was such an uncomfortable situation for the young lady. There’s no greater buzzkill than to be cheating on your man and hear his song come blasting across the radio waves. She was totally freaked out and we all called it a night.

As much as I love music and sex, I’m not really one to combine the two.

It’s true. I’m not really into having music playing while doing the nasty. I need my quiet so as to better concentrate on the matter at hand. Also, I know a lot of people who make music and it’s just too weird when I’m standing there naked with my joint in my hand and suddenly I hear my man’s voice coming through the speakers. Not cool. Also, having music playing is a sure shot way to know exactly how wack you are between the sheets. Figure if the average song is three and a half minutes long and you’re done before the intro is over...do the math.

There are however, some exceptions to my “no music rule”. Some songs are so great and atmospheric that they will enhance any mood, anytime, anywhere. Sometimes you need that perfect mix CD to throw on when you get back to the crib. A mix of music that, while not being too literal, can get the mood set so as to facilitate things going in the right direction (Which, by the way, is down).

HERE'S A LIST OF SOME GOOD SONGS FOR DOING IT.
(In no particular order)

"I Hope That We Can Be Together Soon" Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes
"Riding High" Faze-O
"In The Mood" Tyrone Davis
"Inside My Love" Minnie Riperton
"Reasons" Earth, Wind & Fire
"I'll Never Grow Old" The Charmels
"I'm Not In Love" 10cc
"Close the Door" Teddy Pendergrass
"Between the Sheets" The Isley Brothers
"90% Of Me Is You" Gwen McCrae
"I'm Going Down" Rose Royce
"Fuck Her Gently" Tenacious D
"Stay With Me" DeBarge
"You Remind Me" Patrice Rushen
"By The Time I Get To Phoenix" Isaac Hayes
"Darling Nikki" Prince
"I Can't Help It" Michael Jackson
"A Few More Kisses To Go" Isaac Hayes
"Baby I'm Scared Of You" Womack & Womack
"The Wind Cries Mary" Jimi Hendrix
"Suavecito" Malo
"Bam Bam" Sister Nancy
"Hello It's Me" Todd Rundgren
"Music When the Lights Go Out" The Libertines
"Viva Tirado" El Chicano
"You Were Always On My Mind" Willie Nelson
"Sleepwalk" Ritchie Valens
"Come Go With Me" Teddy Pendergrass
"Pledging My Love" Johnny Ace
"Je T'aime Moi Non Plus" Jane Birkin & Serge Gainsbourg
"How Naked Are We Going to Get" The Blow
"Nocturnal Interludes" Doctor Buzzard's Original Savannah Band
"Turn Off the Lights" Larry Young's Fuel
"Summer Madness" Kool & the Gang
"Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time" The Delfonics
"Beautiful" Gordon Lightfoot
"Where Is the Love" Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway
"Hunter" Björk
"Love TKO" Teddy Pendergrass
"Girl" The Beatles
"Hard Times" Doctor Buzzard's Original Savannah Band
"Girl Is Mine" Frankie Paul
"I Miss You" Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes
"Our Day Will Come" Ruby & the Romantics
"Night Nurse" Gregory Isaacs
"You've Made Me So Very Happy" Blood Sweat & Tears/Lou Rawls/Alton Ellis
"What You Won't Do For Love" Bobby Caldwell
"Remember (Walkin' In the Sand)" The Shangri-Las
"I Only Have Eyes For You" The Flamingos
"Rainbow Country" Bob Marley
"Mama Told Me Not To Come" Three Dog Night

BEST WHOLE ALBUMS FOR DOING IT.
This is tough. Sorry to say most musicians today don't make albums that stay nice the whole way through.

Abbey Road The Beatles
Innervisions Stevie Wonder
Cymande Cymande
Apropa't Savath & Savalas
Music Of My Mind Stevie Wonder
I Want You Marvin Gaye
Songs In the Key Of Life Stevie Wonder
Paranoid Black Sabbath
Moon Safari Air
Tanto Tempo Bebel Gilberto
The Very Best Of Beny More Beny More
A Little Bit Of Somethin' Tommy Guerrero
Water Babies Miles Davis
Rhythm Of Life James Mason
Pet Sounds The Beach Boys
Sea Change Beck
Fever To Tell The Yeah Yeah Yeahs
Inspiration Information Shuggie Otis
IV Led Zeppelin
The Best Of Love Love
The Wall Pink Floyd
My Life Mary J. Blige
Since I Left You The Avalanches
Kind Of Blue Miles Davis
Reign In Blood Slayer

TIPS:

Don't Get Literal: If you insist on having music playing, you must make sure that it isn't anything too literal. That would be crazy corny. Sometimes it's hard to avoid literal songs about doing it, but at the very least, make sure you're not playing the clichéd, literal songs about doing it. Examples of this include "Let's Get It On" by Marvin Gaye or "Bump N' Grind" by R. Kelly. You can't really listen to songs about doing it when you are doing it.

No Rap: If you want to hear the voices of muscular, angry black men while you are naked and having your penis touched...If *your girl* wants to hear the voices of muscular, angry black men while having her vagina touched...Just something to think about.

Rhythm Is A Cancer: If you must have music playing while putting your naughty on somebody, you don't want it to have too much of a defined beat. Stay away from anything too rhythmic. With a defined beat, your natural inclination may be to start humping to the beat. In the best case scenario, this will look like the world's most awkward and bad naked dancing and you will look like a dork. In the more realistic scenario, this will look like the world's most awkward and bad naked dancing and you will look like a dork. We don't dance, we just pull down our pants...

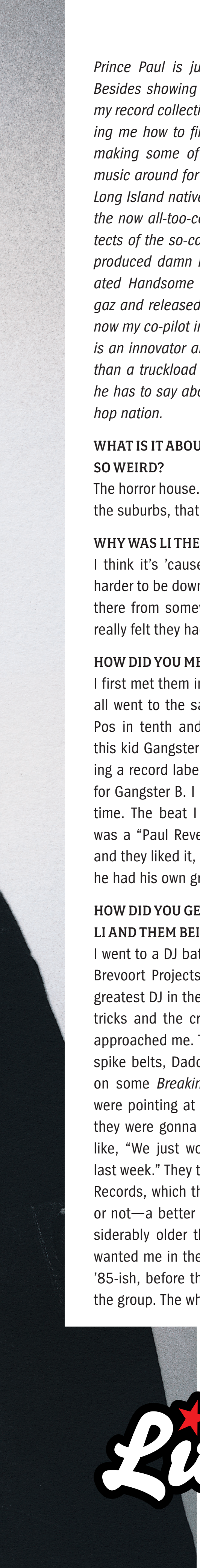
No Technical Difficulties: If you are going to have music playing, you must be absolutely sure, beyond any doubt whatsoever, that there will be no skips, skits, glitches, spoken word intros, etc. If you have an iPod or iTunes, have a perfect playlist ready to go for these situations and give the playlist a discreet title. Mines is called "Boning."

No Exes During Sexes: If by any chance you have had sex with a singer who got popular and you were stupid enough to tell your girl, make sure her (or his) songs don't come on when you're doing it. For me, this means I can't ever play any Nelly Furtado, Alicia Keys, The Cardigans, Barbaras Mandrell or Streisand, Nancys Sinatra or Sister, Crystal Gale, Ladytron, Prussian Blue, Garbage, Trina, Björk, Debbie Harry, or Bell Biv Devoe (We were drunk, we were young, and we were experimenting). See above Valerie Bertinelli anecdote.

OG STATUS

PRINCE PAUL

ECKŌ UNLTD
1972



Prince Paul is just about my favorite producer ever. Besides showing me how to get my hustle on, raiding my record collection for the first De La album and teaching me how to find a break on a record, he has been making some of the most creative, funky and funny music around for the last 15-plus years. The Amityville, Long Island native is an original thinker, the inventor of the now all-too-common rap skit and one of the architects of the so-called "Golden Age" of hip hop. He has produced damn near everyone under the sun, co-created Handsome Boy Modeling School and Gravediggaz and released four slept-on solo albums. Plus, he's now my co-pilot in our project, The Beat Workshop. Paul is an innovator and kind of a genius. Plus, he's funnier than a truckload of midgets on angel dust. Peep what he has to say about his career and the state of the hip hop nation.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT AMITYVILLE THAT MAKES PEOPLE SO WEIRD?
The horror house. You ain't heard [*laughs*]? Nah, its just the suburbs, that's all.

WHY WAS LI THE CENTER OF RAP IN THE LATE '80S?
I think it's 'cause people from LI had to work a little harder to be down. See, no one is from LI. We all moved there from somewhere else, so I think people from LI really felt they had to represent a bit harder.

HOW DID YOU MEET DE LA SOUL?
I first met them in 1987, when I was in 12th grade. We all went to the same high school. Trugoy was in 11th, Pos in tenth and Mase in ninth. Mase was DJing for this kid Gangster B. Our high school teacher was starting a record label and he asked me to program a beat for Gangster B. I encountered Maceo there for the first time. The beat I programmed wasn't to my liking—it was a "Paul Revere" backwards bite. I programmed it and they liked it, but me and Mase hated it. He told me he had his own group and that group was De La Soul.

HOW DID YOU GET WITH STETSASONIC BEING FROM LI AND THEM BEING FROM BROOKLYN?
I went to a DJ battle at a block party in Brooklyn in the Brevoort Projects. This was when I thought I was the greatest DJ in the world. I got on the set and did all my tricks and the crowd was digging it. Right after, Stet approached me. They were looking really crazy with the spike belts, Daddy-O had a spike collar on. They were on some *Breakin' 2* shit, but even more extra. They were pointing at me, saying, "He's the one." I thought they were gonna beat me up or something. They were like, "We just won the Mr. Magic *Rap Attack* contest last week." They told me they had a deal with Sugar Hill Records, which they ended up declining for—believe it or not—a better deal with Tommy Boy. They were considerably older than me. It bugged me out that they wanted me in their group, so I joined up! This was like '85-ish, before the god Fruitkwan was even down with the group. The whole Stet thing was pretty weird. It was like old guys and young guys like me and Fruitkwan all in a group together.

WHERE IS DADDY-O AT THESE DAYS?
He's chillin', I saw him last year. He had on a pair of leather pants, which kind of bugged me out.

YOU NEVER WORE LEATHER PANTS?
Yeah, I did. I had a pair of ill white leather pants, but they were b-boy, 'cause I don't play [*laughs*].

SO WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO INVENT THE RAP SKIT?
When I did it, I didn't even realize I invented it. During sequencing the record, I came up with the idea. The problem I had back then with a lot of rap records was that I didn't know who the MCs were. I figured a game show was a good way to introduce the MCs and let you know something about them. This was when De La was really young and said yes to almost anything, so when I suggested the idea, they went for it. We had no idea we were doing something different when we did it.

WHO HAD GOOD SKITS?
Dr. Dre, he took it to a cinematic level. The NWA skits were done really well and so was the stuff on *The Chronic*. I loved the Wu-Tang skits. Rae and Ghost they had some funny skits. *Cuban Linx* had some funny skits. The ironic thing about Wu-Tang is they were so street, but they were still really funny.

WHAT LEAD YOU TO INVENT HANDSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL?
When Dan the Automator asked me to do a remix of Dr. Octagon's song "Blue Flowers", he told me he noticed I had Chris Elliot on my record *Psychoanalysis*. We laughed about that and decided we should start a fictional group. We started telling Monica Lynch about it, and she said, "Hey, let's sign it." We didn't have a demo or anything. You know, every once in a while, the music industry decides it likes you. It's few and far between, but there are split seconds in your career when people like you. It's been a long time since anyone really liked me like that, but this was one of those times. The rest is history.

WHY DID YOU CALL THE RECORD *WHITE PEOPLE*?
We wanted to get everybody's attention. Calling it *Black People* wasn't gonna do that, and the gods might have gotten mad. Also, the mannequins were white. Plus, white people are funny! But being one, you already know this, man!

WHAT INSPIRED *PRINCE OF THIEVES*?
The record you said you could only listen to once?

NAH, MORE LIKE 5 TIMES [*LAUGHS*].
[*Laughs.*] When I had my deal with Doo Dew Man Records at Def Jam, I had told Russell I wanted to do that record. He told 'em to demo it up, which if you know that record, is impossible. Then, it was one of those weird moments when people liked me. Monica Lynch basically told me I could make any kind of record I wanted. I handed it in Feb '98 and they sat on it for a year. Tom told me, "It's all about the single," and that he didn't know how to sell it. He told me, "People don't buy records just to buy records." Thank god they finally put it out. I was really nervous someone was gonna come along with the same idea.

WHAT DO YOU DIG THESE DAYS, RAP-WISE?
I like some of the Swisha House stuff. I like Mike Jones, 'cause he's not fronting. He's like, "Girls didn't dig me, here's my number, call me." He's not a rap superhero, and I dig that sentiment. He's like, "I'm a big guy, call me, and love me." He's funny.

WHY ARE YOU THE LAST PERSON TO INTERJECT HUMOR INTO HIP HOP? IS ANYONE FUNNY ANYMORE THESE DAYS?
I think J-Zone is pretty funny. Also R.A. is pretty funny to me. Biz is funny. So was Slick Rick. You know, black people don't want to be funny anymore. Everyone wants to be hard, and being funny isn't cool in the 'hood. The only time brothers want to be funny is when they snap on each other. No one wants to show any weakness, and being funny or goofy just isn't hard. To be funny, you have to show a little weakness. Showing some flaws isn't 'hood any more. Being flawed is what made Slick Rick so dope. Check out "The Moment I Feared". That's a good example of humor in hip hop.

BEST TOMMY BOY STORY?
Tom Silverman told me once that videos were a passing fad. He said they don't sell records and videos won't be around in a few years. That's why Stet never had a video for "Sally". Not to always diss Tommy Boy. In actuality, I have some love for them, especially Monica Lynch. She was mad cool.

OKAY, I'M GONNA THROW SOME NAMES AT YOU. TELL ME WHAT COMES TO MIND. 3RD BASS.
Love them, Real fun guys. Lots of fun to work with. Saw Serch recently. He was still blacker than I am!

BIG DADDY KANE?
I just keep thinking about the split he did on BET. That was incredible. He's a heavyweight these days.

STETSASONIC?
They're kind of like an old girlfriend. When you see 'em, it's great, but when you're around 'em long enough, you remember why you broke up!

CHUBB ROCK?
Where's my 2,200 bucks?

AWESOME. BEFORE I WRAP THIS UP, WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON THESE DAYS?
I'm working with Bernie Worrell on a record, I'm doing the Beat Workshop with you, doing a bunch of scoring, and I'm starting to think about making a real Prince Paul record, not a funny tongue-in-cheek record. R.A. the Rugged Man is gonna be featured prominently on it, 'cause I really dig what he does.

words: ***Dante Ross*** *photo:* ***Mike Schreiber***

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IMPERIAL MEDIA

TV ON THE RADIO BROADCASTS LIVE FROM BK ALL DAY. SWITCH ON THEIR PSYCHEDELIC C-SPAN AND YOU MIGHT JUST WITNESS HISTORY.

words: ***Noah Rubin*** *photos:* ***Clay Patrick McBride***

History books are written by the victors, sculpting the future by controlling our understanding of the past. The people's history, however, is written in song, immune to the biased knife of the emperor's edits.

Students of uncensored sonic history and composers of future truth, TV on the Radio are telling our story by telling theirs. With music as confrontational as it is familiar, the gang of five (that grew from two) merge walls of guitar, smooth-yet-aggressive vocals and their own brand of beats into a psychedelic brew that raises as many questions as it answers. And like any good street-level historian, TV on the Radio leave room for sex, drugs and dirty words as they tell tales of today.

It started back in early 2001 when founding members Tunde Adebimpe (vocals), 30, and David Andrew Sitek (guitar/production/beats), 33, became roommates in a Brooklyn loft. The two first connected by working on paintings and other visual projects, adding music to the mix as a side note. At the time, Sitek was trying to establish himself as a record producer and his unrestrained enthusiasm for production is heard on TV on the Radio's homemade CD-R release OK Calculator. *They gave the record away for free and hid it in retail stores, hoping to confuse anyone who bothered to listen to the record's absurdist wanderings. The duo also began playing improvised shows in Brooklyn that relied on audience participation and sometimes lasted for hours on end.*

Feeling the need to expand their sound, Dave and Tunde recruited guitarist/vocalist Kyp Malone, 32, and with Kyp plus a crew of guest musicians, put out the Young Liars EP *['03, Touch and Go]. The album turned heads. Not only did TV on the Radio's interracial make-up invite fascination and confused reactions, but the comedy of their first release also evolved into clever musical insight, like their barbershop-style cover of The Pixies' "Mr. Grieves." During the same year, Sitek produced the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' gold-selling* Fever to Tell *['03, Interscope]. Between the praise received for* Young Liars *and Dave's production noteriety, the bar was significantly raised for their next release. Dropped in the Spring of 2004, their official debut full-length* Desperate Youth, Blood Thristy Babes *[Touch and Go] fulfilled expectations and garnered them the prestigious Shortlist Prize.*

With anticipation high, the band's forthcoming album, Return to Cookie Mountain, *supersizes their sonic experiment. Since their last record, the group has further expanded to include former guest musicians, drummer Jaleel Bunton, 32, and bassist Gerard Smith, 31. The album also sports collaborations with Celebration's Katrina Ford, several members of Antibalas, as well as David Bowie, who provides backing vocals on the track "Province." In the battle for history, be glad TV on the Radio are fighting on our side. What's in the next chapter? We sat down with 4/5ths of the band and this is what they said about it.*

HAS TV ON THE RADIO BEEN MISREPRESENTED BY THE PRESS?

JALEEL: The thing that's annoying that we might as well just get out of the way now is that it's so coincidental that the four of us are black—it comes up a lot. So how do you guys feel about being a black band? Blah, blah, blah. It's naïve of us to expect the rest of the world to see how arbitrary it is, but at the same time, we know that it is.

DAVE: You sit there and someone talks to you about your music and they make assumptions. It's 2005, seriously.You've had a lot of time to work out that if a

black man has a guitar, you don't have to be surprised. Look at the biggest influences on the genre, like Chuck fucking Berry, Jimi fucking Hendrix, come on, Jesus fucking Christ.

KYP: Mick Jagger...It's symptomatic of a much bigger problem. If you can only see me in this way, then that's one of the root causes of all the bullshit that racism embodies.

D: You know just something really simple, like being asked if it's strange being the only white guy in a band. But what they're doing is addressing the blackness of the band by asking me that question. Like, unless I hook my physical fucking skin up to a sampler and it produces a different sound than Jaleel's skin, then I don't wanna talk about it.

ARE THINGS BETTER IN EUROPE?

GERARD: I don't think a bunch of kids burning down cars and shit all over France in 274 cities is better. It's no different.

D: It's happening everywhere and I think the door is just swinging open on this shit. What happened in France is gonna happen a lot more.

HOW DID YOU, JALEEL AND GERARD, HOOK UP WITH THESE GUYS?

J: I think Gerard's songwriting contest helped. We'd all known each other before that, but musically we kind of didn't. So Gerard had this brilliant contest with Kyp.

K: It was a songwriting contest where you had to base a song on the lyric, "Baby I dig your magic." Gerard was telling this girl I had a crush on that I wrote a song about her and that it was called "Baby I Dig Your Magic." So it was kinda like, "Stop cockblocking—but can I use that?"

J: I think we should state for the record that none of us were capable of winning the Williamsburg songwriting contest.

D: Yeah, we lost.

G: But I think that was the first collaboration between these guys.

IS THE MATERIAL THAT YOU GUYS RECORDED FOR THE NEW ALBUM STUFF THAT HAD BEEN WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY OR WAS EVERYTHING WRITTEN FOR IT?

K: Little pieces of things.

D: And then we did a mountain of coke and wrote five of the songs in one weekend.

IS THAT TRUE?

G: No.

J: Is that true? Where is it?

G: One of the songs had been written a while ago.

K: But not really, everything got revamped so much that it was hardly the same thing. It was a half-baked idea when we were playing it.

D: Quarter-baked.

WHERE HAS THE BAND GONE MUSICALLY WITH THE NEW RECORD? WHAT I AM I GONNA HEAR OR NOT HEAR THAT I HEARD ON YOUR PREVIOUS MATERIAL?

D: You're probably gonna hear full on parts and changes...intention.

K: Completion.

G: The drives in the songwriting are just so much stronger, especially lyrically.

D: We've also played like 300 shows together. That made it a lot different.

G: Yeah, pent up anger.

SO TELL ME ABOUT PENT UP ANGER FROM 300 SHOWS.

D: Um, No. We'll just leave that alone.

NO STORIES OF "ON THE ROAD WITH TVOTR"?

K: It's so not exciting to talk about. It's not miserable compared to regular life...sometimes...when we're not doing it.

SO THERE'S NOT ONE PERSON WHO GETS MORE ASS THEN EVERYONE ELSE?

J: What are you trying to do man, pour gasoline over everything?

SHOULDN'T YOU JUST BE HONEST ABOUT IT?

J: The honest truth is there's no ass anywhere, as far as the eye can see.

D: Yeah, we're not really an ass band.

K: But not 'cause we don't wanna be.

D: It's amazing how bacon takes precedence over pussy. You're like, I can't do this and wake up in time for breakfast and I'd rather have bacon, so fuck you, bitch.

SWINE BEFORE THE LADIES?

K: Plus it comes down to the people that would be ready to get down.

D: They're waiting for Death Cab for Cutie.

K: I don't want to sleep by proxy with Death Cab for Cutie or any other band that I know. And they don't wanna sleep with me either, so that's fine.

NICE. HOW HAS YOUR LIVE SHOW EVOLVED?

D: Uh, we sucked. And then we sucked in a completely different way and then we pounded the pavement and embarrassed ourselves into really concentrating on what we were doing.

K: There's still an incredible amount of room for growth. But I'm not embarrassed in the shows anymore.

D: We chose a really difficult type of music to make and reproduce live. If we even wanted to go in the direction of our records, we'd be very demanding in terms of soundchecks and stuff like that. We just haven't had that kind of tour luxury. It's just been, get in the van, smell like shit, abandon your friends, play 1000 times, and that's it.

DO YOU EVER HEAR THE VERSION YOU REARRANGED FOR THE LIVE BAND SETUP AND BE LIKE, DAMN I WISH WE COULD RECORD THAT SONG LIKE THIS?

K: I've felt that about some stuff off *Young Liars*, and we've actually messed around with that a little bit.

D: We recorded some stuff with [engineer] Chris Coady that never got released. We did live versions of songs, but we were in such a weird mood when we were in there that it didn't really translate. It's kinda like, Oh, they're grumpy and with instruments.

SO WHAT'S THE WEIRDEST REACTION YOU GUYS HAVE GOTTEN TO YOUR MUSIC?

J: That we sound like Living Colour.

D: Yeah, that's not weird though, that's completely stupid. It's like, I don't know why, but I think you guys sound like Living Colour. And Tunde is like, "I think I know why. It must be my fluorescent body suit."

SO WHAT BAND MIGHT PEOPLE COMPARE YOU TO WHERE YOU'RE LIKE, "OH, THAT'S ON POINT"?

K: There's this guy who's a DJ in London, John Kennedy. He said he was hearing elements of Hugo Largo and Shudder to Think. I definitely listened to those records at an impressionable age, and I know what he was talking about when he made those comparisons. He wasn't making the comparisons just on a visual overview.

D: Well I think that's really what we run into most of the time. People just focus on the visual element of the band and then they make a bunch of assumptions. For the most part journalists go by, How will what I say match up with the photograph that's there?

YEAH, WHAT'S WITH YOU GUYS BEING PETER GABRIEL PLUS LIVING COLOUR?

D: There's one line in "Blind".

K: There's a line in "Wash" too.

J: That Tunde sounds like Peter Gabriel. And I think just coincidentally, they have a similar instrument. You know, and it sounds like the parts of Peter Gabriel that I really like. But it's definitely not intentional.

D: No "Shock the Monkey."

BEFORE WE WRAP UP, CAN EVERYONE TELL ME THE NAME OF THEIR FIRST BAND?

D: Blind Ambition.

J: Basement Fear.

G: TV on the Radio.

K: Rocket Science and the Nigger Loving Faggots.

UM, OKAY... THANKS. ★

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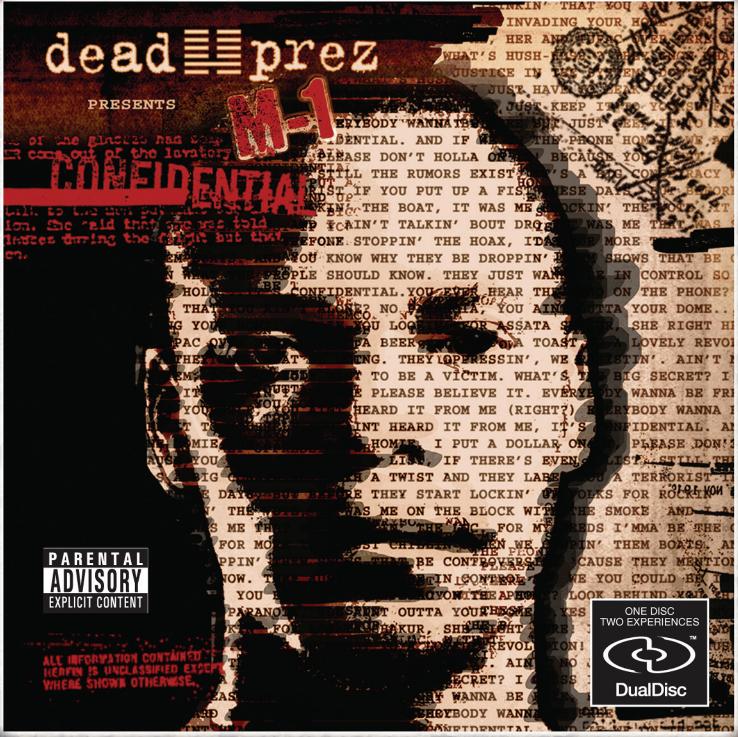
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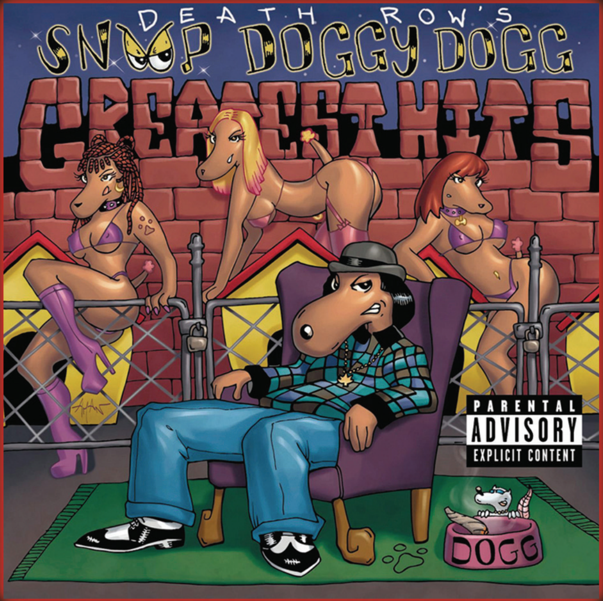
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BEFORE HIS ERUPTION ON LA'S GRAFFITI SCENE, SLICK WAS BOMBING VOLCANOES IN HIS NATIVE HAWAII. *MASS APPEAL* FINDS OUT HOW THE GRAF OG-TURNED-DESIGNER HELPED REDEFINE THE WRITER'S GRIND.

words: ***Danny Boy O'Connor*** *photos:* ***Gavin Stevens***

Back in 1992, meeting legendary graf writer Slick was a great honor for me and the beginning of a friendship that's lasted over a decade. I had heard about the legendary West Coast writer and his escapades for years before finally meeting him, and how could I not have? His monumental career highlights have included painting the famous Crenshaw Wall in South Central LA for hip hop heavyweights Ice-T and later Ice Cube (Slick's mural was featured in the "Who's The Mack" video) to taking part in his infamous televised graffiti battle with Hex. Slick put in serious work, bombing throughout Southern California and even creating the perfect album cover for The Pharcyde's classic Bizarre Ride II the Pharcyde*. Since then, he's become a prominent clothing company owner of influential brands like Third Rail and Fuct, as well as being one of the first graf writers to make the transition to graphic designer for some of the clothing industry's biggest names. While every writer seems to have jumped on the collaboration bandwagon, Slick seems unconcerned with what is popular at the moment, looking nowhere but his own seemingly bottomless well of creativity. Today, Slick has a whole slew of projects on deck, from a collaboration with Asian sneaker giant Westmill to his very own toy brand STD and the release of latest clothing brand Dissizit(more information can be found at* dissizslix.com*). I sat down with Slick to reflect on his journeys.*

YOU'RE NOT ORIGINALLY FROM LA. DO YOU FEEL AT HOME HERE?

Aiea, Hawaii is where I'm from. I came to LA to escape prosecution from graf, get my shit together and go to school. I stopped bombing for a minute, but then I found myself admiring the graf around the city. In between classes at Otis/Parsons, I had lunch at MacArthur Park, where I met some writers who were painting the band shell. It was on! I continued my education at Art Center in Pasadena, but I spent any free time on bombing. Much of my work is in LA, although I now reside in Anaheim. So I guess LA is my home.

WHEN YOU WERE BACK IN HAWAII, HOW'D YOU INITIALLY GET INTO GRAF?

As long as I could remember, I was into art in one way or another. In my early teen years, I was a popper, then progressed to breaking. It was during that time I saw *Style Wars*—that really got me open. I had found a way to really make some noise with my art, because I really wasn't that great of a breaker. My crew Bomb Squad [in Hawaii], was sick though. Rock Steady Crew used to do shows in Hawaii and I actually saw a Doze piece on a bed sheet that was pretty fresh.

HOW DID YOU COME TO HAVE THE NAME SLICK?

In third grade, I went by "Sweet Sticky Ricky," my name during my short-lived DJ career. But for the most part, I went by straight Slick. I believe it was bestowed upon me by my junior high principal at Saint Elizabeth, who confronted me on a little matter about a book report that was surprisingly similar to a report from a previous honor roll student. She said, "You think you're pretty Slick, don't you, young man?" It just kinda stuck after that.

HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOU DID YOUR FIRST PIECE?

I was probably 15 or 16 when I rocked my first piece at Pearlridge Park, a "Slick" piece, complete with a character. The wall was straight boulders with no buff and I used some cheap ass paint—wack! It was a great place to learn. Since we didn't have any trains in the islands, we were forced to get up on freeways, water tanks, buses, public parks, drainage canals, schools and volcanoes. If you can make your shit look tight here, you can rock shit anywhere!

WHAT KIND OF ARTISTS DO YOU MOST RESPECT?

While studying art history, I really jocked the artists of the Baroque period. The dramatic composition of their works just knocked me on my ass. An artist that comes to mind is Egon Schiele for his figurative work, and even some of his still life. Alphonse Mucha was pretty sick as well. His line work was dope and his insane borders were almost comic book-like. Speaking of comic book art, I would also say Vaughn Bode, and then Tanino Liberatore. Dali was a madman. Frazetta, Da Vinci…this question's a tough one. So many masters and just sick draftsmen. Nowadays, you don't have to even draw well to be considered an artist/designer. With the onset of computers, silkscreen and the validation of abstract art in our culture, what or who is considered to be a dope artist is all fucked up. I took some Polaroids—does that make me a photographer? I videotaped me and my girlfriend doing the nasty, but that don't make me a filmmaker. So, I guess I still jock the masters. I also have to give it up to the early pioneers of the graf movement. If it wasn't for them, who knows where I would have went.

HEX VS. SLICK? HOW DID THAT BATTLE BEGIN?

It wasn't a big-ass feud like the media portrayed. During the late '80s, I painted a lot. I got a call from some cat that said, "Hex wants to paint with you." Being the cool guy, I said, "Sure, why not? He's pretty sick with it." So, we started this little production at Belmont Tunnel, no mention of battle. The first day was chill until this kid SID showed me Hex's outline. Hoax [Hex] was busting "TSO." His crew's name was "TGO," so what the fuck was TSO? TSO was for "Taking Slick Out." After that, it was on. And of course, he didn't take me out. The second battle on television I took even more lightly, since Hex got served the first time. Like the over confident rabbit in the story *The Tortoise and the Hare*, I partied hard during the designated time period and didn't finish. All the while, the hungry tortoise painted all night, finished and subsequently served me, checking me on national television! Not a good day in my life because I really got used to the idea of burning fools. In hindsight, it was probably the best thing to have

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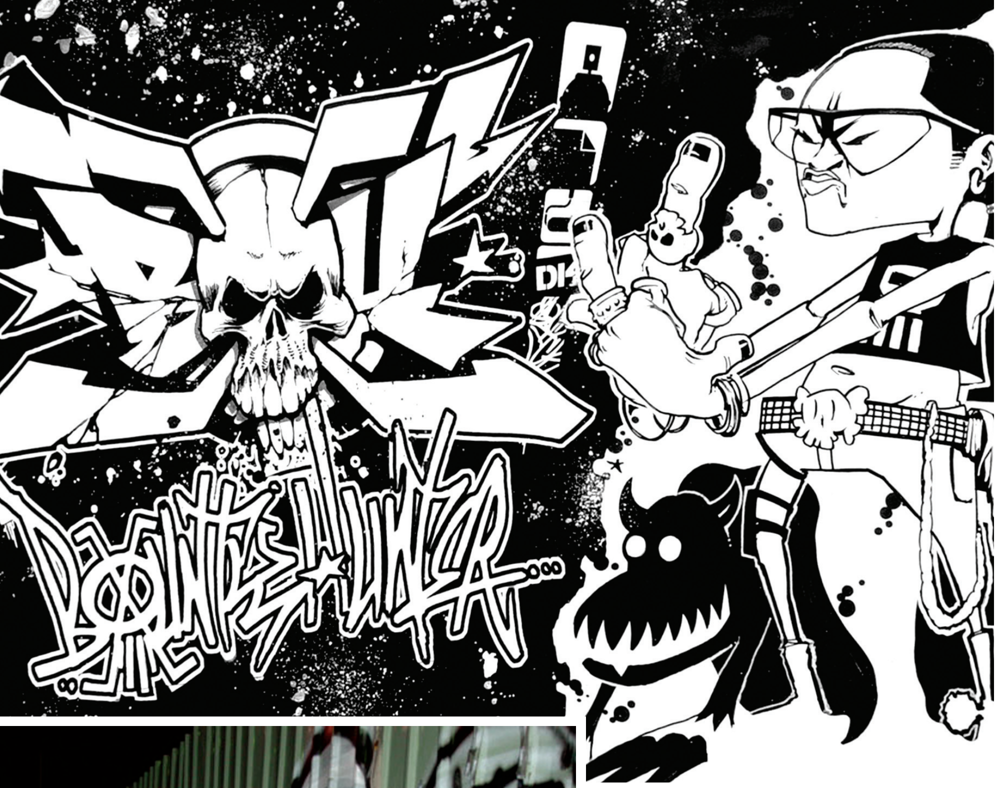

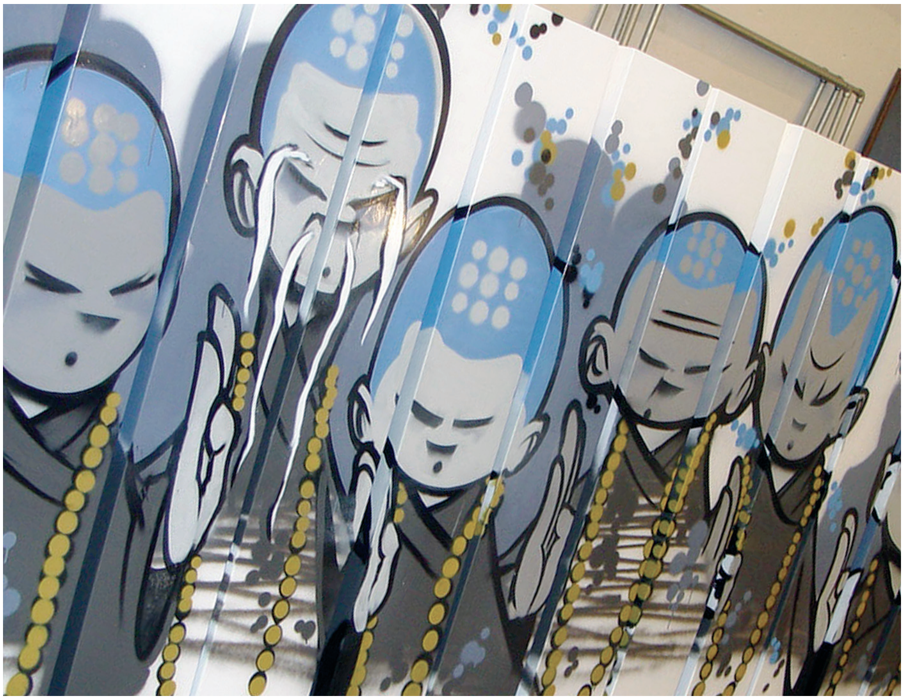

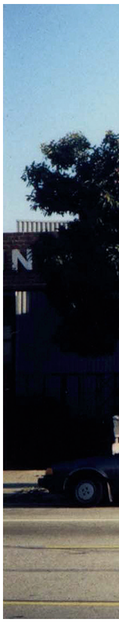

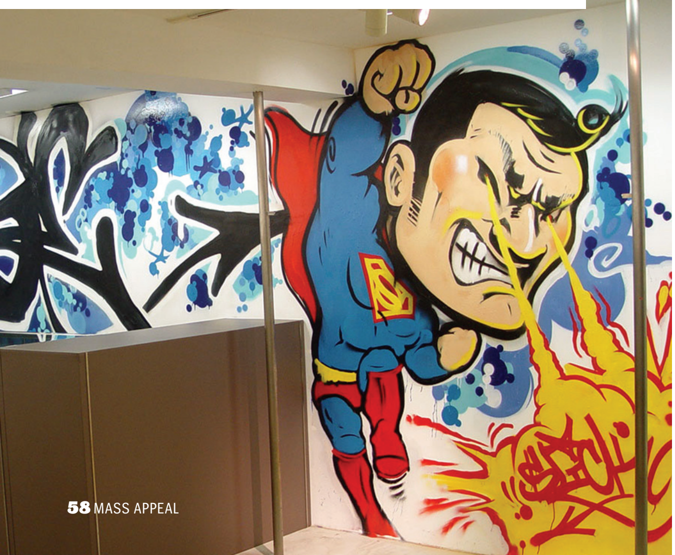

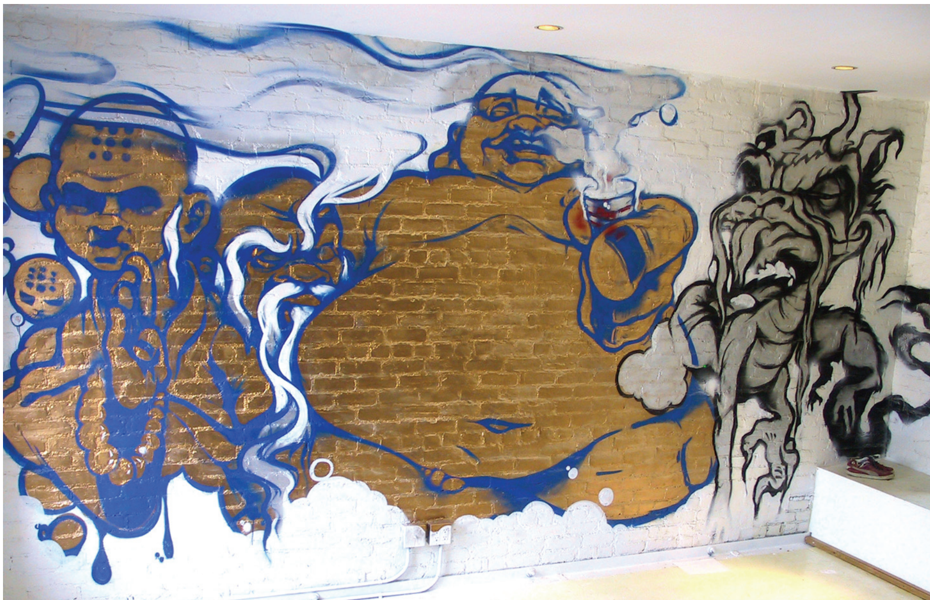

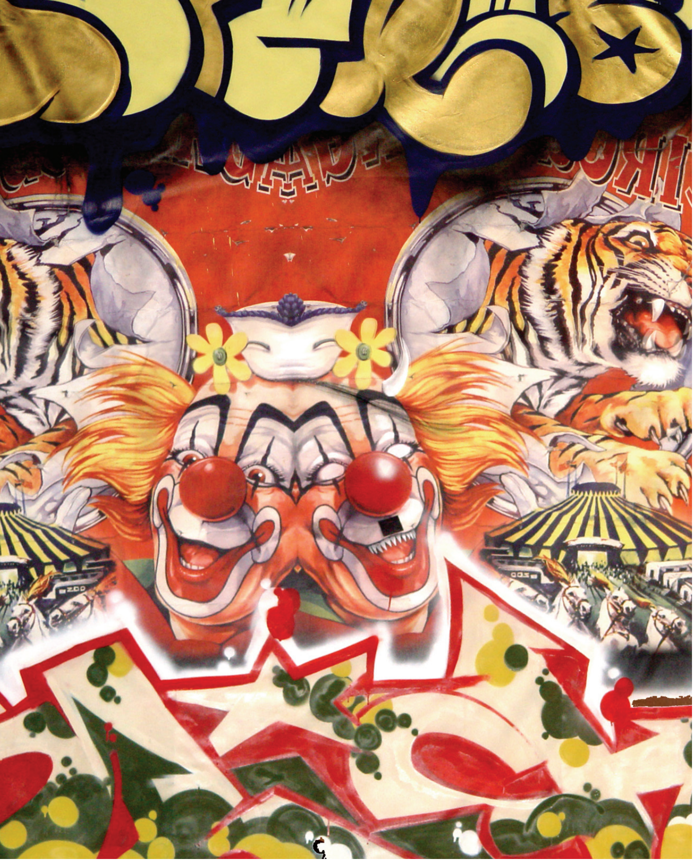

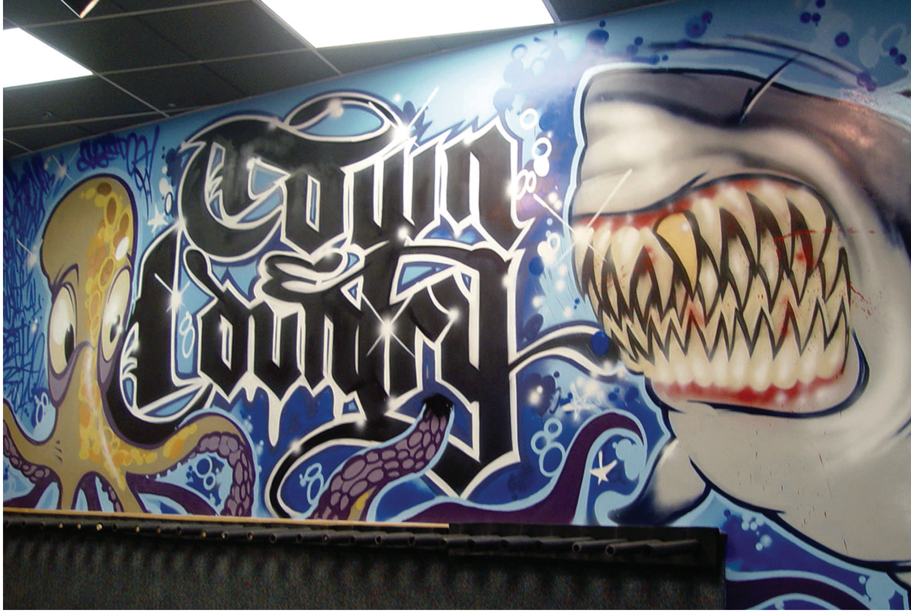
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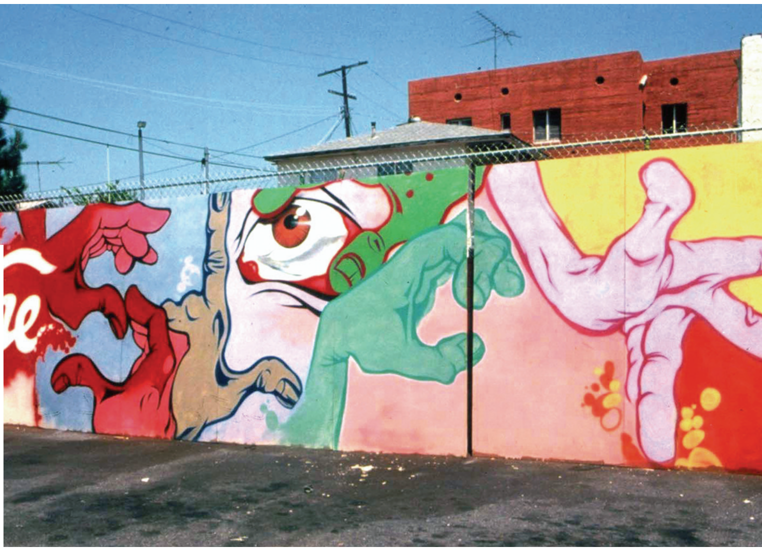

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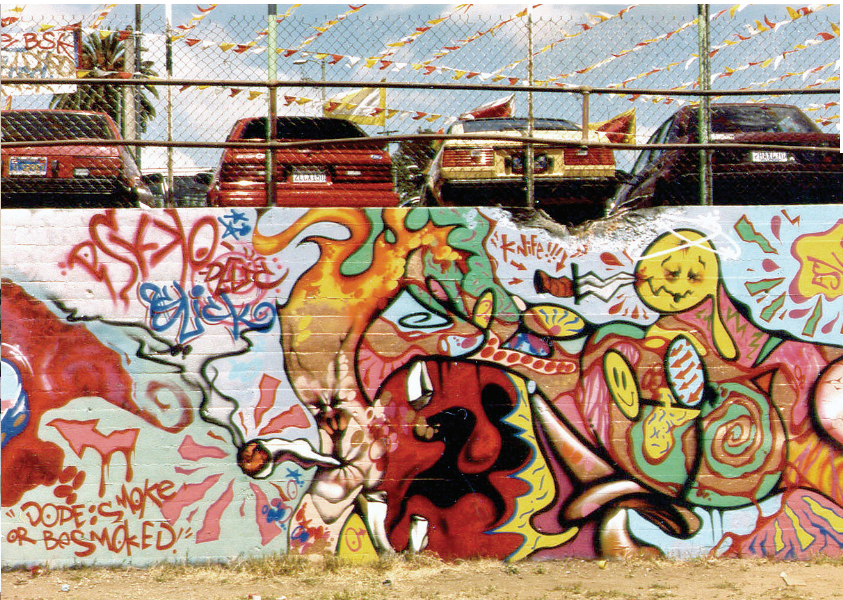
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"DOPE: SMOKE
OR BE SMOKED"

FREE HAWAII

happened, so that I continued to grow as an artist. If I had won, my head would have swelled even bigger, hindering growth.

HOW DID YOUR CROSSOVER INTO THE CLOTHING WORLD HAPPEN?

I wouldn't really call it much of a crossover, being that I was always drawing on my sneakers or doodling on the guy's jacket in front of me in class. My first clothing company—even before Fuct—was Third Rail, started by Risky, Dante and myself. Before that, I was selling [shirt] graphics. Even earlier than that, I was airbrushing T-shirts in the mall. But we gained the most notoriety in the game doing Fuct. Drugs, fame, greed and creative differences [led to] our demise on that project. All the while, I still freelanced to get through it. It wasn't until I teamed up with another local boy, Jeff, and formed Shaolin Worldwide that we really got to cut loose. Working as the Shao Bruthas, we made some noise. We really had fun with it, fusing our Asian heritage with hip hop, skateboarding, graffiti, kung-fu and punk rock. We had so much fun designing shit, we let the business side slide, making room for fools like DrunknMunky to just swoop and capitalize on the shit we opened. By that time we lost Fuct in court and watched a bunch of copy cat skate/street companies blow up around us, I was already used to it. I never claimed to be a great businessman—I'm an artist first.

DID YOU SET OUT SEEKING LARGER CLOTHING COMPANIES TO WORK WITH?

Being that my products were being carried at Stussy, Union and X-Large, it wasn't long before I was doing graphics for these cats, long before this artist collaboration trend started. It was just what I did. It's getting a lot harder these days, 'cause everyone and their mothers are either a graphic designer, fashion designer or has their own brand. I guess you should do like Biggie says: "Treat it like boxing, stick 'n move, stick 'n move."

IF YOU COULD COLLABORATE WITH ANYBODY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

I'd like to get into film, maybe fuck around with some animated shorts and work my way up to a feature or two. I have a few concepts that have been tumblin' around in my head. I'm just waiting to hook up with the right people to make it happen.

YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT...ANY ADVICE FOR THE YOUTH?

Don't lose sight of your dreams and get sidetracked with drugs and alcohol. It's so easy to get caught up in that bullshit. As far as graphics and design, it's alright to bite, just make sure you flip it, make it dope and add your own personal flavor. Don't just bite and try to pass off as your own shit. Recognize who paved the way for you to do it. Lastly, don't grow up. ★

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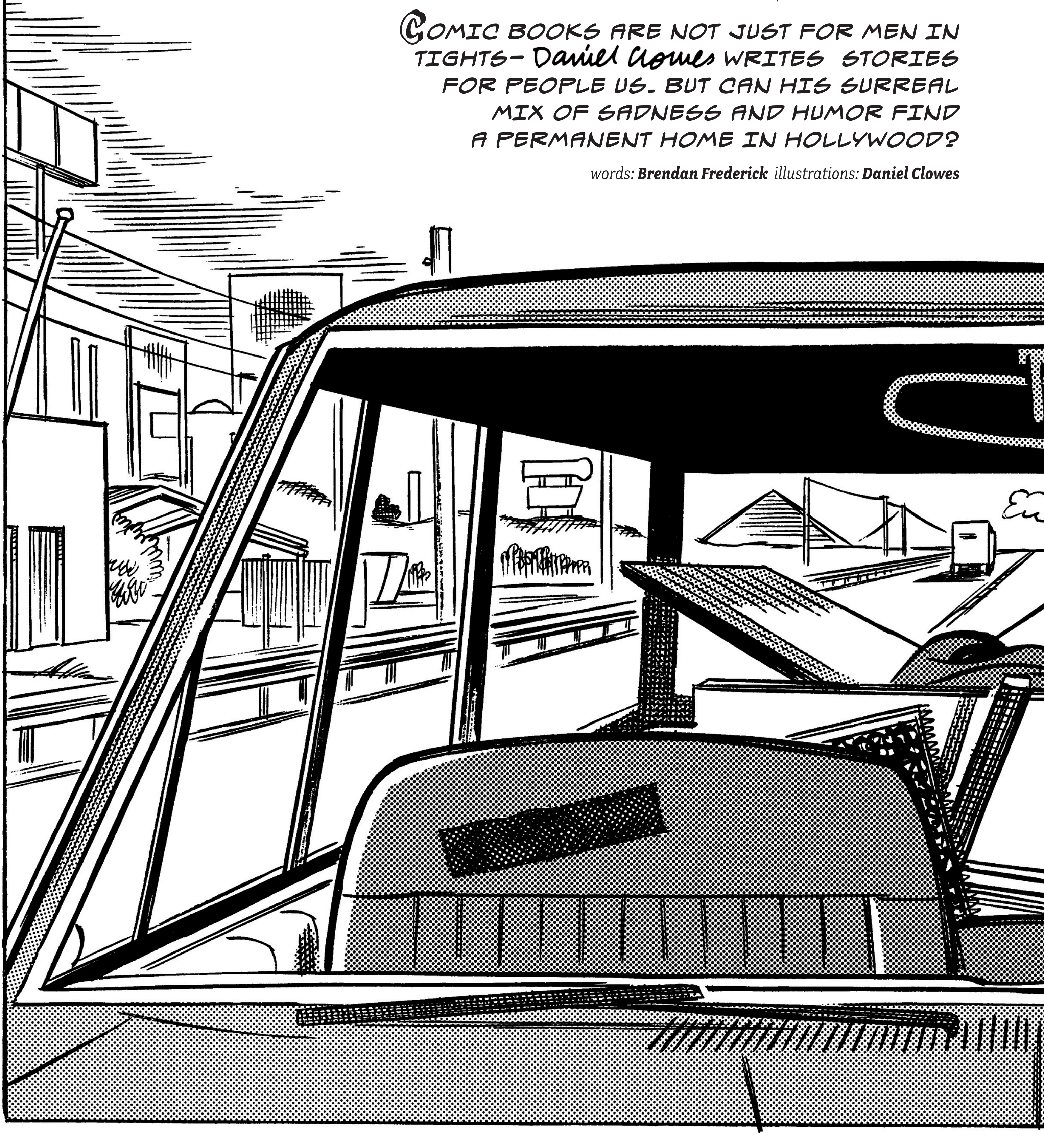
CONFIDENCE MAN

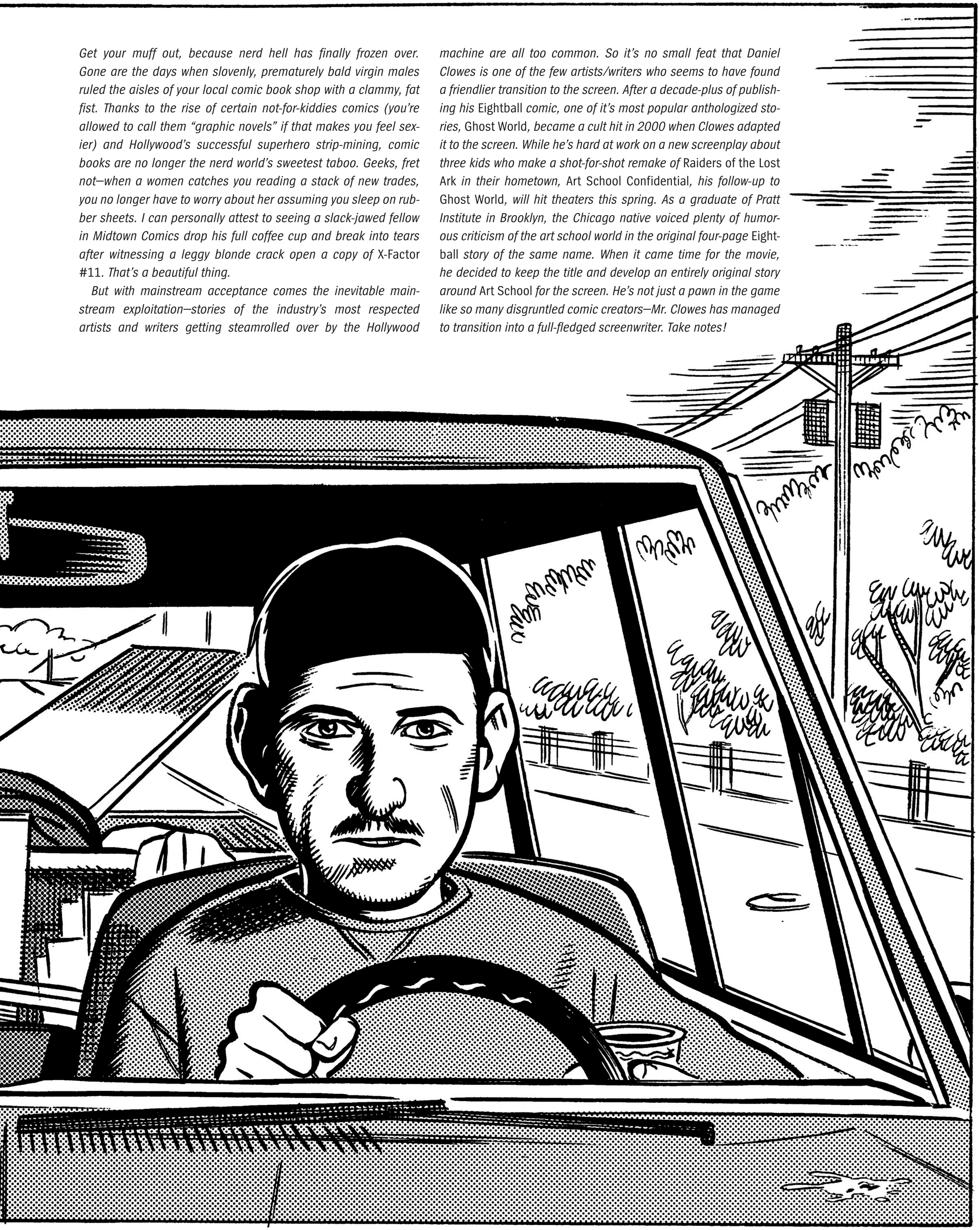
COMIC BOOKS ARE NOT JUST FOR MEN IN TIGHTS– Daniel Clowes WRITES STORIES FOR PEOPLE US. BUT CAN HIS SURREAL MIX OF SADNESS AND HUMOR FIND A PERMANENT HOME IN HOLLYWOOD?

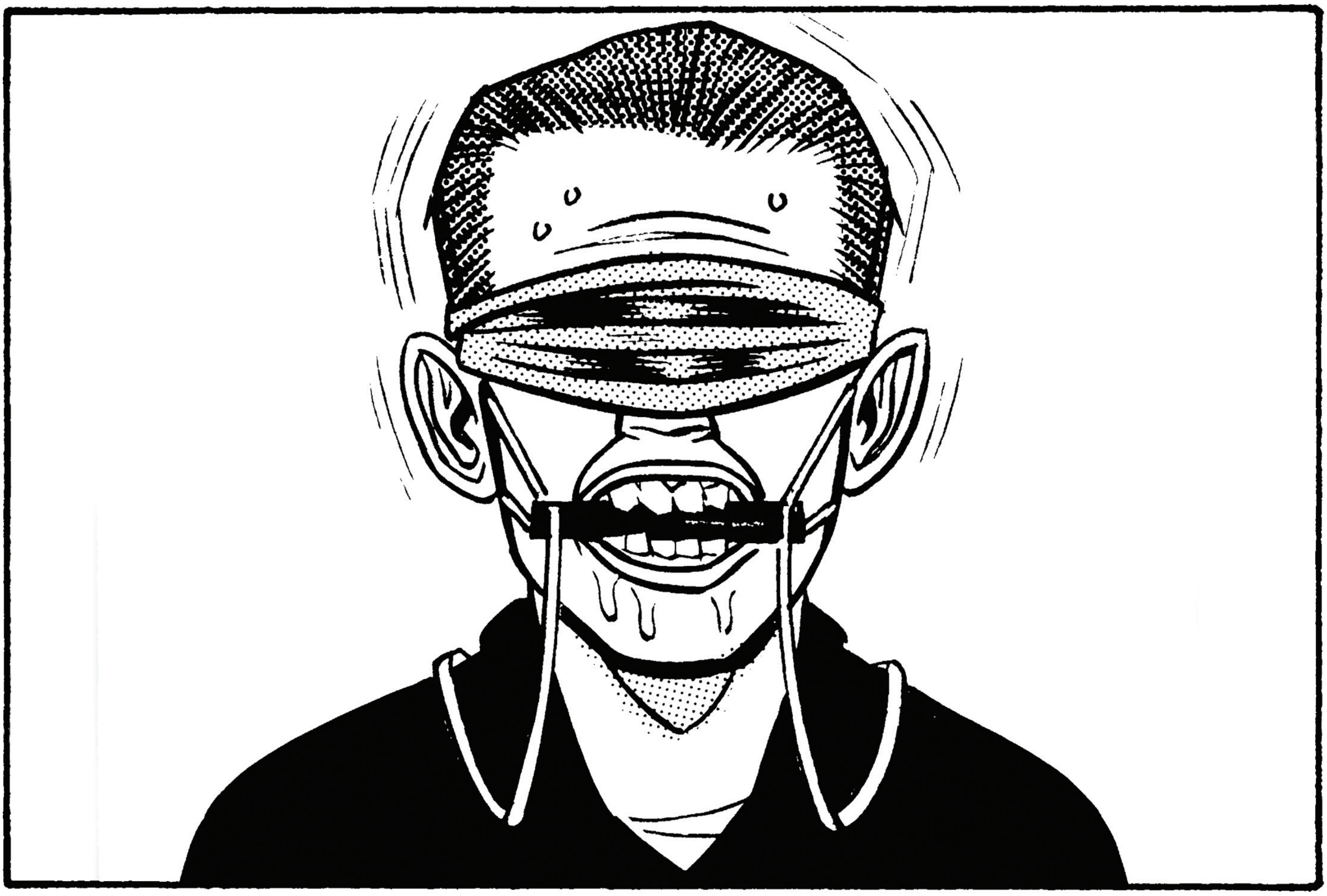
words: ***Brendan Frederick*** *illustrations:* ***Daniel Clowes***



Get your muff out, because nerd hell has finally frozen over. Gone are the days when slovenly, prematurely bald virgin males ruled the aisles of your local comic book shop with a clammy, fat fist. Thanks to the rise of certain not-for-kiddies comics (you're allowed to call them "graphic novels" if that makes you feel sexier) and Hollywood's successful superhero strip-mining, comic books are no longer the nerd world's sweetest taboo. Geeks, fret not—when a women catches you reading a stack of new trades, you no longer have to worry about her assuming you sleep on rubber sheets. I can personally attest to seeing a slack-jawed fellow in Midtown Comics drop his full coffee cup and break into tears after witnessing a leggy blonde crack open a copy of X-Factor #11. *That's a beautiful thing.*

But with mainstream acceptance comes the inevitable mainstream exploitation—stories of the industry's most respected artists and writers getting steamrolled over by the Hollywood machine are all too common. So it's no small feat that Daniel Clowes is one of the few artists/writers who seems to have found a friendlier transition to the screen. After a decade-plus of publishing his Eightball *comic, one of it's most popular anthologized stories,* Ghost World, *became a cult hit in 2000 when Clowes adapted it to the screen. While he's hard at work on a new screenplay about three kids who make a shot-for-shot remake of* Raiders of the Lost Ark *in their hometown,* Art School Confidential, *his follow-up to* Ghost World, *will hit theaters this spring. As a graduate of Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, the Chicago native voiced plenty of humorous criticism of the art school world in the original four-page* Eightball *story of the same name. When it came time for the movie, he decided to keep the title and develop an entirely original story around* Art School *for the screen. He's not just a pawn in the game like so many disgruntled comic creators—Mr. Clowes has managed to transition into a full-fledged screenwriter. Take notes!*





CLAY FROM *LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON* GETS INTO A BIND

But even though he might have Hollywood 'pon lock, Clowes' creativity is still rooted in the comic world. Throughout the 23 issues of Eightball *since its inception in 1989, his strange, sad and often hilarious stories have helped redefine the comic medium as something that everyone can relate to, not just fantasy fiends. Some of his finest stories have been collected into books—in addition to* Ghost World, David Boring, Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron, Caricature *and his send-up of the mainstream comic world,* Pussey!, *have all helped solidify his reputation as a true original. In 2005, he released* Ice Haven, *a funny, dark mesh of stories following different characters in a suburban town, and with a new issue of* Eightball *in the works, he has no intention of stopping. Clowes confided in* Mass Appeal *from his home in the Bay Area where he talked about making movies, Brooklyn (back when art students on Myrtle Avenue would get cut) and the changing comic industry. But while comics might not be relegated to the outcasts of society anymore, Clowes still claims that he doesn't have any female groupies (although, for the record, I think he might be lying).*

I NOTICED IN THE *GHOST WORLD* MOVIE, THERE WERE CERTAIN ELEMENTS FROM OTHER *EIGHTBALL* STORIES. ARE YOU PLANNING ON SNEAKING BITS OF YOUR PAST WORK INTO YOUR FUTURE FILMS?

With *Ghost World*, I felt like, I was never gonna make another movie, like this is my one chance. With *Art School*, it didn't seem necessary somehow. But still, I'd say the *Art School* movie is similar to some stories I've done. It's got some similarities to David Boring, where the innocent kid goes to the big city. It's all about the horribleness of living in a scary city, and that whole experience.

SPEAKING OF SCARY CITIES, YOU WENT TO PRATT IN BROOKLYN BACK IN THE DAY?

Mmm-hmm. In the late '70s, when it was a pretty scary area. I graduated in '84, and I was there for five years. It was quite an experience. A girl in our class was electrocuted in her bathtub right in the middle of the school year, and my roommate was held up at gunpoint twice in one day. It was kind of a wild life. I got beaten up three or four times on the way to class. That's always interesting. It's fun to show up at class with like a bloody cut above your eye. But I actually loved New York. It was really exciting and weird and crazy. And scary in kind of a good way.

SO JUDGING FROM THE ORIGINAL STORY, I'M GUESSING YOU WEREN'T TOO HAPPY WITH YOUR EXPERIENCE AT PRATT.

It was kind of a bad time to go to art school. All the teachers were still either in the abstract expressionist or the conceptual art mode. They had come of age in the '60s or the '70s, so what they were doing really just had nothing at all to do with what I wanted to do, which was very much what I wound up doing—drawing comics. I wanted to learn all the little facets of that, like how to draw realistically or how to tell a story. It was not helpful for me to be taught by people who only knew how to do drip paintings or were gluing tinfoil to a canvas. It's not even that I disrespect that kind of stuff, 'cause I see validity in it to some degree. It just wasn't helpful to me, and it was very frustrating that they would place great importance on their own way of seeing things but not at all on the way I wanted to see things. I thought I had a valid, interesting way of coming at it, and they didn't at all. But the great thing about art school is that you meet cool people. I would say that's the main value of it. When most people get out of art school, it's not like they show their degree to a gallery owner and they'll show their paintings because they got a BFA from Pratt. It's more that they meet somebody who later recommends them for a show in a gallery or an article in a magazine. That's how it's seemed to play out in my life, anyway.

I WAS READING AN INTERVIEW WHERE YOU SAID PEOPLE OFTEN DESCRIBE THE CHARACTERS IN YOUR STORIES AS PHYSICALLY UGLY.

Yeah, I get that a lot. To me, I'm just trying to draw the way I see the world and I feel like a lot of my characters are fairly decent looking. I mean, I don't draw anybody that's like Brad Pitt level, just 'cause that's the way all comic characters look, so it's not that interesting.

PHOTO: DAVE SHUBERT

DANIEL CLOWES, DECEMBER 2005

YOU KNOW, I FOUND THAT KIND OF FUNNY, BECAUSE, AS I WAS READING *DAVID BORING*, I WAS THINKING, WOW, THE KIND OF GIRLS HE DRAWS ARE SEXY.
Yeah, see—there's a few guys like you out there who share my taste. They're a very particular kind of girls. Very particular, but I get a lot of people who are just like, "Man those girls are such pigs, they're so horrible!" I don't see it at all, so it's very subjective. But to me, I find somebody like Kate Moss to be truly repulsive.

I'M CURIOUS—DO YOU HAVE A LOT OF FEMALE GROUPIES? I ALWAYS HEAR AWKWARD INDIE ROCK-TYPE GIRLS WITH GLASSES SWOONING OVER YOU.
Maybe over Enid [the protagonist of *Ghost World*] or one of my characters, certainly not over me.

I'M TELLING YOU—THEY'RE OBSESSED WITH YOU.
If that were true...I don't know if that's true.

SO DO YOU HAVE MORE LIKE FEMALE OR MALE FANS IN GENERAL?
Well, *Ghost World* definitely would have more female fans, but my work in general, I would say is like 60/40 male. It's hard to judge. I can only judge by letters, and also who would show up to a book signing, which I think is more of a predominantly male thing somehow. But girls do seem to respond well to Enid, which is nice.

WAS WRITING THE *ART SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL* SCRIPT FROM SCRATCH A LOT HARDER THAN ADAPTING *GHOST WORLD*?
It was actually much, much easier. With *Ghost World*, we started out trying to make a truthful adaptation that was close to the source material, and it wound up not working. It didn't have the kind of dramatic things that you need to make film interesting, so we wound up rewriting it and doing it as kind of a variant on the same story. Once we freed ourselves, it was much easier. So, that was really my goal with *Art School*. It's not an adaptation at all. There's no credit on the film that says "Based on the story by Daniel Clowes." Everybody said, "Well, let's use this title," and that was really the only thing we adapted. There's a few quotes from the comic, but certainly not enough to make it an adaptation.

WOULD YOU EVER CONSIDER MAKING *LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON* INTO A MOVIE? IT READS ALMOST LIKE A DAVID LYNCH FILM...MAYBE A LITTLE HITCHCOCK IN THERE.
You know, that's one that a lot of people have asked about 'cause it's very cinematic in a lot of ways. I was definitely watching black and white movies and old shows on late night TV—it's certainly influenced by that. If some really interesting director came along and wanted to do it, then I'd be up for, but it would have to be somebody who I felt would be up to the task. I don't want somebody who couldn't match the level of weirdness of it and would just try duplicate it. I want them to take it in their own direction.

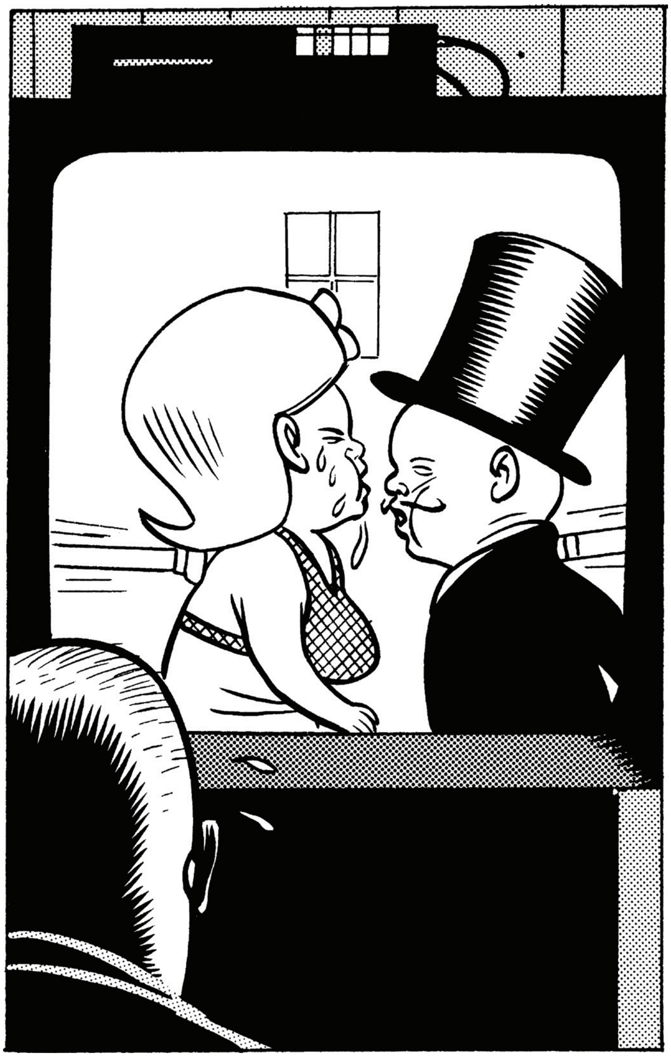
HOW DID YOU GET INVOLVED IN THIS SCRIPT ABOUT THE KIDS FILMING THEIR OWN *RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK*?
I always thought that I'd like to adapt like a true story someday, but none of them ever quite had the elements that I look for in a story. Then I read this article in *Vanity Fair* about these three kids in Mississippi who, right after *Raiders of the Lost Ark* came out in 1981, decided to make their own version. Eight years later, they finished—they actually made the entire film. Like, every single shot. It was unbelievably ambitious. They built a giant boulder out of fiberglass, they'd set themselves on fire and they'd drag themselves behind a truck. You know, in the original film, it's like a stunt man on a ramp being dragged around, and in this film, it's an actual 12-year-old kid being dragged behind a truck at 30 miles per hour on a gravel road. So the story is about how these three very different guys who didn't have all that much in common came together to make this crazy project that made them kind of the pariahs of their town. I was reading the story and I thought, Boy, the guy who gets to write this movie is the

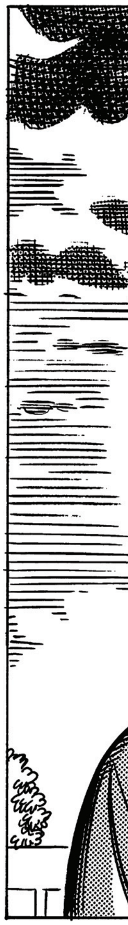
luckiest guy in the world. Then, like a week later, I get a call from my agent asking if I'd read this article and I just could not believe it. I have to turn in the final draft and then they're going to start sending it out to directors. They wanted to wait till the script was completely rock solid.

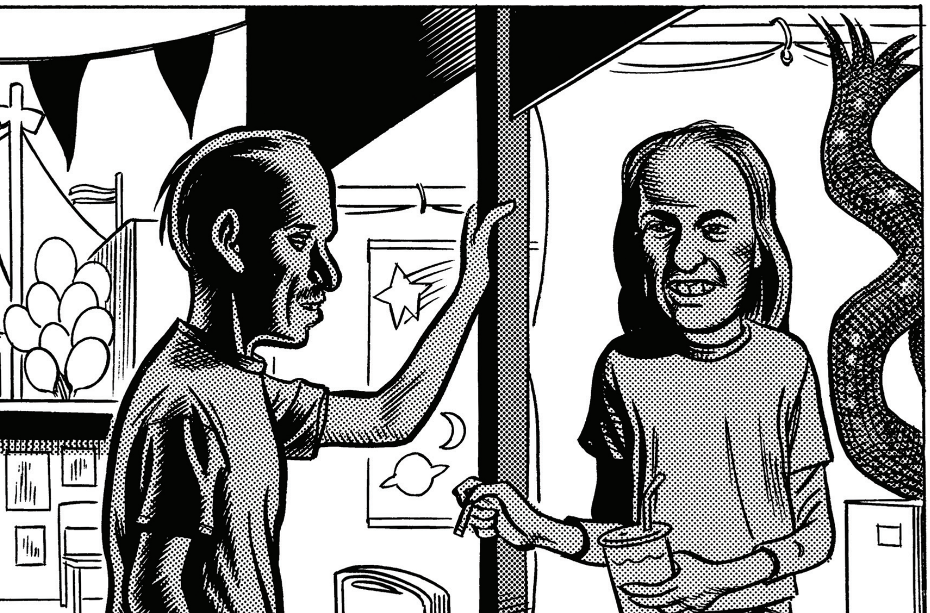
IT SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF PROMINENT COMIC WRITERS LIKE YOURSELF ARE MOVING OVER TO LIKE BIGGER PUBLISHERS. WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO PUBLISH *ICE HAVEN* ON PANTHEON AS OPPOSED TO YOUR LONGTIME PUBLISHER FANTAGRAPHICS?
I felt like I'd achieved some sort of maximum saturation in the comics market. Which is not to say that I was all that successful in the comics market, but I just felt like it was the same 13,000 people reading everything I did. And it was an insulated little world and I was curious to see what would happen if this got out into a completely different market where people would see something and say, "What in the world is this?" and pick it up, as opposed to this totally initiated audience that knows to go there every Wednesday when the new comics come out. So that was my main appeal. Money-wise, it's not all that huge of a leap between the two, and at this point, Fantagraphics has gotten so much better with distribution that it's almost no different in that regard. But at the time I agreed to do it, it just seemed like there was a whole different world out there that could be reading this stuff.

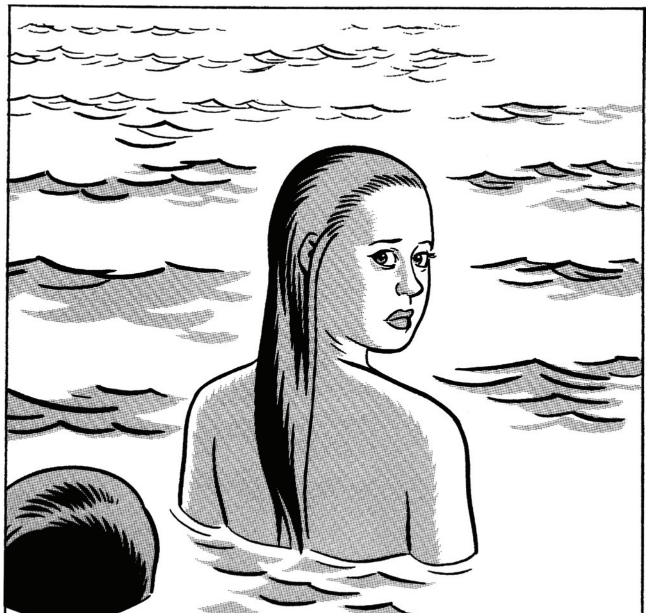
DID YOU GET ANY SENSE OF THE MAINSTREAM COMIC BOOK INDUSTRY'S REACTION TO *PUSSEY!*?
When that first came out, I would get little inklings of it. Mainstream guys would come up to me at comic conventions and stuff like that. They'd always say something like, "I know guys like this," but it was never quite them. I always found that kind of interesting. But then there were some pretty hostile reactions to it. I think a few people really took really offense to it. I think we're going to do another edition of that in a year or so, and it's weird to go back because it almost seems like a time capsule at this point. It doesn't seem like it's about mainstream comics nowadays at all. It seems set in 1993 or whenever I was drawing those things.

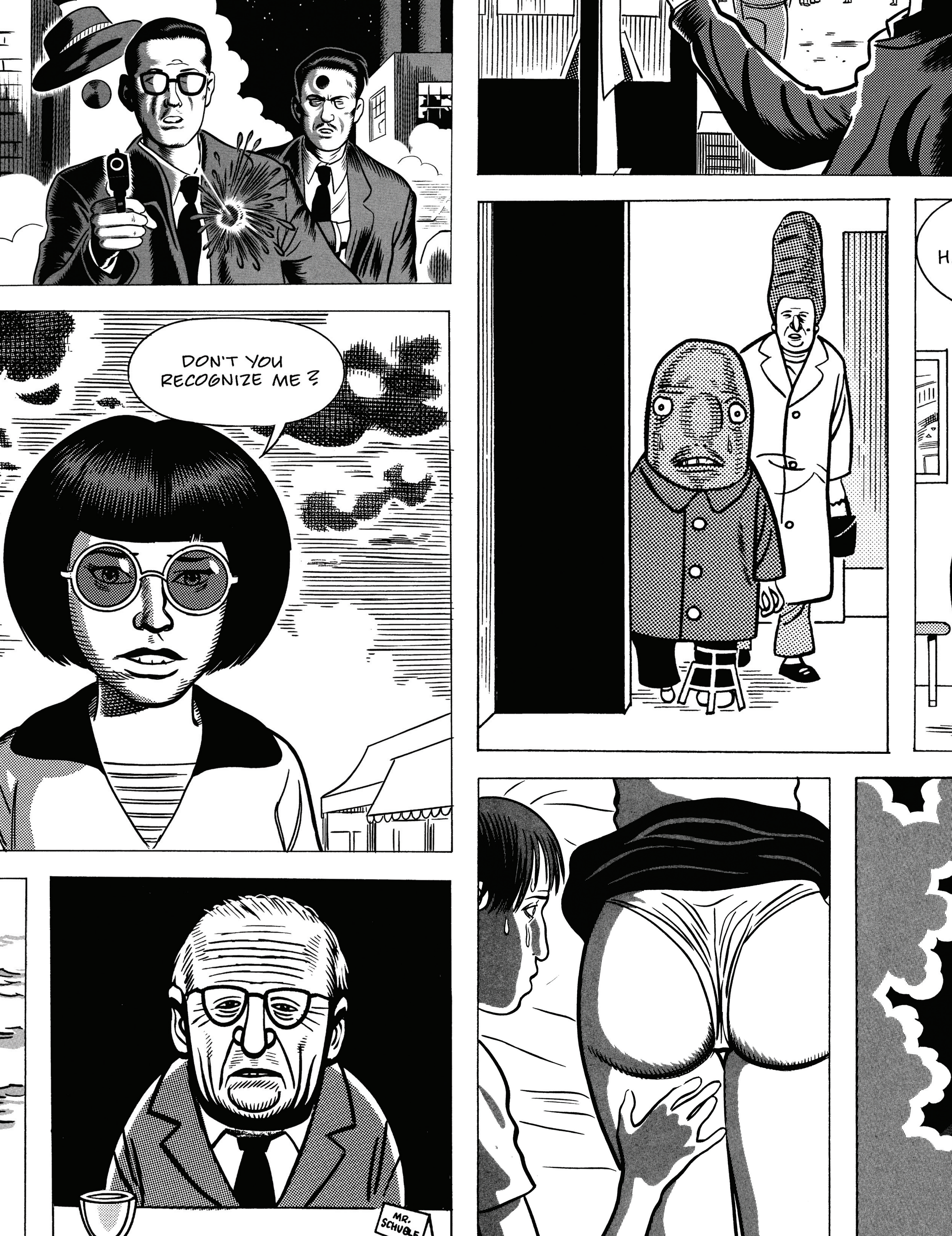
IF YOU COULD TAKE OVER WRITING A SUPER HERO COMIC, WHAT WOULD IT BE?
The one thing I'd love to do—if they would let me do it—would be a Superman, covering his entire life with no editorial control, so I could do anything I wanted. I could do a really good story. I actually had an idea for a story. He's really the only character I feel enough of a connection to that would be worth wasting my time to do something like that. You know, there's other ones that would be fun to do if I could somehow make myself draw ten times faster than I do. Although, the idea of doing something for those publishers is really not appealing, because they own all the rights to everything, so you just get paid once and then it's their thing. Years ago, like once a year somebody would call me up and would always say, "You can do anything you want to do." I would say, "Can I do a Superman comic?" "Well no, of course you can't do that, but here's your pick of ten really bad characters that nobody's interested in." That just never appealed to me, and I would want to completely do it all myself, which is really the only way I like to do comics. I'd want to draw and letter it, do the covers, design the ads and all that stuff. That's a lot of work for something that's not really mine. They own it and they can make movies and do all kinds of stuff with it. I'd rather just do my own thing. Maybe it fails miserably, but if something happens with it, at least you don't feel bitter for the rest of your life. ★










DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
H
MR. SCHUBLE

MEMPHIS K LA

TENN TOES DEEP

THE SOUTH MAY BE SHINING ON THE NATIONAL RAP SCENE, BUT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE REMAINS IN THE DARK. IN A CITY SO RICH WITH MUSICAL HISTORY, MEET THE FOLKS WHO WON'T STOP GRINDING 'TIL M-TOWN SEES THE LIGHT.

words: ***Benjamin Meadows-Ingram*** *photos:* ***Christian Patterson & Brad Johnson***

PHOTO: CHRISTIAN PATTERSON

PHOTO: CHRISTIAN PATTERSON

This is how it started. At least, this is how it started for me. Deep in the heart of the Dirty, ear pressed against the speaker, tuning in to Memphis WHRK 97 as the programming turned over from the drive to the night mix. The accents were thick and the shoutouts—car washes, neighborhoods, skating rinks...hell, Janelle at Westwood—were the places that I knew, the places I didn't know and the girls I wish I knew. And then the needle dropped, touching down on the double-time drums and dragging bass of a record so big in my hometown at the time that I thought it was Memphis made. But nah, this was "Drag Rap," a gimmicky record about Elliott Ness cut by a Queens duo, The Showboys. Being the ten-year-old rap fan that I was, I loved that shit. And I wasn't alone.

By now, you probably know this record, or at least you've heard of it (that is if you give a shit at all about what's going on in rap today). "Proto-bounce," as I've seen it called, was the foundation for so many Southern records that it'd be impossible to count, even if you had a gang of interns on that shit. Looking back, I'm not quite sure why that record caught hold (it was a bit of a brick up North), but damn did that record catch. "Triggerman", we called it, and as it's since become known. Maybe it was the crime tale, maybe it was that you could dance to it, if that was your thing, maybe just 'cause it was dark and grimy. But we took that record and ran with it. Or, more to the point, we gangsta walked to it, developing the dance that would define the M—a rap mosh pit with a stutter-step and a potential for violence so latent that it wasn't long before it was banned in schools. And that was that Memphis shit.

See, down here, we don't really get happy. When you ain't got shit (and believe me, for the most part, folks ain't got shit) you're quick to snap. Just listen to what we listen to—Eightball and MJG, Three 6 Mafia (who gained fame locally back when they were still 666 Mafia, of all things), Kingpin Skinny Pimp, Al Kapone, Gangsta Blac, Playa Fly, Yo Gotti—"Step In the Name of Love" it ain't, to say the least. The records that blow, from Gotti's "Full Time" to 'Ball & 'G's "Armed Robbery" to the Mafia's defining anthem, "Tear Da Club Up," are hustlers tales to wil' out to. And when we do get down, like say, Gotti's recent hit, "Gangsta Party," well, it's just that—a gangsta party.

All that said, like with everything else, them things, they are a-changing. Memphis is still looking for that breakout, retarded, smash hit, but I know you all know the words to "Stay Fly". And as the South continues to put the chokehold on the industry and *Hustle & Flow*'s success brings light to the scene, there's a sense in Memphis that it's only a matter of time before the town pops. And when it does, you can bet that the cats on the following pages—legends, newcomers and even some of the folks behind the scenes—will play a significant role in bringing the Memphis sound to the masses. After all, most of these dudes have been keeping the M strong for years, even when the only folks listening could actually tell you what the Mississippi River looks like firsthand. But things are looking up. Project Pat's back on the bricks, and well, shit, he's the dude with the hooks. And as all you music nerds out there love to point out, all it really takes these days is a hot hook and a hot beat and you've got a hit. Well, Memphis got both, so you better duck and run before you get smacked in the face with the heat.

PHOTO: CHRISTIAN PATTERSON

PHOTO: BRAD JOHNSON

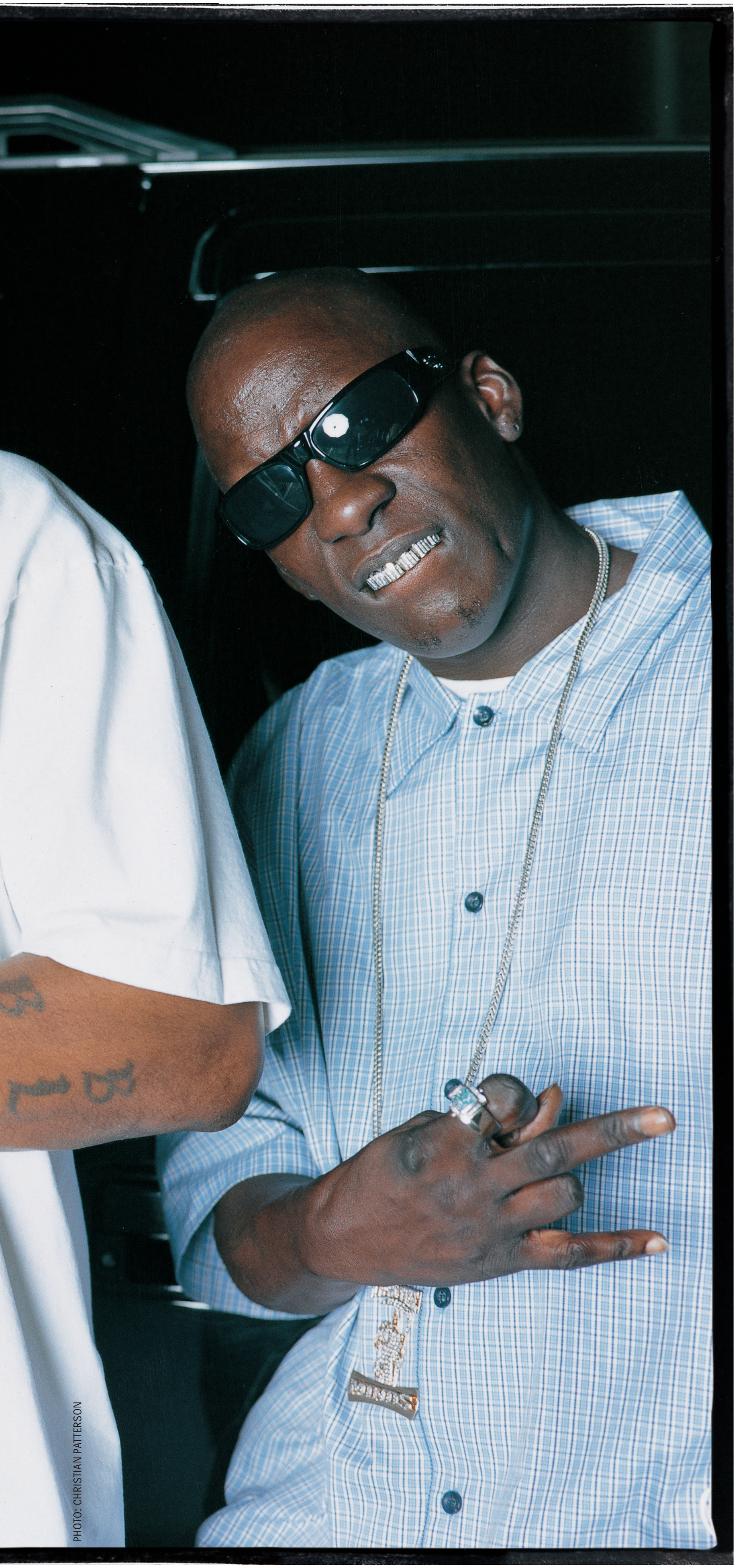


PHOTO: CHRISTIAN PATTERSON

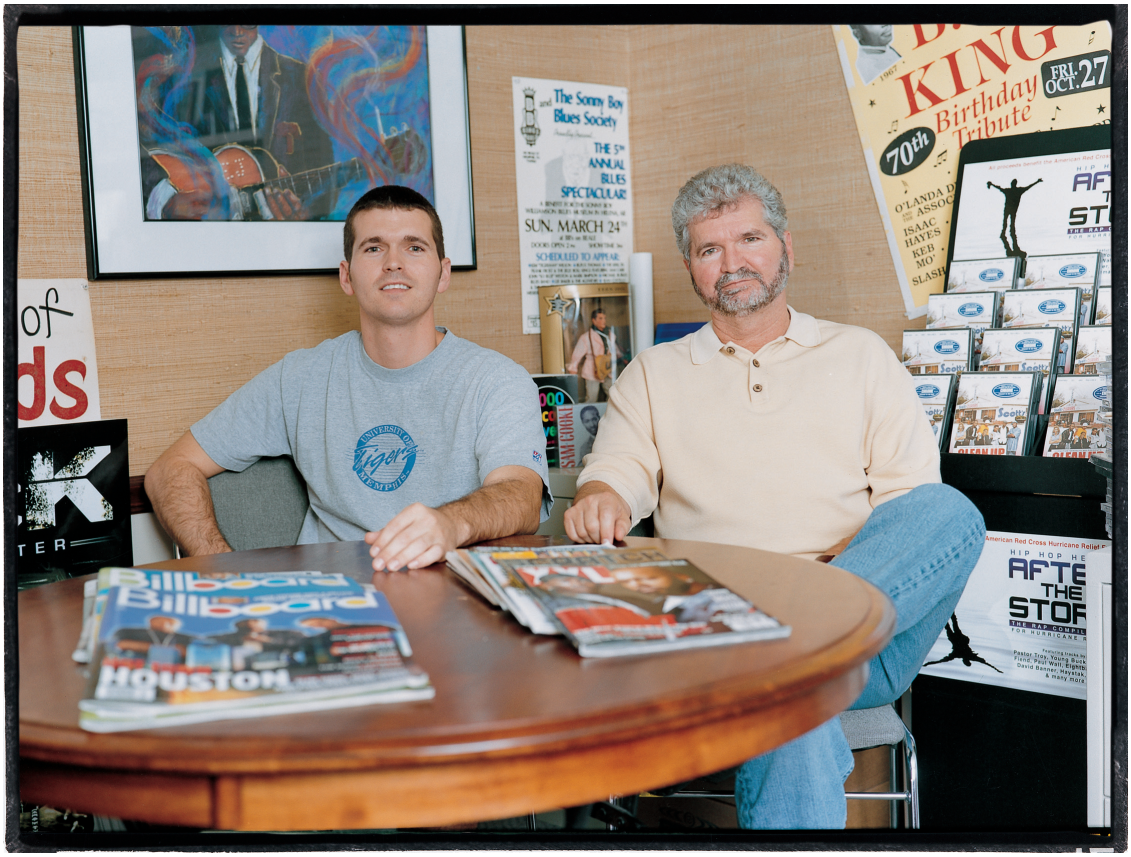
THE HITMAKERS

Three 6 Mafia

REPPIN': Juicy J reps North Memphis, DJ Paul reps South Memphis.

CLAIM TO FAME: DJ Paul and Juicy J started a movement in the early '90s when the two cross-town DJs linked up in high school and started flooding the city with an endless supply of underground cassette mixtapes. Building a team of rappers around them from family (Project Pat is J's brother, Lord Infamous is Paul's cousin) and friends (Crunchy Black, pictured above on the right), the two founded 666 Mafia and it's been on ever since. They're currently enjoying the success of 2005's *The Most Known Unknown*, their most critically-acclaimed album to date.

JUICY J ON HIS ROOTS: "Memphis is a music city. Growing up, you're just surrounded by it, all kinds of sounds from the soul stuff of Al Green and Isaac Hayes to straight club tracks. At the same time, Memphis is a smaller city so a lot of the bigger record companies have overlooked it, but we're making real music. There's still a lot of talent here that hasn't been discovered."



THE PUSHERS

Select-O-Hits

REPPIN': Memphis

CLAIM TO FAME: Started by Tom Phillips and his brother, Sam Phillips (of Sun Records fame), Select-O-Hits is the last remaining truly independent music distributor of note in the country. The company, now run by Tom's sons John (pictured above with his son Jeff) and Sam, celebrated its 45th anniversary in 2005.

JOHN PHILLIPS ON MOVING UNITS: "The first rap record we worked was Sugarhill Gang's 'Rapper's Delight' in 1979, but our first real big local success was Eightball & MJG's *Comin' Out Hard*. We sold around 250,000 copies of that album. We've also been working with DJ Paul and Juicy J for over 12 years and we've had a lot of success with them. Today, rap is about 20 percent of our overall business. We do a lot of work outside of Memphis with labels in Atlanta and Houston, but it's not quite the same as working with local artists. Working with people I know and helping artists who are just starting out develop and gain recognition, that's what I really enjoy."

SELECT-O-HITS PHOTO: CHRISTIAN PATTERSON

THE UNDERGROUND KING

Playa Fly

REPPIN': South Parkway, South Memphis

CLAIM TO FAME: Rapping for 12 years, Fly has seen it all, from linking up with Three 6 to going to war with them. He's dropped four albums in his career, all packed with endless multi-syllabic gangsta tales spit over dusty, looped beats. Currently serving out a two year sentence for "being in the wrong place at the wrong time" at Shelby County Penal Farm. Expected date of release: Spring 2006, just in time for the release of his new album *Mafia All Day.*

ON KEEPING IT REAL: "I try to keep my sound simple, straightforward and straight to the point so people can understand it and feel it. You can't take the Memphis out of Memphis, so at the end of the day, anything I do is just hip hop rhythm and blues. And I just keep it Fly, whatever I'm doing."

PHOTO: BRAD JOHNSON

PHOTO: CHRISTIAN PATTERSON

THE NEXT BIG THING

Yo Gotti

REPPIN': Ridgecrest, North Memphis

CLAIM TO FAME: The city's reigning hero. While Three 6 struggles with an on again, off again relationship with their hometown (when you're on top, folks love to bring you down), Gotti keeps it all the way Memphis, and the city loves him for it. His ability to make hit songs gets better with every new track and with his TVT project *Back 2 Da Basics* set to drop this spring, he's got a legion of fans just waiting for him to blow.

ON SHINING: "People talk about how Memphis is a murder city and whoop-di-doo. But I've traveled—I got houses in Houston and Atlanta—and there's murder going on everywhere, robberies everywhere. Shit, where I'm from, you ain't gotta have no money to get hurt. I be wanting to show people down here shit they ain't seen before: the cars, the jewelry, the videos. 'Cause there's a lot of talent here, but they don't know how to do anything. It's not like in Atlanta where everyone around you knows what they're doing. I'm here to show people how to do this shit. And as long as the check's legal, I'm going to shine."

PHOTO: BRAD JOHNSON

THE LEGENDS

Eightball & MJG

REPPIN': Orange Mound, Memphis

CLAIM TO FAME: From their classic debut, *Comin' Out Hard* [1993] through to the present day, 'Ball and 'G have consistently put out albums that you need to have in your catalog. Next on deck is *Pure American Pimpin'*, their second project on Bad Boy.

EIGHTBALL ON THE MEMPHIS SOUND: "Memphis music is buck music. It's a mixture of the origins of crunk. It sounds similar, but [in the] Southeast—Georgia, Florida, Alabama, the Carolinas—the crunk music out there was born from booty shake music—Luke and all that—which is why it's so uptempo. But it's also a mixture of our music, because Memphis music floods different places, especially Atlanta. But Memphis buck music's a mixture of our roots—Stax, Al Green, Isaac Hayes and just being a blues town. It's a mixture of that and gangsta shit. Geto Boys and Ganksta N-I-P, we came up on it. So our shit is slower, darker, a bit more musical and more gangsta."

THE DJ

Devin Steel

REPPIN': North Memphis
CLAIM TO FAME: After nine years on Memphis radio, Steel recently became the program director for the city's leading urban station, K97. And when you want a party truly turned out, there's no one else to call.
ON MISCONCEPTIONS: "You can't go by what you've seen. Memphis isn't yee-haw country—it's ghetto. People are poor. Families bring in about $38,000 a year. But right now, there's a changing of the guard. A lot of the old money is starting to respect the young money and look at new ideas."

PHOTO: BRAD JOHNSON

THE FUTURE?

Lutinent G

REPPIN': Mitchell Heights, North Memphis

CLAIM TO FAME: Down with Yo Gotti. His breakout club hit, "Yeah! Yeah!" created a big buzz in the city, to the point that it started a massive brawl at one of the city's biggest summer concerts, Crunkfest. While pressing up his new mixtape *A-1 Yoda Series 1* and working on his self-financed debut film *Bad Business*, G stays busy heading up his own label and working on landing a major deal.

ON EARNING RESPECT: "Memphis is a hard city to come up in, but I got a lil' change up, started my own label and dropped my song, 'Yeah! Yeah!' I didn't worry about no radio play, I didn't worry about chasing anybody down. Instead, I pressed up 1000 singles and gave them away because I knew if the music was good, they'd come back and buy the whole album. The bootleggers took it and from there it got around the area—Nashville, Little Rock, Jackson. I got my respect by working the streets."

PHOTO: CHRISTIAN PATTERSON

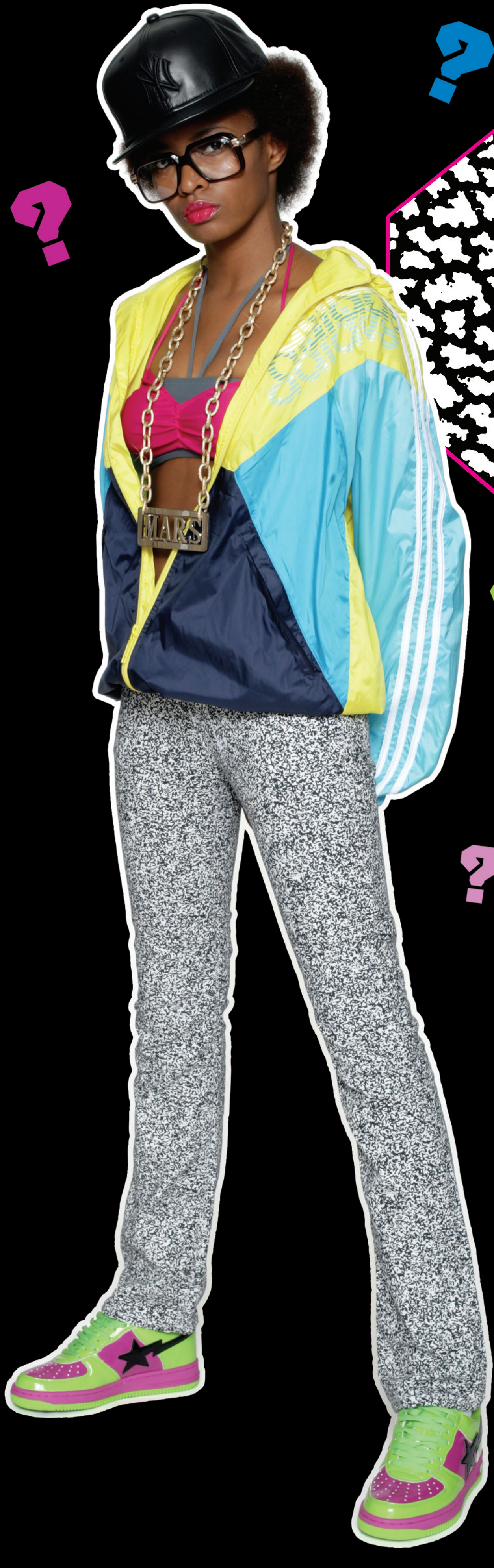
TED
APPROVED
OUT DA GATE
RELOADED

SPALDING
NBA

A CHRIS GLANCY JOINT

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT

STYLING BY KATE ERWIN



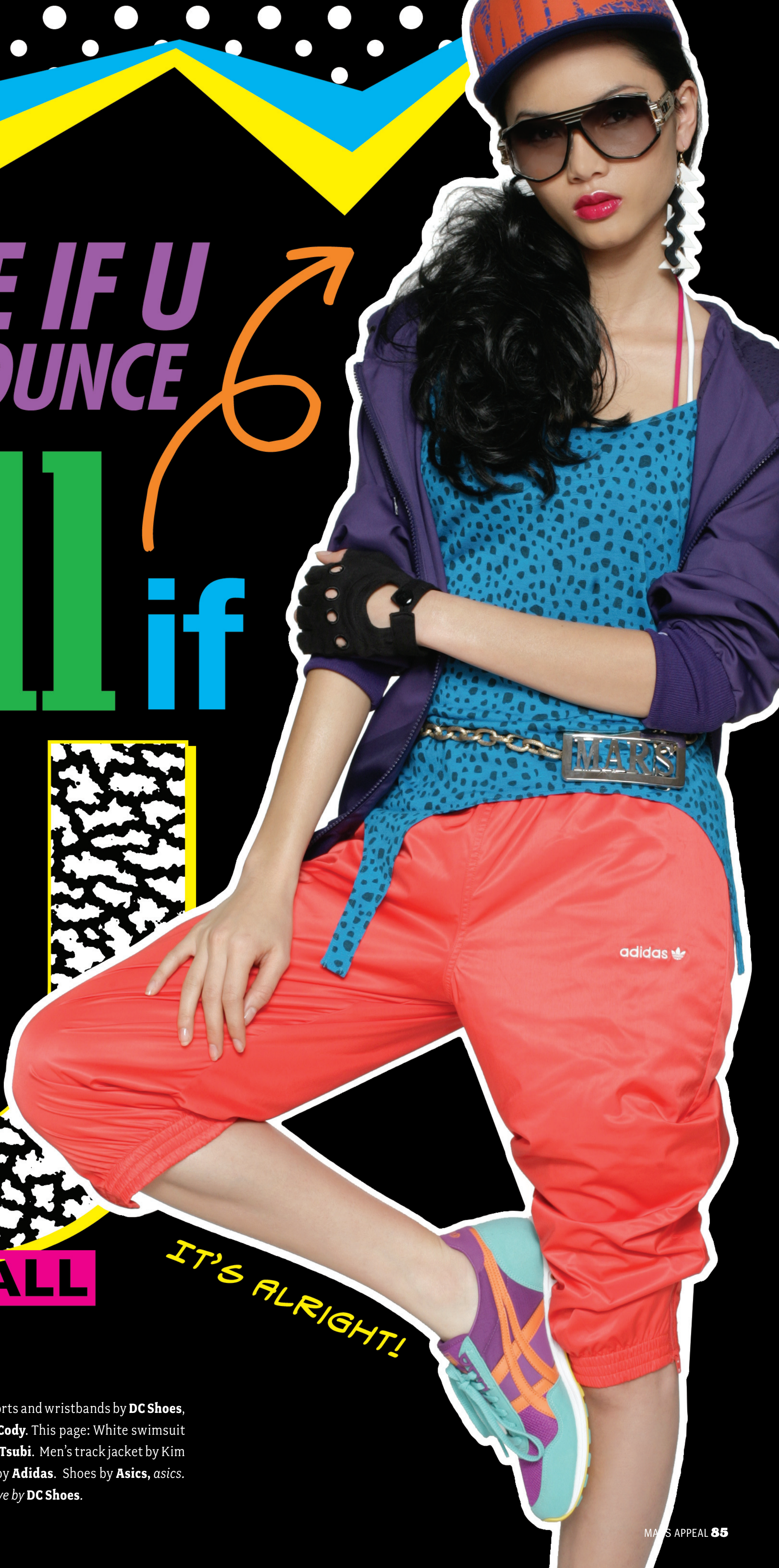
WHO WANT WHAT?
WHO WANT WHAT?
WHO WANT WHAT?

Swimsuits by **Araks**, *araks.com*. Shoes by **Bathing Ape**, *bape.com*. Jeans by **Tsubi**, *tsubi.com*. Jacket by **Adidas**, *adidas.com*. Glasses courtesy of **Claw**, *clawmoney.com* . Earrings by **Cody**, *formandfunctionproductions.com*.

SPALDING
NBA
INDOOR/OUTDOOR

GAME
SO TIGHT
THEY CALL IT
VIRGIN

BOUNCE IF U WANNA BOUNCE Ball if U WANNA BALL



IT'S ALRIGHT!

Facing page: Hat by **Mike**, *mike23.com*. Shirt by **Tsubi**. Shorts and wristbands by **DC Shoes**, *dcshoes.com*. Chains by **Alife**, *alifenyc.com*. Earrings by **Cody**. This page: White swimsuit by **Gsus**, *g-sus.com*. Magenta swimsuit by **Araks**. Shirt by **Tsubi**. Men's track jacket by Kim Jones for **Umbro**, *umbrobykimjones.com*. Running pants by **Adidas**. Shoes by **Asics**, *asics.com*. Hat by **Mike**. Glasses by **Claw Money**. *Fingerless glove by* **DC Shoes**.

A SLOW 7:30
FINE DINING

BROOKLYN
BROOKLYN
mass appeal

WINDING BAD Dime

Facing page: Sweatshirt by **Adidas**. Swimsuit by **Araks**. Leggings by **Tsubi**. Earrings by **Cody**. Shoes imported from **Hong Kong**, avalable in Chinatown, NYC. This page: Swimsuit by **Tsubi**. Jacket by **Adidas**. Necklace and chains by **Alife**. Earrings by **Cody**.

BK ALL DAY

This Page: Jacket by **Adidas**. Swimsuit by **Araks**. Chain & Glasses by **Claw Money**. Earrings and bracelet by **Cody**. Wrist bands by **DC Shoes**. Facing Page: Hat by **Mike**. Jacket by **Lemar and Dauley**, *lemaranddauley.com*. Shirt by **Tsubi**. Earrings by **Cody**. Shoes by **Bathing Ape**.

Make-up by **Anna Bernabe**. Hair by **Katy Yung**. Modeling by **Bao** @ New York Model Management and **Jeanean** @ Q Management

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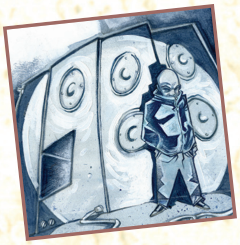

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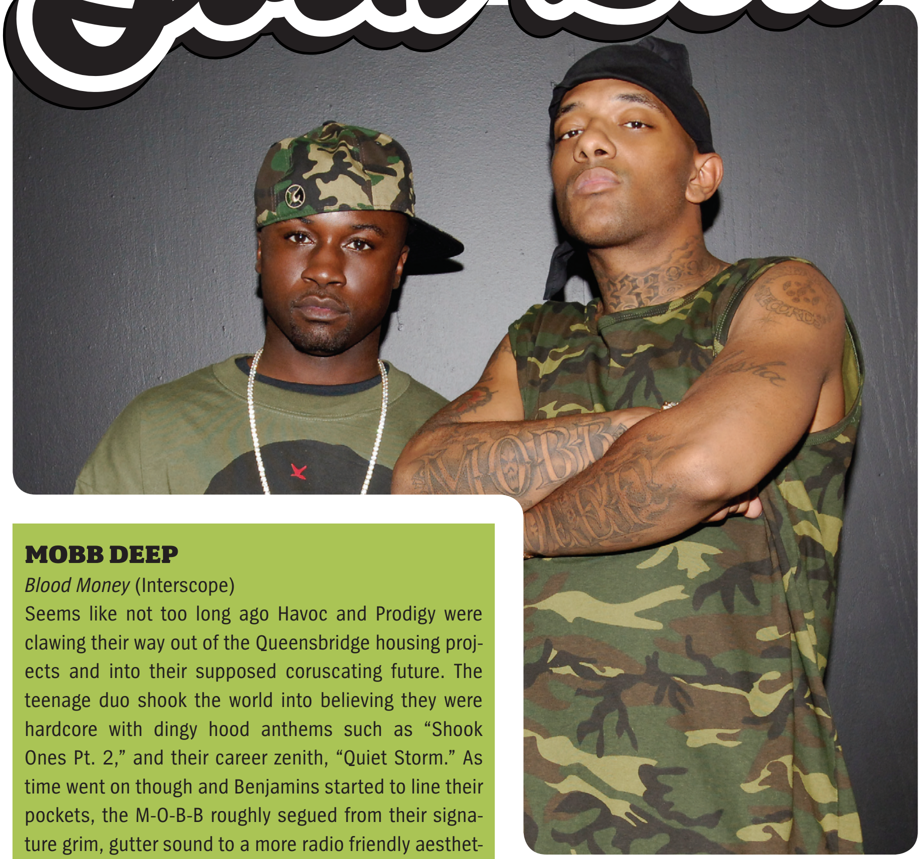


MOBB DEEP

Blood Money (Interscope)

Seems like not too long ago Havoc and Prodigy were clawing their way out of the Queensbridge housing projects and into their supposed coruscating future. The teenage duo shook the world into believing they were hardcore with dingy hood anthems such as “Shook Ones Pt. 2,” and their career zenith, “Quiet Storm.” As time went on though and Benjamins started to line their pockets, the M-O-B-B roughly segued from their signature grim, gutter sound to a more radio friendly aesthetic (“Hey Luv”, anyone?), losing many fans in the process. Now, after a falling out with pop haven Jive and a highly publicized signing with the ever-proliferating G-Unit, the QB killers want to prove they can still make that murda musik.

As with all G-Unit releases, the fingerprints of bulletproof juggernaut 50 Cent are all over the album—from his singsong hook on the album’s title track to his eclipsing verse over Havoc’s rolling congas and whimsical clavinet-like chords on “Creep.” Havoc, who once again outshines Prodigy lyrically with solid, cynosure verses, handles a chunk of the production work, cooking up some delectable platters such as “Speaking So Freely” and the brassy, cinematic “Night Rider.” Long time Mobb Deep collaborator The Alchemist also comes through with “The Infamous,” one of the darkest landscapes on the album, allowing the duo to briefly regress to the days when they were still indeed infamous.

While Havoc rarely half steps though, Prodigy, the man who once proclaimed himself the H.N.I.C. and scared little suburban kids by telling them he would “stab your brain with your nose bone” has all but lost his fervor. Coming off as brainwashed and blinded by his newfound affiliation with the Unit, Prodigy unyieldingly fixates on G-Unit loyalty and the dowry that comes along with it. But not even Propagandized P can entirely bog down the effort. With the album’s buoying production and strong contributions from fellow G-Unit compatriots, *Blood Money* turns out to be a solid flesh wound—even if they’re not completely murdering the music anymore.
—Damien Scott

CAT POWER

The Greatest (Matador)

The desire to get in touch with one’s simple musical “roots” seems to be a singer-songwriter right of passage of sorts, and Chan Marshall apparently still has Georgia on her mind. It’s not the first time the magnetically peculiar queen of flickering indie folk has flirted with Southern sounds, but on her seventh album *The Greatest*, she enlists top Memphis session players for an album that musters up the courage to actually brush shoulders with country, blues and soul. While it seems like an uneasy experiment at times, Chan’s hopeless vulnerability and new-found musical palette also makes for some of her best songwriting. It may not be the greatest, but it is, well...pretty great.

Judging from the lineup of musicians playing on the album, one might expect Chan to burst out in powerful, Al Green pleas to match the more robust instrumentation. Quite the opposite—this is still the same old CP—her fragile voice is dynamic as ever, although at times the easy-going drums, horn accents and shimmering guitars seem to overpower her presence. The pattering “After It All” compliments her soft-spoken style with wandering guitar and whistles, but on “Island”, Chan lacks the conviction to keep up with the toe-tapping pace. Most souring is “Could We,” which sounds like something out of Paul Simon’s *Graceland* with its hokey horn stabs and uncomfortable groove.

When Chan lets the focus fall on her thoughtful, wandering lyrics, accenting her aching voice, her songs are as quietly beautiful as ever. On the slow danceworthy “The Moon,” Chan eerily moans over barebones, reverb-heavy guitar: “When I lay me down / Will you still be around? / When they put you six feet under ground / Will the big bad beautiful moon be around?” The title track’s teary-eyed strings and desperate, off-kilter drums are irresistible, and the electric-edge of “Love & Communication” is a steady, determined cap to the album. But it’s when Chan has no rhythm to hide behind—like the epic, assuring piano and string ballad “Where Is My Love”— that her longing has never sounded more hopeful.*—Brendan Frederick*

LIL FLIP

I Need Mine (Sony)

You know the lukewarm chick at any lame party who, despite the gap tooth and bow-legged stance, is surrounded by dudes solely because she's the only honey in the spot? Flip was Houston's '04 version of her. *U Gotta Feel Me* might have been better titled *U Got No Other Option So Feel Me.* Now that Slim Thug, Paul Wall and Mike Jones have knocked the bucket o' crabs over and joined the fiasco, it's game over for Flipperachi.—*Q.S.*

BAD WIZARD

Sky High (Howler)

Although Bad Wizard's latest effort is more psychedelic than their past balls-out, hard rocking releases, they haven't gone soft. Big guitars and blazing solos are still present, bringing forth the thunderous fury reminiscent of 1970s legends like MC5, Deep Purple and Grand Funk Railroad. Brooklyn's Bad Wizard is rock music for common folk, not some sappy soundtrack for trust fund kids with messy hair.—*J.Z.*

BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN

Beautiful Unknown (Arrive)

If Coldplay and Bright Eyes had an orgy and Chris Martin could magically get knocked up (It's the same dream every night, I swear), he would birth the Beautiful Unknown. This Toronto collective makes fiercely poetic rock music worthy of even the snobbiest hipster. Cop their debut before these dudes are selling out stadiums.—*E.G.*

JAZZE PHA & CEE-LO

Happy Hour (Sho Nuff/Capitol)

Like a Henny and Coke (or cranberry and vodka, for those who don't do dark), Jazze Pha and Cee-Lo prove to be an intoxicating blend on their collabo LP. But these mixologists keep it simple with breezy beats and light lyrics throughout. What good is happy hour anyway if you don't leave tipsy?—*J.R.*

PREFUSE 73

Security Screenings (Warp)

The Atlanta beat-slasher goes left with heavy distortion and smaller particles of sound rearranged, as the follow-up to 2005's *Surrounded By Silence* lacks the b-boy backbone of its predecessor. "Matrimonioids" and "When the Grip Lets You Go" are reminiscent of the Prefuse 73 form, but for DJ's who spun "Nuno" at hip-hop parties, *Security Screenings* might have some trouble at the door.—*J.P.*

TEST ICICLES

For Screening Purposes Only (Domino)

You're asking yourself what would happen if someone threw three London transplants into a band, made them labelmates with Franz Ferdinand, Clinic, and Four Tet, told them to channel the energy of the early Beasties, and squeezed them into some seriously tight pants, right? The answer is Test Icicles, and with their Freudian-slip of a name, they'd be the perfect addition to your super-awesome house party.—*J.E.*

M1

Confidential (Koch)

Even neo-revolutionaries need a vacation because, let's face it, raging against the machine 24/7/365 can prove to be painfully monotonous. But, while you'll never tire of hearing M1 and Styles P swapping rebellious verses as they do on "Comrades Call," when M1 trades in his fatigues for a blazer, *Confidential* gets exposed. Let's hope he kept his RBG outfit in the front of the closet.—*D.S.*

APATHY

Eastern Philosophy. (Babygrande)

He doesn't care if you're Christian, Muslim, or Catholic, your god still got a whole iPod full of Ap's shit! Okay, even if he lies on "1,000 Grams" and the Supreme One isn't bumping a white cat from Connecticut, that doesn't mean you shouldn't be. Not unsigned—he's currently on the Atlantic Records' roster—but not yet commercial, Apathy's remarkable flow is at its best on EP. Effortless shit.—*Q.S.*

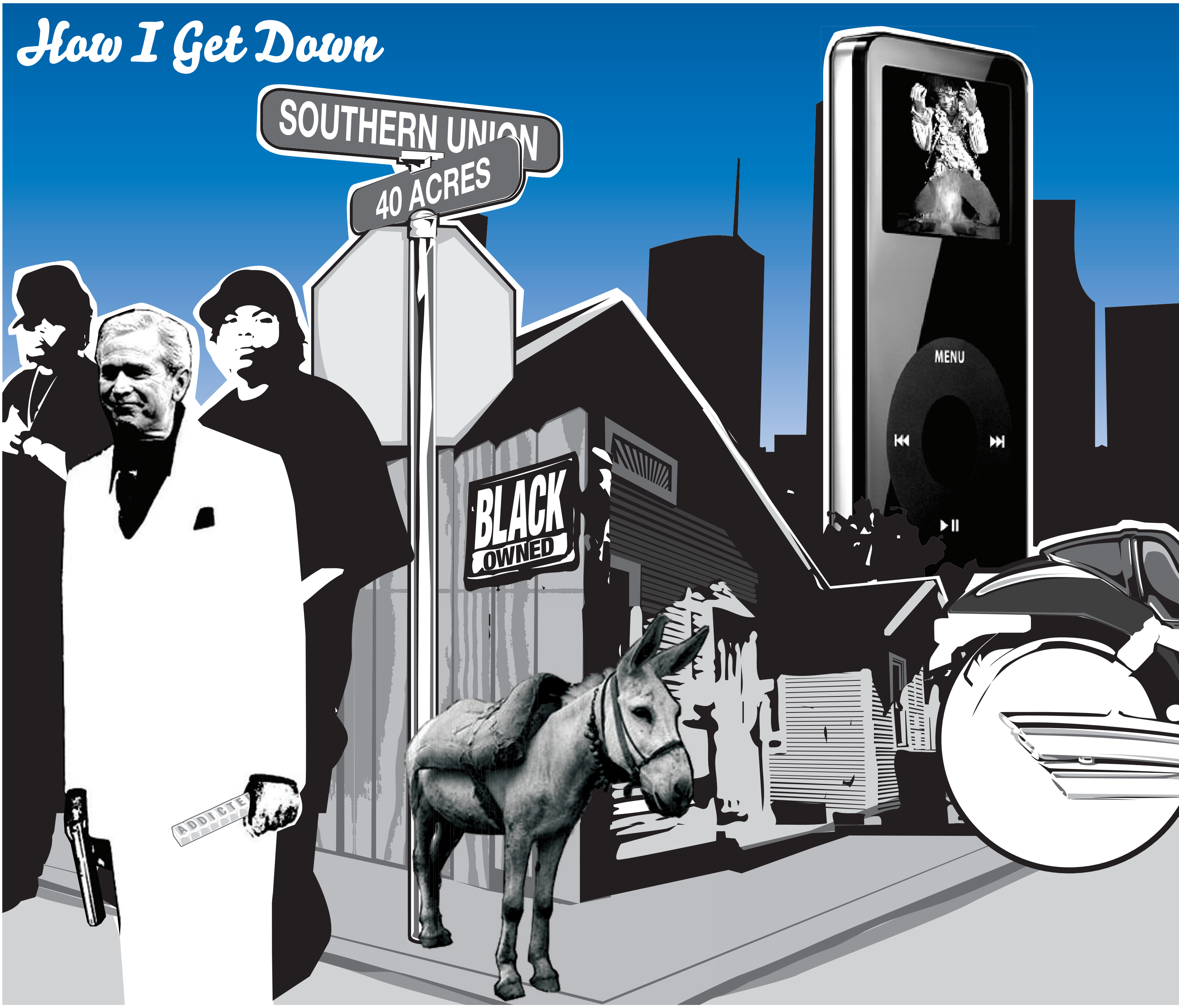
THA ALKAHOLIKS

Firewater (Koch)

The parting shot from your favorite inebriated trio brings them closer to their younger days. Tash is twice the MC he was 5 years ago with smarter, funnier rhymes, and E-Swift now favors melody over percussion, save for the classic "Party Ya Ass Off." Party-arty producer Danger Mouse even pours the show-stealing "Chaos." Though not quite as potent as their Loud days, *Firewater* makes for a filling last call.—*J.P.*

REVIEWS BY: JESSICA EMILI, ELISABETH GALINA, JAKE PAINE, QUIET STORM, JAYSON RODRIGUEZ, DAMIEN SCOTT & JOHN Z.

How I Get Down



HOUSTON RAP LEGEND **SCARFACE** IS DOWN FOR THE PEOPLE

GEORGE W. BUSH

I love George Bush 'cause he hoodwinked the whole fuckin' world. You arrested Saddam Hussein for the same shit you been doin' for years. You go in there for weapons of mass destruction, and you come out with nothing, but you still beat that man's shit up, lock him up for murder. Goddamn dog, what the fuck you call what you're doing over there? I love George Bush for fuckin' everyone and getting the money. You gotta respect that. Now all I'm askin' him is to kick the 'hood in. Kick the 'hood in, George—we love you!

FORMALDEHYDE FUNK MEN

That's the name of my band. I just may pop up after the club, plug in and just jam. I cover my own shit—I do it like the record. Whenever the band feels like playing, we just go to somebody's spot and say, "Yo, I'm trying to come jam here Thursday night. I'll just donate the money to the Boys Club or something. I'd wanna see the neighborhood get some bread, get some fuckin' computers and libraries and books and open some opportunities for the ghetto..

PRESCRIPTION DRUG PATENTS

I wanna wage war against these fuckin' prescription drug makers, man. Whatever you got, they not gonna cure that shit, they just gonna drag it on. That way, you live with it, and you have to keep buying fuckin' dope. Then they price that shit out of range so you gotta make a decision: you gonna eat today, or you gonna buy some fuckin' drugs? They take patents out on these drugs so that they can put whatever price they want on that shit. You gotta buy dope from us, or you die.

REAL ESTATE

I ain't into no fake estate, I'm in real estate. You see how the Chinese people just moved here back in the early to mid 70's, and they own everything. The Vietnamese people, the Arabs, the Mexicans, they own all this shit now too. A nigga may have a detail shop or a rib shack, but a nigga ain't got a motherfuckin' thing. Everybody's trying to buy all this shit up in the neighborhood. I'd rather just buy it my godamn self and make it affordable for niggas to move back into, 'cause they losing it. They trying to buy the 'hood from the niggas. I ain't cool with that. Your parents and your grandparents worked real hard for this shit.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BLACK CIVILIZATION

This is a good book [by Chancellor Williams]. Don't get me fucked up—I ain't no racist, I ain't no Muslim and I ain't no black radical or none of that shit. I'm jut learning what happened in the past so I don't repeat that shit in the future. If they realize that this is the white man's country, they'll wake up. The white people ain't ashamed of they history. Anything you want to know about anything that happened in the past is in them fuckin'

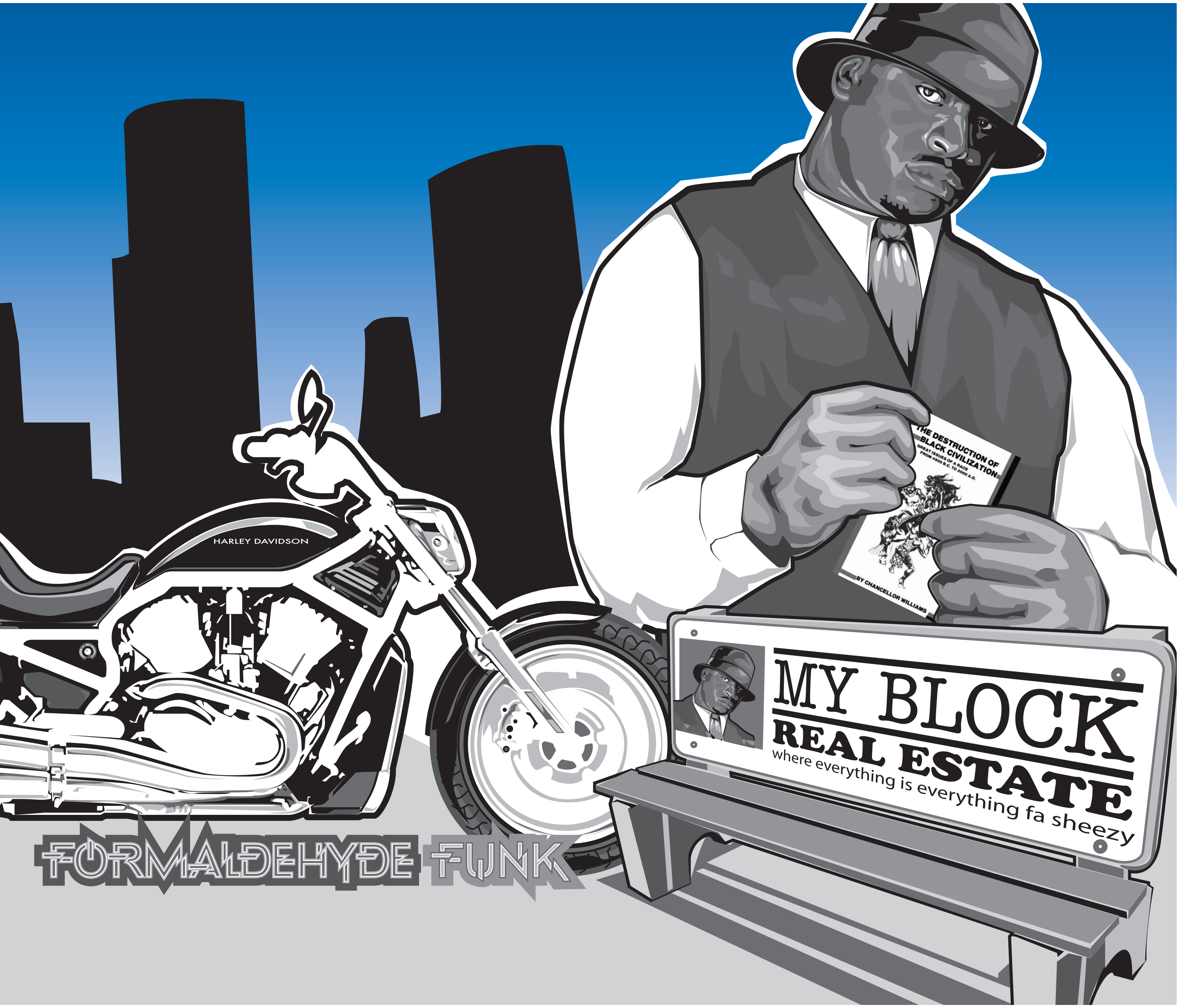

HARLEY DAVIDSON
THE DESTRUCTION OF BLACK CIVILIZATION
GREAT ISSUES OF A RACE FROM 4500 B.C. TO 2000 A.D.
BY CHANCELLOR WILLIAMS
MY BLOCK
REAL ESTATE
where everything is everything fa sheezy
FORMALDEHYDE FUNK

illustration: **Miguel Perez**

books. But I'd hurry up and get that shit, because when they find out that niggas is in there lookin', they gonna make it harder for a nigga to get to it. Ours is gonna get burned up in the library.

MOTORCYCLES:
I ain't trippin' on no Bentleys and Ferraris, man. Just give me a motherfuckin' Harley. There it is. I been riding motorcycles since I was about 11 or 12 years old. I'm into choppers, hogs. I got everything—leather jacket, face covers, hand covers and boots—it's not a game. That's serious. I even got the belt buckles.

REPARATIONS:
They did everything to get them people money for hundreds of years and didn't pay them a coin. Now give my people a chunk. Give us 20 right quick. Or instead, just give us ten years of free labor. I think if you can find out who owned your people, it should be legal to get your fuckin' money off these people man. You know how the IRS tack on that goddamned interest? A nigga needs to get some of that money. I don't see why it's so hard to pay these people—they fuckin' spending a billion dollars a day in warfare.

IPOD NANO
I got six 60 gig iPods, but I just got a nano and put 500 of my favorite songs on it—Stevie Wonder, Jimi Hendrix, Isley Brothers, Funkadelic, Parliament.

SOUTHERN UNION ACT
If you're Chinese and you get deported, they send you back to China. Now if you're a nigga, where you go home to? Your home is in captivity—the fuckin' penitentiary. We trying to start hiring proper representation for these niggas that's getting bullshit-ass cases. We're starting this Southern Union Act man, so we can help get buses and shit together set up to send parents to these penitentiaries so they can see they children man. It's bigger than music, man. I give a fuck about the well being of my niggas. Let's just jam and use the money that we makin' to open up some more avenues, 'cause if not, at the rate we're goin', we're gonna be back in slavery again. It wouldn't be a bad idea to start putting some shit together so these niggas have a home. 'Cause right now, we roaming aimlessly.

MY NEW ALBUMS
I feel honored to be in my new group The Product. I'm on about 90% of the songs. There'll never be another Geto Boys—that's classic. But this new group—me, Will Hen, who's from the Bay and Young Malice, from Mississippi—they're some bad motherfuckers. But I'm also working on a new Scarface solo album, which will be out in 2006. All I can say is—uh oh, aww shit *[laughs]*. You shouldn't have got this nigga started. It's gonna be a little bit more street than *The Fix*.

Rides and Rims

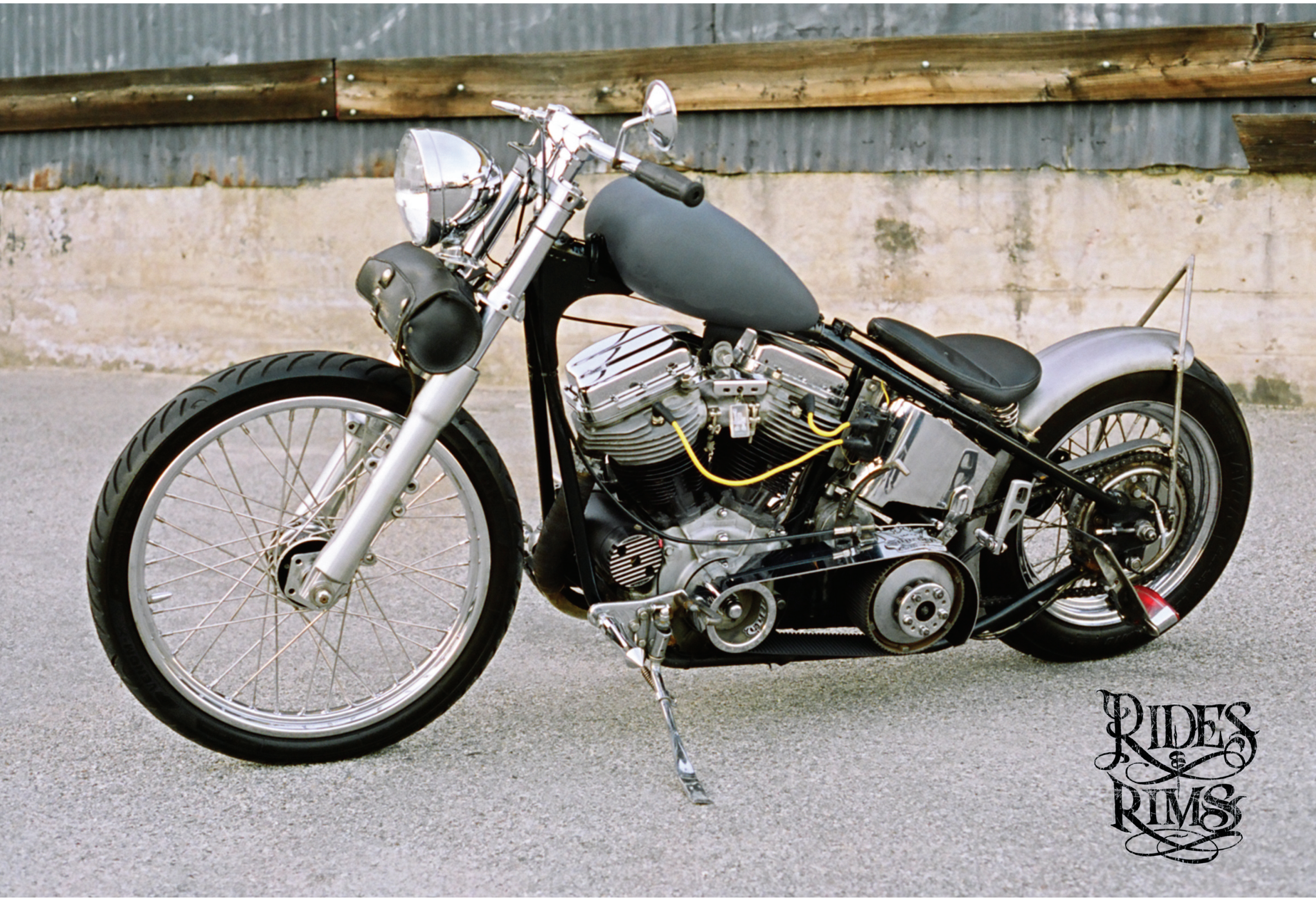
MANSION MIKE'S REBUILT '57 HARLEY

For me and Estevan, this is another feature that is close to our hearts. We had a partner nicknamed Bronson who carried himself like the mayor of East LA. Bronson rolled on a 1957 Harley-Davidson Panhead, custom candy painted with my murals on the tank and lowered to the earth. Bronson crashed the bike and fucked up the murals I spent hours painting. I remember him calling me from the hospital and all I could think to say was, "What happened to my murals!?!" He was a bike builder, custom painter, and the youngest member ever voted into Los Angeles' Lifestyle Car Club. He was a good father and had a sick sense of humor. Bronson died tragically in a Laughlin casino fight on April 27th, 2002. Bronson was a homie and we'll always miss him.

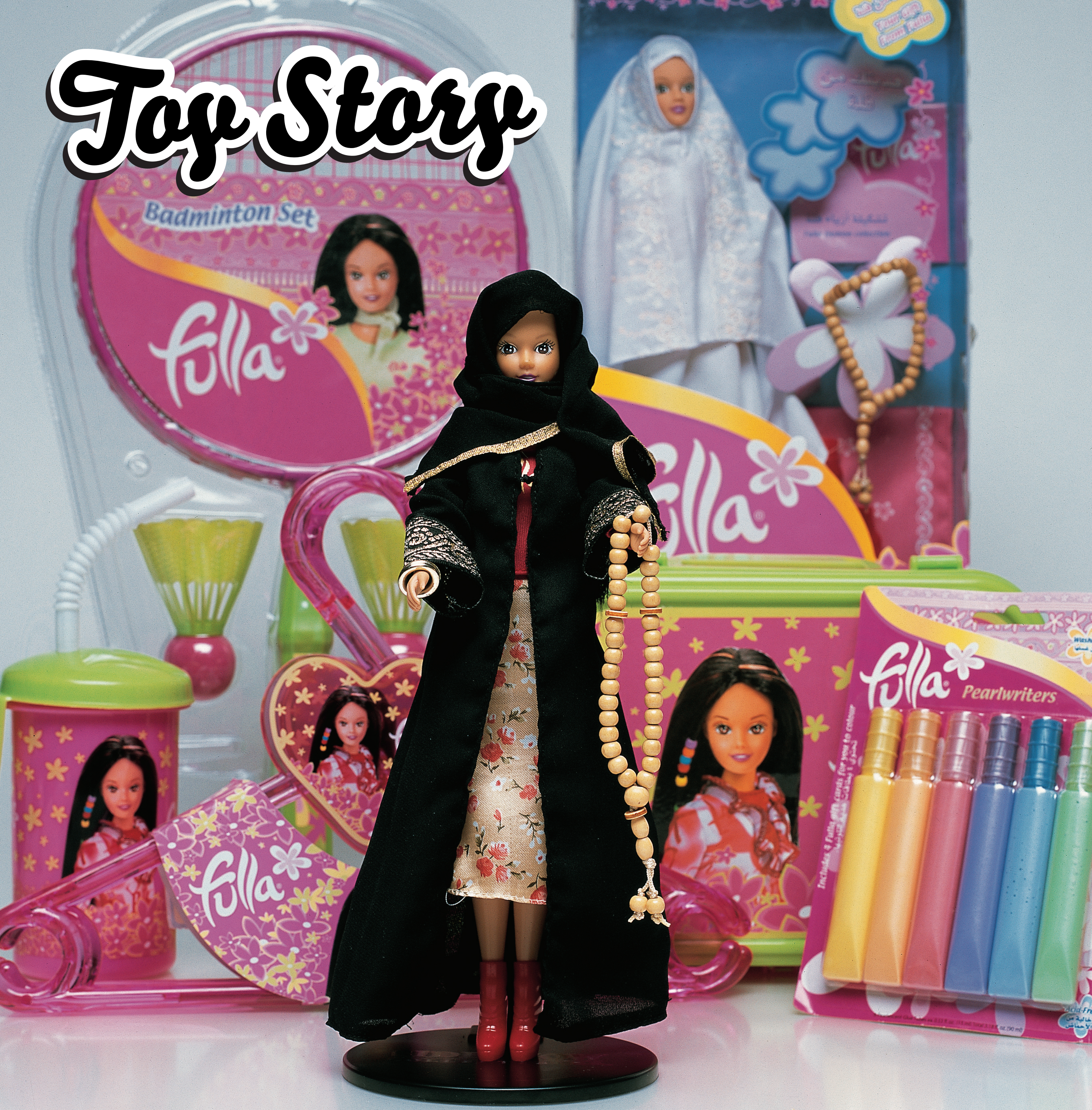
Bronson had a road dog named Mansion Mike—a true rider. He got into a fucked up accident with an 18-wheeler and ended up losing his leg but keeping his life. Soon after the accident, Mike went to prison for 51 months at Terminal Island Federal Prison in the Harbor area of Los Angeles. It was during his incarceration that Bronson passed away and his Harley got sold. From prison, Mansion Mike bought the bike back and put it into the freezer until he came home. Upon his release, Mansion made a decision to turn his life towards the positive and rebuild the '57 Panhead Bronson-style!

The bike has been revamped and custom built for a one-legged-man-run-over-by-a-truck. The clutch and throttle are on the same side, changing gears with a suicide shifter. This bike doesn't have the traditional wet candy paint. Instead, Mansion chose to go with a black satin finish primer on the tank, leaving the fender raw. Mike is currently a mechanic at Super Co. Customs in Los Angeles, and has nine kids. Mansion Mike has kept the tradition of his compadre Bronson with this 1957 custom death trap. Ride in peace, Bronson.

words: ***Mister Cartoon*** *photos:* ***Estevan Oriol***



Toy Story



FULLA

words: **John Hall** photo: **Shane Nash**

Barbie might be the world's best-selling doll, but anyone who's eaten at McDonald's or heard a Britney Spears song knows that best-selling ain't synonymous with "good," "quality" or even "decent." I mean, Barbie ain't go no booty. Or culture. Or style. Basically, she's got the integrity of a runway model, and the body shape of one too – which is something that has made her the target of some heavy criticism in recent years. Anyway, if you consider that Barbie has come under fire at home here in the US, just imagine how unpopular she is in countries that don't dig our TV shows, our inane pop music, or even (gasp) our neo-con foreign policy. 'Cause let's face it, America just isn't winning any popularity contests in some parts of the world right now. The proof is in the pudding. In 2003, Saudi Arabia outlawed the sale of Barbie because she doesn't conform to Islamic ideals. Muslim parents feared that slut Barbie would corrupt their daughters, and you can't really argue with that, right?

Enter Fulla. Produced in Syria and released in 2003, this dark-eyed, brown haired, Barbie-like doll is said to be the best-selling doll in the Middle East right now. Compared to her American counterpart, she has more modest clothing which includes a hijab, the traditional Islamic head covering worn outside, because a woman's hair cannot be seen by men who are not in her family. But perhaps most importantly, she comes equipped with her own fashionably pink prayer mat, so she can get her salah on in style. Her outfits are divided between outdoor (think completely covered up) and the indoor stuff she wears when she's chillin' at the crib. And much like Barbie, she wears more pink than Cam before the purple switch. Since all the girls from Iraq to Morocco are crazy about Fulla, we just had to get our hands on one too. Hey, we don't want Barbie corrupting our daughters, either. Next up, a Doctor Fulla and a Teacher Fulla. Don't hold your breath for her boyfriend though. Fulla don't have no love life.

SPECIAL THANKS: ROBERT THURER

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SCANS: GRAND PHOTO SOLUTIONS

Change. It's always happening. It might be slow, even imperceptible, but there's a reason why most of us stop eating Gerber, playing with blocks and wearing pajamas with feet by the time we hit our 20s. So lets presume—since you're reading this article and all—that you're a sneakerhead. You're stacking boxes like you were training for a job with UPS, surfing eBay like Kelly Slater. The people at Footaction know your name (and your size), and you've got a corner of your room/apartment set up with posterboard and a desk lamp to photograph your latest acquisitions.

But then one day you look around and realize that you have 300 pairs of pristine sneakers and no furniture. Or realize the money you have sunk into your collection would be better invested in something else—like Google stock, a college degree or a Lamborghini Murcielago. Maybe even a couch. Things done changed, and you decide to liquidate. Keep a dozen pairs and sell off the rest. But you want to do it right, because, hey—these were an investment, and you want to see a return. The big question, of course, is how? Well, there are two basic ways to do it.

SELLING INDIVIDUALLY: If you want to get maximum value for your shoes, you've got to slang them one pair at a time. Once again, there's more than one way to go. You could sell at consignment, at a shop like NYC's Flight Club. You give up 20 percent of the shoe's final sale price, but it's a price you set. Plus, the shoes are available for inspection (and instant purchase), which means the potential customer may not be adverse to paying a premium. As any online sneaker hunter knows, eBay abounds with fakes. But there are some easy ways to make sure your legit joints stand out.

Take your own pictures. Include your eBay name written on a piece of paper in the shot, make sure the shots are *clear* (no Sidekick photos, please) and be sure to shoot the tags and the box.

Don't try and be all-inclusive with your title. "Air Jordan 9.5 I II III IV V Retro Supreme" may get a ton of search hits, but no one's gonna know what the fuck it is you're selling. A more precise listing will get fewer hits, but the people who do find it will likely be more interested.

Ship fast, double-box, describe items in detail. You need the good feedback to develop a trustworthy reputation. That said, don't make your first ever auction for a pair of super-rare, super-expensive shoes, because no matter how legit they are, it'll look suspect.

In cases of easier-to-find shoes, sell two or more at a time in a lot. The amount you might lose in final price should be more than made up for in saved eBay (and PayPal, if you use it) fees. Not to mention one or two less trips to hell, a.k.a. the post office.

As you get into it, ask legit buyers if they're looking for other shoes. Chances are they will be. No fees that way.

And speaking of fees, keep 'em low. Myself, for example—I never use reserves, and I always start my auctions at $5 or so. I'm convinced that an accurate title and good photos will bring the appropriate price. No reason to pay extra for a reserve safety net or a high listing price.

SELLING IN BULK: This is the equivalent of taking the lottery lump sum payment. The overall payout won't be as high, but at least you'll get all the loot at once. Then again, is someone going to want all your stuff? If you have a particularly rare or valuable collection, you can probably get loot from an online seller, like *InStyleShoes.com* or Sneaker Pimps. Figure out a price that would satisfy you, and make sure you get it. Then be prepared to deal with the fact that they're going to break up your collection—and make more money off it than you did. If you can deal with that, go right ahead.

You can also list your entire collection as one lot on eBay, which more than one collector has done in the past. The difficulties with this method are many—how to ship 300 pairs of shoes at once, what words to put in your heading that will get tons of attention but won't get your auction cancelled ("250 pair lot Nike SB Force 1 co.JP SUPREME 10," for instance), and how to take (and where to post) photos of every single tag in every single shoe and on every single box so you don't have to answer the inevitable thousands of e-mails asking for them. You also have to hope that someone out there wears your size, needs an instant collection, and is willing to drop large change to do so. Otherwise, you're either selling low (probably to a reseller who will break your collection up and sell individually) or paying exorbitant listing fees for an auction that never reaches reserve. Best case scenario, you're renting a U-Haul to drive your shoes to LA and coming back with a stack of cash.

words: **Russ Bengtson** *photos:* **Menudo Mendez**

AIRWALK
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Play @ Your Own Risk

PHONE GAME

Cellular phones have come a long, long way from the days of the two pound, monochromatic, single-band bricks that passed for hi-tech telephony. Nowadays, cell phones are chock full of technological goodness. Teeming with features such as hi-res screens, high-speed web access, high mega pixel cameras, and full QWERTY keyboards, these new full-fledged communicators can do it all. Email, text message, take pictures, record video, and allow you to play extremely addicting games in times of excruciating boredom. Don't get me wrong, cell phones have been able to play games for years—I spent many a geometry class playing *Snake*, and appeasing my dreams of drug dealer grandeur with *Dope Wars*, on my black and white Nokia back in high school.

But now, with phones able to utilize advanced programming code such as Java and BREW (Binary Runtime Environment for Wireless), game developers have upped the ante, producing games analogous to that of some mobile game sets (think Game Boy; not PSP). As with any other newly tapped market, once proved popular, the floodgates open up and a river of half-assed, mass-produced products pour in. But never fret. We at *Mass Appeal* wouldn't leave you to fend for yourselves when choosing cellular video games. Take a look at a few of the newest games the mobile entertainment industry has to offer. Play on, playa.

words: **Damien Scott** *photo:* **Christian Patterson**

THE OC

You TiVo it every Thursday at eight, but you still can't get enough of America's #1 guilty pleasure. Well now, while you're on your way to work on those cold NYC mornings, you can assume the role of your favorite sun-soaked Orange County citizen thanks to this new *Sims*-style game. The objective? Become the quintessential OC denizen, i.e. become an exceptionally shallow, ungrounded, worrisome member of California's high society. Good ol' self indulgent fun.

LUMINES.

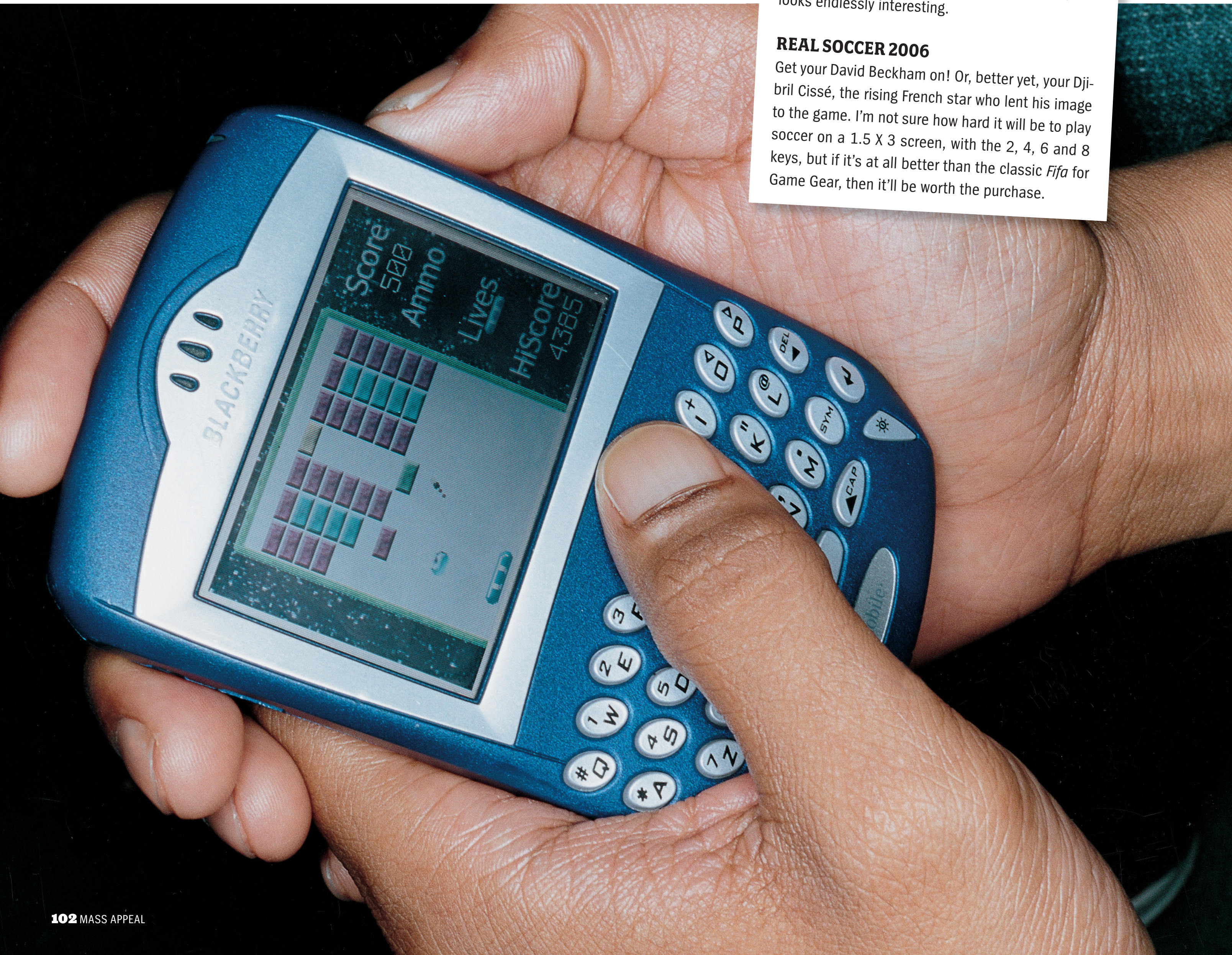
Once only for PS2 and PSP, the ever addictive puzzle game, heralded as "the greatest *Tetris*-style puzzle game since *Tetris* itself," is available for your cell. Now you can rack your brain solving brick busting puzzles during your company meetings.

METEOS

Brought to you by Masahiro Sakurai (the man behind *Lumines*), *Meteos*, on paper, seems harder than a Mensa entrance test. All right, not that hard, but I'd probably get frustrated with it and toss my phone on the subway tracks if subjected to it for more than 15 minutes. Nevertheless, the game looks endlessly interesting.

REAL SOCCER 2006

Get your David Beckham on! Or, better yet, your Djibril Cissé, the rising French star who lent his image to the game. I'm not sure how hard it will be to play soccer on a 1.5 X 3 screen, with the 2, 4, 6 and 8 keys, but if it's at all better than the classic *Fifa* for Game Gear, then it'll be worth the purchase.



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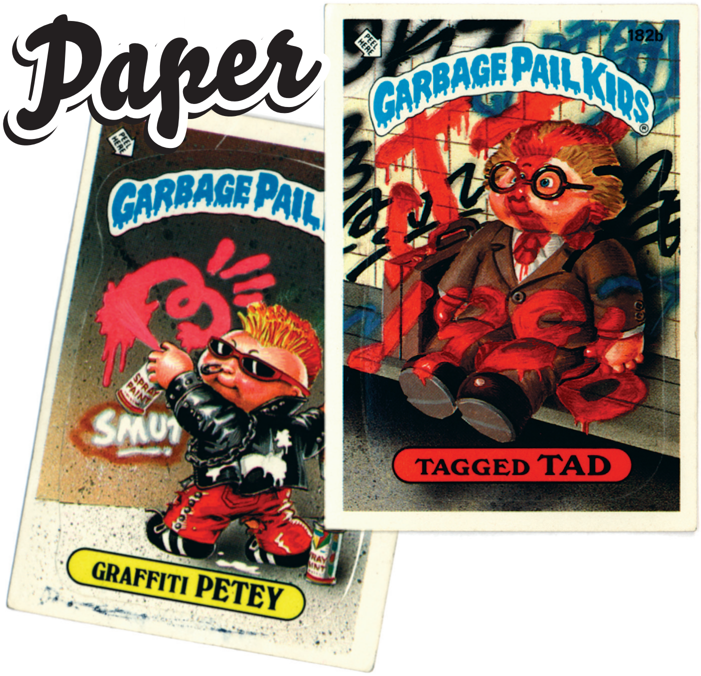


MARK NEWGARDEN'S NEW BOOK *WE ALL DIE ALONE* TAKES A LOOK BACK AT HIS LONG, STRANGE TRIP AS AN ARTIST, DESIGNER AND ANIMATOR.

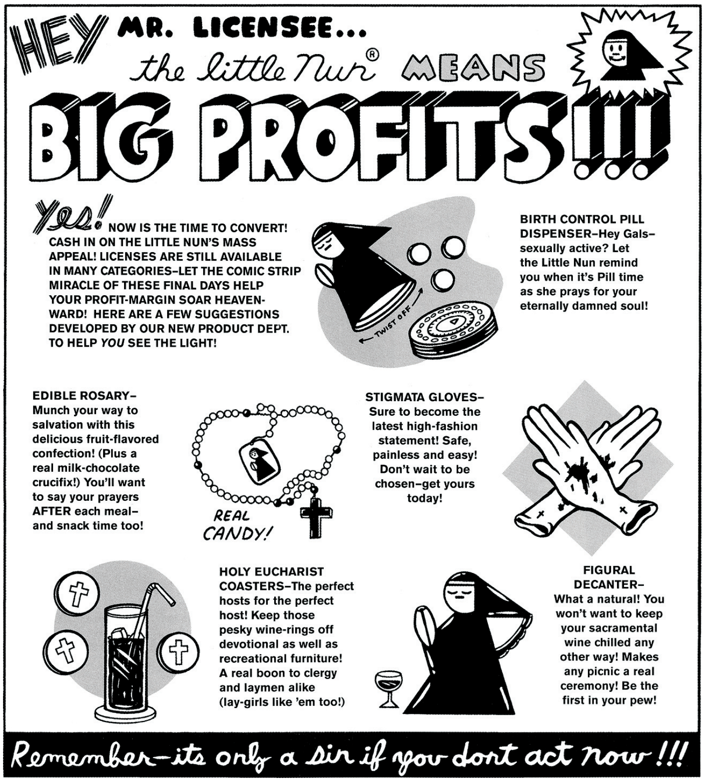
Denizens of Williamsburg, NY: I know you're expressing yourself, but stop being so weird—parents and children run from you. You can be weird and still nurture the youths. Look at 46-year-old Mark Newgarden—he embraces the peculiar and lives with his family in an old funeral parlor in Williamsburg. Though not one to humor the overprotective parent, Newgarden managed to stimulate children's imaginations as the art director and conceptual writer of the legendary Garbage Pail Kids card series. Over the years, he also shocked newspaper readers with his satirical comic strips. His new book, *We All Die Alone* [Fantagraphics Books, 2005] presents Newgarden's diverse life's works, obsessions and inspirations. Together, the collection exposes a balancing act of strange function and how he has become "the best nickname giver, ever."

Newgarden has made a living off of peculiar humor presented by throwaway mediums—from his satirical comic strips that flabbergasted newspaper readers to consulting on tie-in promotional products for major corporations (he even created plastic caricatures that dispense gooey candy by barfing it out). *We All Die* goes further than simply summarizing all of Newgarden's work; a healthy portion is devoted to his inspirations. There are strange photo portraits of circus clowns, novelty costume noses and gag 'crying towels' that adorn drawings of people down on their luck. "It's all stuff that I've collected over the years or that I have in front of me when I'm working or am thinking about it or for whatever reason. It all feeds into what a lot of what the work is," says Newgarden.

We All Die is laid-out in a way where audiences can dedicate any amount of time and reap rewards. Some of his works are one-liners or use no words at all like "The Little Nun", where just a glance gets your mind churning. While the "Meet the Cast" series is as aesthetically simple, if you really study the image, each detail is a door to an entire fantasy world. Newgarden explains he was "trying to re-capture some of that childhood doodling thing." However, as the title of the book suggests, Newgarden also explores grown folks' business. As for its existentiality, he admits, "I would never attempt to explain my humor [*laughs*]. I wouldn't punch anyone out if they went for that." He likes the idea of living in a funeral parlor, but as opposed to many of his neighbors, he cringes at the association of irony when it comes to his nostalgia.

As explained in the book, Newgarden's favorite era for comic strips and gag products was the 1920s. "Most of the early stuff is pretty raucous humor and kind of like crazy drawing. Basically these guys had to sit down with a deadline, gun pointed at their head everyday and come up with something. That's always the best recipe for something interesting," explains Newgarden. Instead of the gag simply being the archaic aesthetic, his use of the comic strip format served as a functional vehicle to express his eccentric perspective on society. The newspaper is a medium driven by the black and white views, so the rawness of Newgarden's strips kept them from being a mainstream success. Garbage Pail Kids' success, on the other hand, was due to its balance of light-hearted exaggeration and complete outrageousness. These days, I'm sure "Virus" Iris reveals the malice of Garbage Pail Kids to her psychiatrist. But Newgarden didn't go as far as making a card for "Trick Baby Sadie", because that's just cold-hearted. Maybe those zany hipsters look and act funny, but I'm sure we all have moments where we're Garbage Pail Kids on the inside. Aww.

words: **Maclean Jackson**



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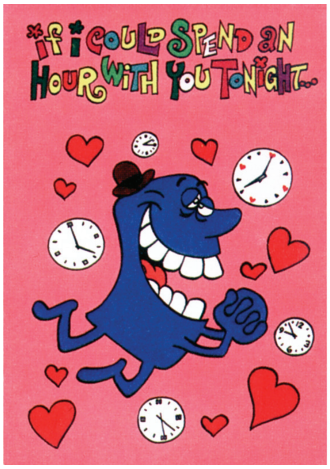
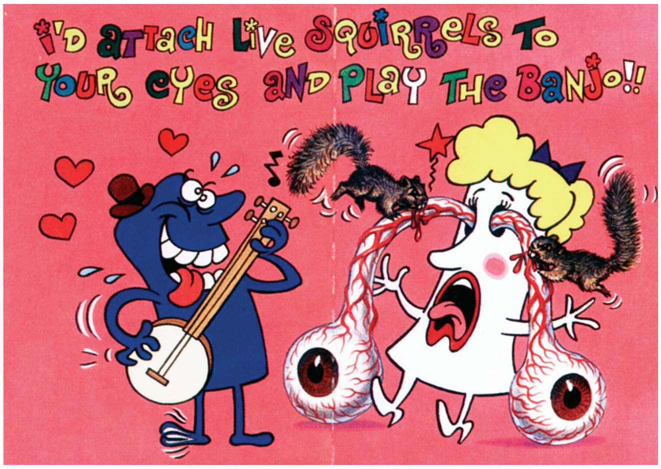
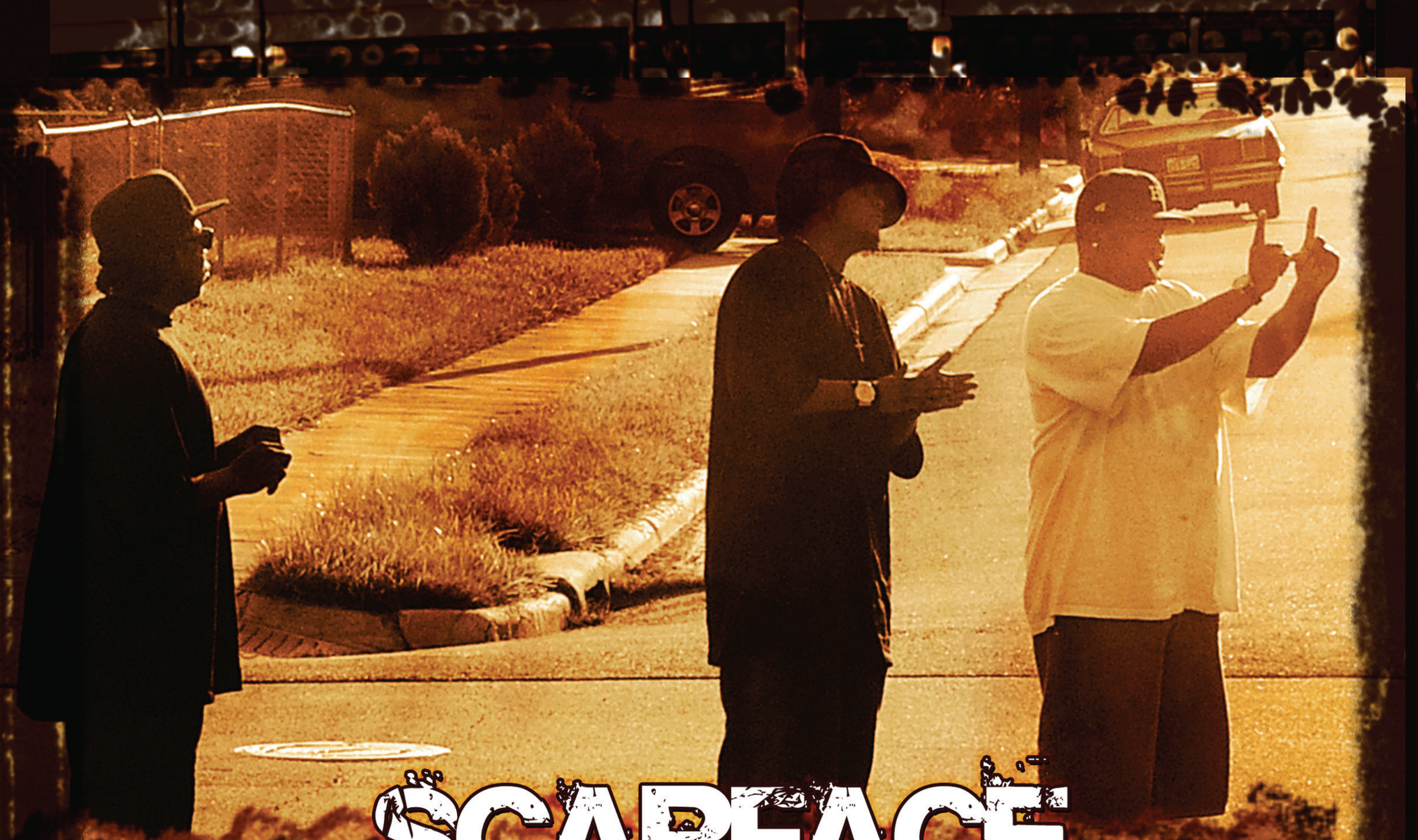

if i could spend an hour with you tonight...


I'd attach live squirrels to your eyes and play the banjo!!



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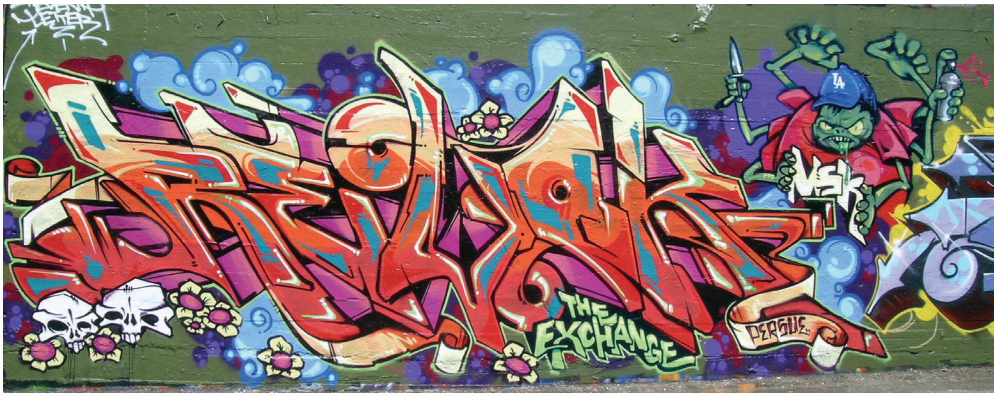

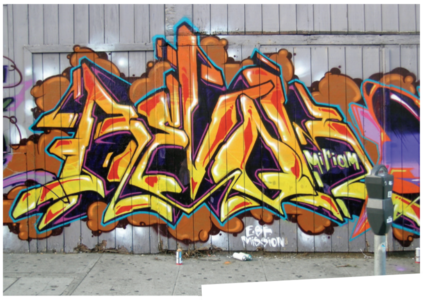

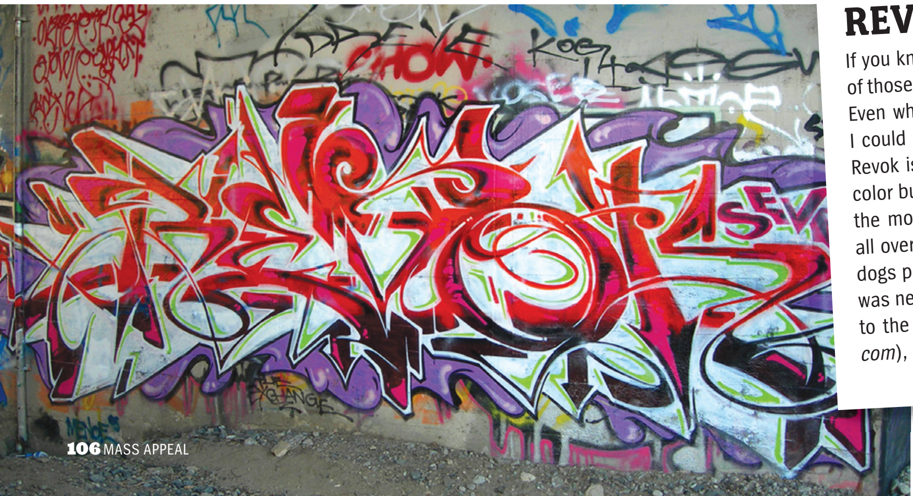

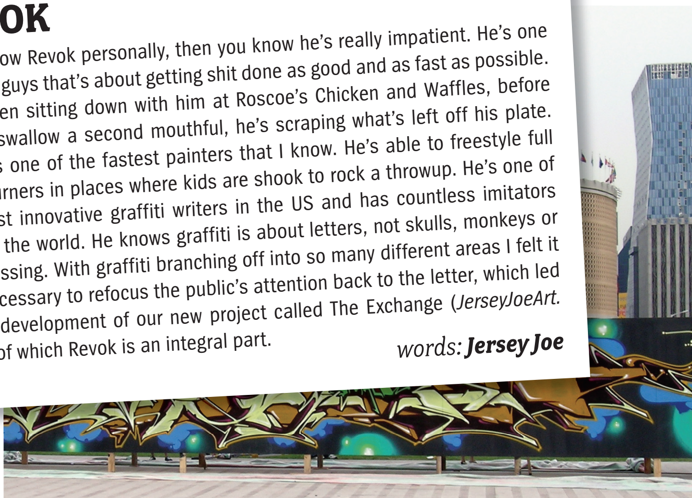

REVOK

If you know Revok personally, then you know he's really impatient. He's one of those guys that's about getting shit done as good and as fast as possible. Even when sitting down with him at Roscoe's Chicken and Waffles, before I could swallow a second mouthful, he's scraping what's left off his plate. Revok is one of the fastest painters that I know. He's able to freestyle full color burners in places where kids are shook to rock a throwup. He's one of the most innovative graffiti writers in the US and has countless imitators all over the world. He knows graffiti is about letters, not skulls, monkeys or dogs pissing. With graffiti branching off into so many different areas I felt it was necessary to refocus the public's attention back to the letter, which led to the development of our new project called The Exchange (*JerseyJoeArt.com*), of which Revok is an integral part.

words: ***Jersey Joe***

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GO GREASEL LIGHTNING!

words: ***Willie G.***

So you didn't vote for the chimp, but each time you fill 'er up, you're lining his pockets—it hurts, don't it? You're thinking that there's got to be a better way. Well, there is, and it's not some conspiracy theory "It runs on water, man" hippie bullshit. In fact, it's been around for well over a century.

Picture rollin' into your favorite artery-clogging fast-food joint, stomach and gas tank emptier than a Scottish pay-toilet. After digging for some change, and a few "please" and "thank yous," you're on your way—hunger satisfied, and the needle on F. Welcome to the wonderful world of Greasel, son. "Greasel," coined from the mating of the words "grease" and "diesel," is a company founded by Charles Anderson that sells simple engine conversion kits for diesel-powered VWs, Fords, Benzes, and other rides. But more importantly, it's a philosophy in motion , proving that there are other ways of beating round the Bush.

You see, the first diesel engines were invented by a forward-thinking homie named Rudolf Diesel, back in the late 1800s. Ol' Rude-bwoy was the simplistic type—his powerplants were originally designed to run off plant oils, such as peanut and vegetable. But Rudy ran with the wrong crowd. After his untimely demise, Diesel's crew put the kibosh on his eco-inventions and quickly converted them to run on petro-based (now known as "diesel") fuels, which they had coincidentally just invested in.

Given the history, it's surprising that the Greasel technology hasn't come up sooner. For a small to moderate investment, owners of modern-day, diesel-powered cars can perform a relatively simple conversion that brings Rudy's dreams of running off plant oils back to life. Though it requires forking out a little dough upfront (about a G), most drivers fill up for free at local restaurants and pay for the project in less than a year. Fast food restaurants often pay top dollar to cart the shit away, so when you show up offering to do it for them, they're lovin' it!

On top of the money situation, vegetable oil emissions are way lower than those from petroleum engines, making them up to 50-75% cleaner. It's easier on the planet as well as your wallet, with no loss of power or fuel economy. It all sounds made-up, but it's fact...it just makes too much sense. One Greasel driver, who asked to remain nameless, told us, "I can't believe the simplicity of it. I invested $1000, and now I have free fuel for the life of the car. People have nicknamed me the Fry Guy 'cause of the odor the car sometimes puts out, but I've been called worse."

So the next time the powers-that-be hike up oil prices due to avian flu or whatever the fuck else, don't say that we at *Mass Appeal* didn't give you a logical alternative. You don't have to piss away your whole check at the pump—you can always go Greasel, kid. Stop getting swindled at *greasel.com.*

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GITZO TRIPOD WITH PAN TILT HEAD, POCKET WIZARD DIGITAL TRANSMITTER AND RECIEVER

PHOTO BY JARED RODRIGUEZ
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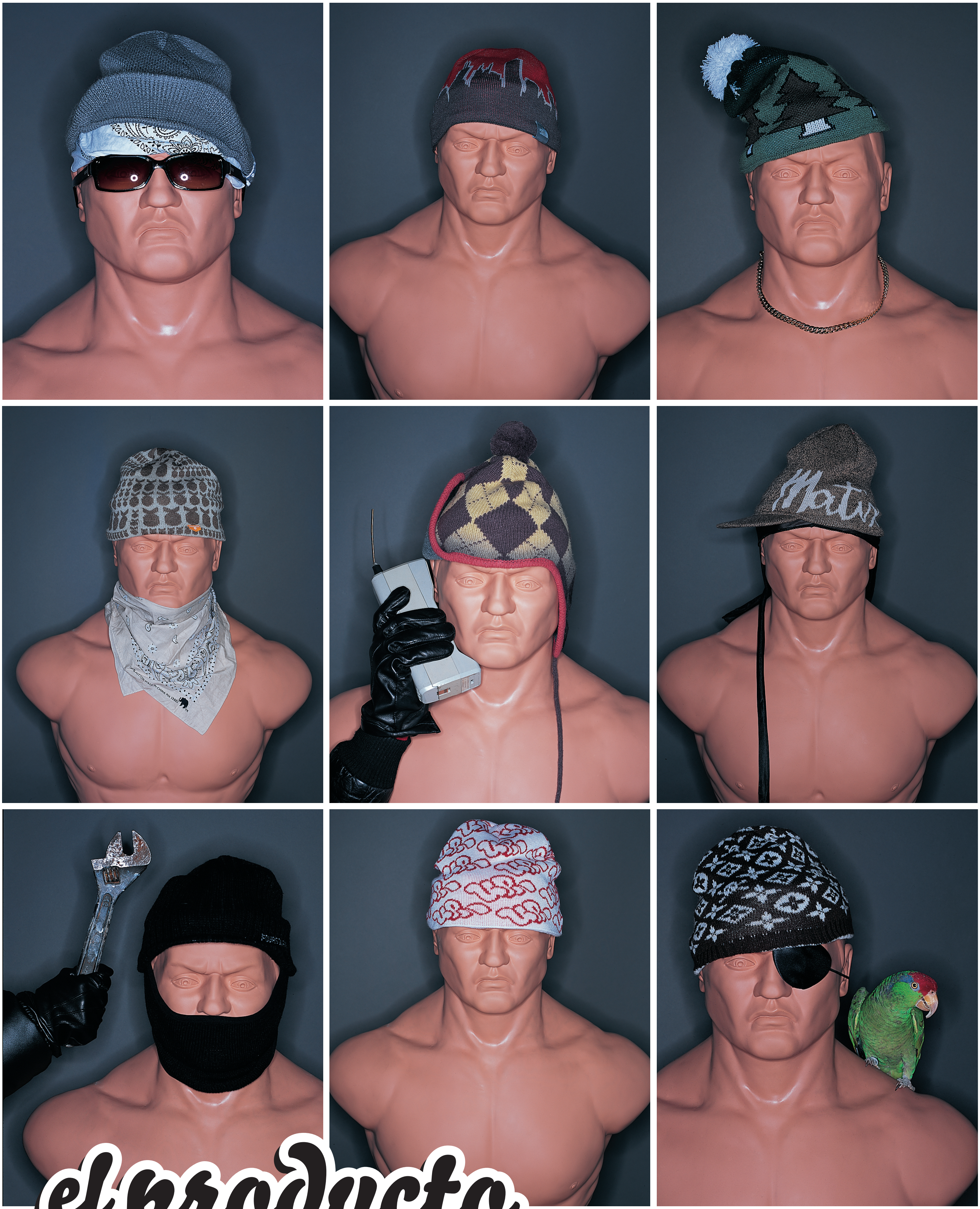

PHOTOS: GAVIN STEVENS STYLING: SAMANTHA MOELLER

el producto

Top Row: Soy Visor beanie by **Special Blend**, *special-blend.com.* Cityscape beanie by **The Northface**, *thenorthface.com.* Tree hat by **Saints Lounge**, available at 8th Street Lab. Middle Row: Refried Beanie by **Special Blend**. Ivy League Pom Earflap hat by **Triple 5 Soul**, available at *karmaloop.com.* Therms beanie by **Matix**, *matixclothing.com.* Bottom Row: Mullet Mask beanie by **Four Square**, *foursquareouterwear.com.* UP Knit Skull by **Upper Playground**, *upperplayground.com.* Skull Monogram beanie by **Goorin Brothers**, *goorinbros.com.*

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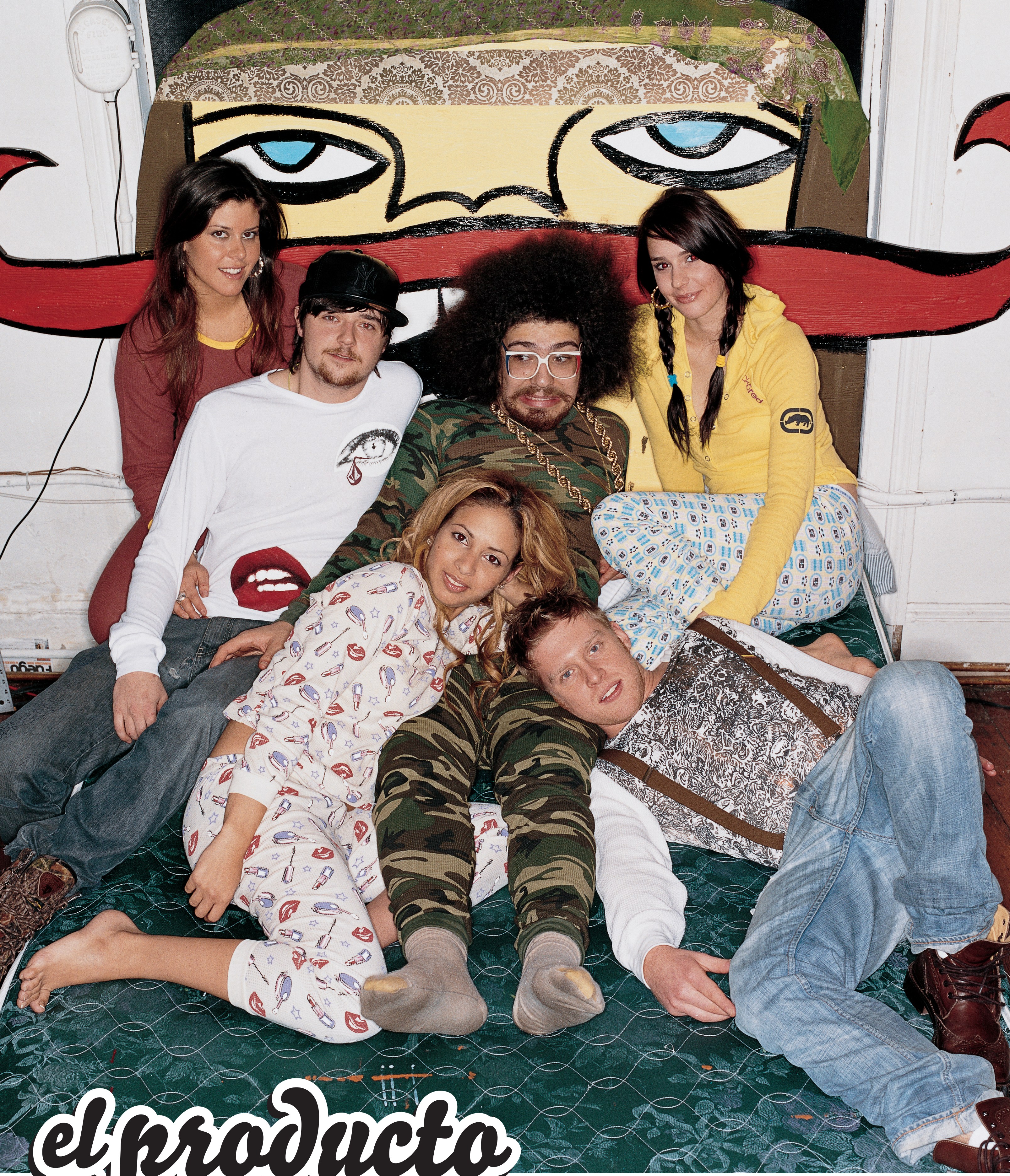
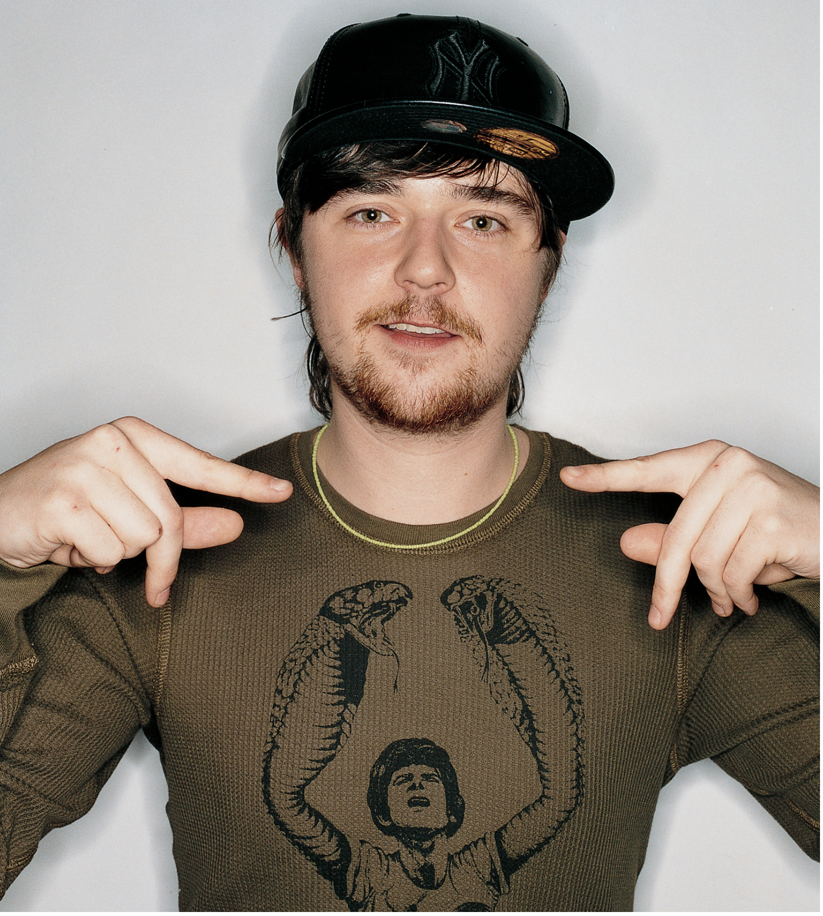
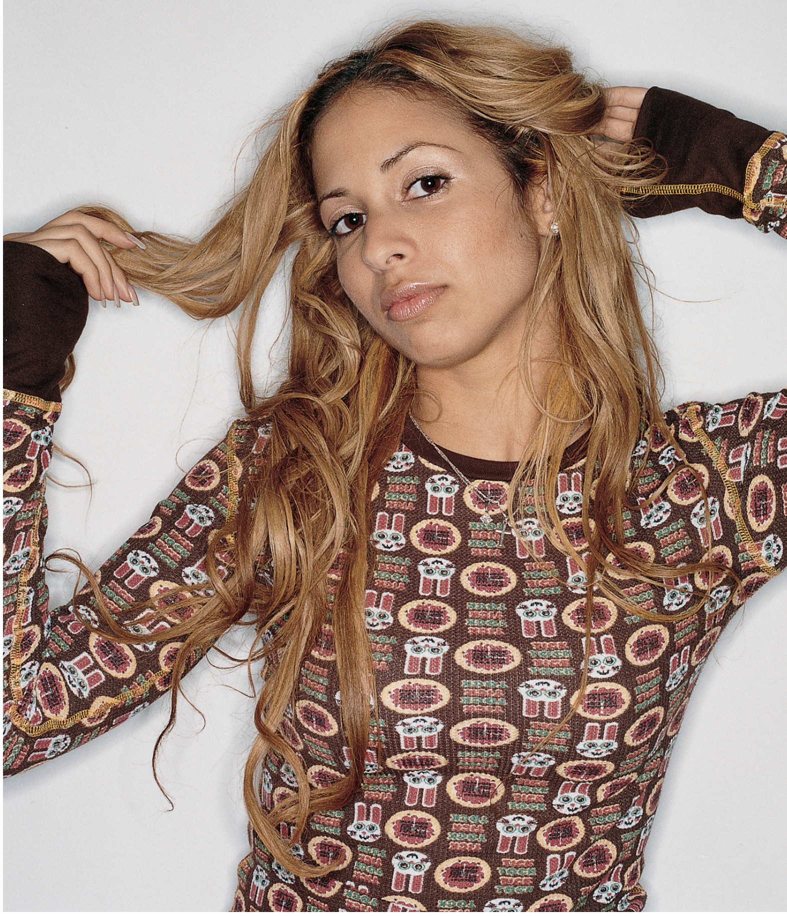
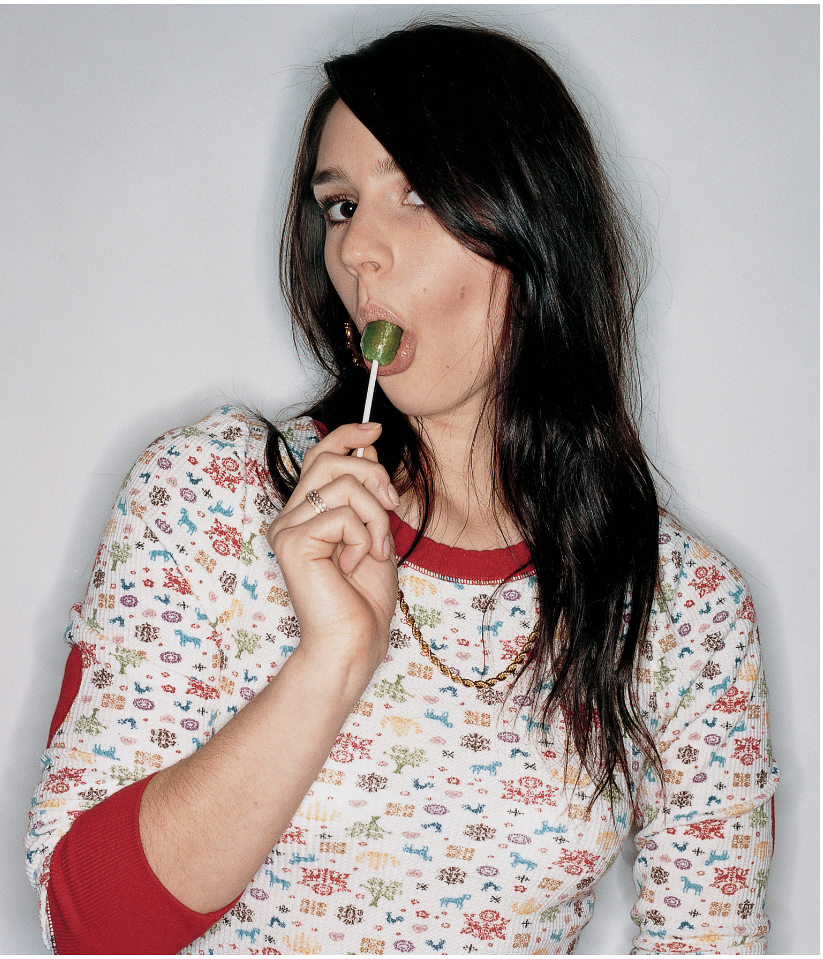


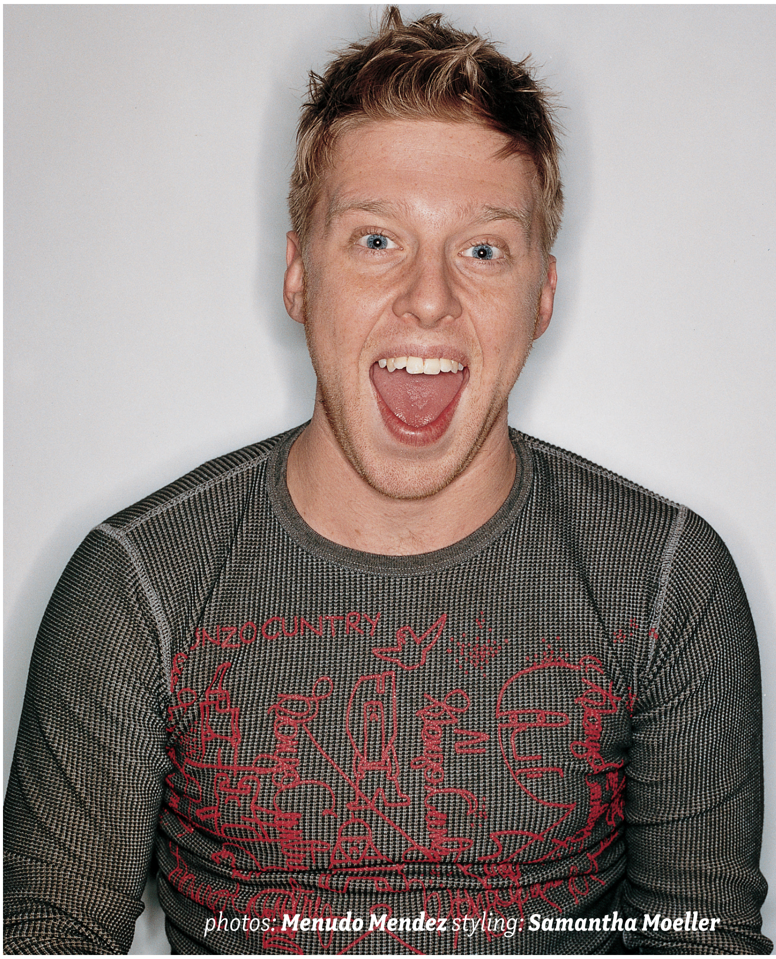
el producto

FRONT ROW : Siary wears a Make Me Up thermal set by **French Toast**, *frenchtoast.com.* Ginger wears a hand-painted thermal by **MF Gallery**, *mfgallery.net.* BACK ROW: Alex wears a basic thermal from stylist's own collection. Machine wears a thermal by **Volcom**, *volcom.com.* Fat Jew wears a camo thermal set by **Rothco**, *rothco.com.* Pia wears a Rhapsody thermal by **Ecko Red**, *shopecko.com* and leggings by **Harajuku Lovers**, *harajukulovers.com.*





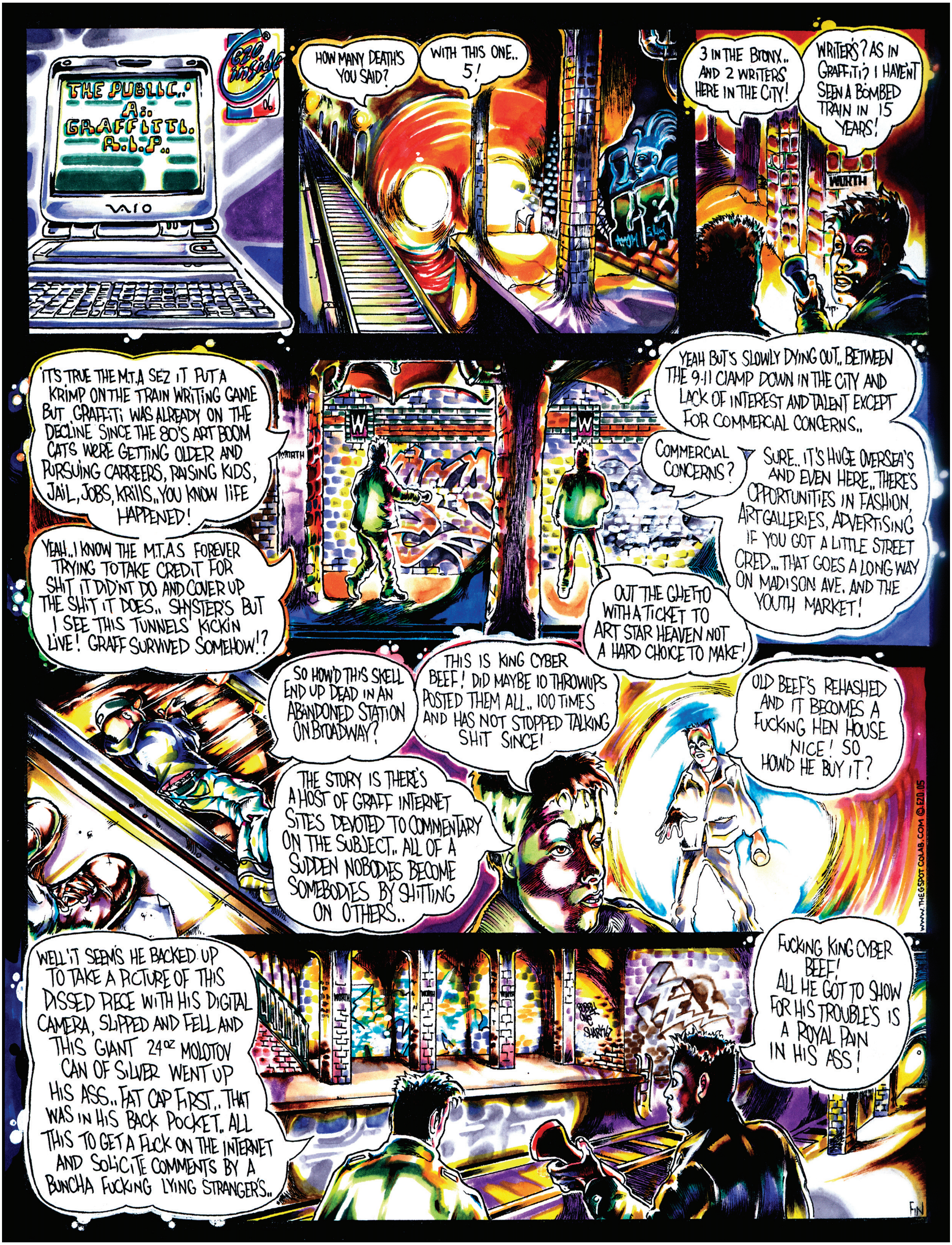




photos: ***Menudo Mendez*** *styling:* ***Samantha Moeller***

TOP ROW: Machine wears a Camping Trip thermal by **Grn Apple Tree**, *grnappletree.com.* Siary wears a Tick Tock thermal by **Harajuku Lovers**. BOTTOM ROW: Ginger wears a Gonzo Country thermal by **Mark Gonzales**, *varm.com.* Pia wears a printed thermal by **Soundgirl**, *soundgirl.com.* Bed (facing page) by **Haculla**, inquire at The Canal Chapter, *1134nyc.com.* Find out more about **Team Facelift** (Machine, Fat Jew & Ginger's music) at *teamfacelift.com*!

The Public A


EZO inside 06
THE PUBLIC.. A: GRAFFITTI. R.I.P..
VAIO
HOW MANY DEATH'S YOU SAID?
WITH THIS ONE.. 5!
3 IN THE BRONX.. AND 2 WRITERS HERE IN THE CITY!
WRITER'S? AS IN GRAFFITI? I HAVEN'T SEEN A BOMBED TRAIN IN 15 YEARS!
WORTH
IT'S TRUE THE M.T.A SEZ IT PUT A KRIMP ON THE TRAIN WRITING GAME BUT GRAFFITI WAS ALREADY ON THE DECLINE SINCE THE 80'S ART BOOM CATS WERE GETTING OLDER AND PURSUING CARREERS, RAISING KIDS, JAIL, JOBS, KRILLS.. YOU KNOW LIFE HAPPENED!
YEAH.. I KNOW THE M.T.A'S FOREVER TRYING TO TAKE CREDIT FOR SHIT IT DIDN'T DO AND COVER UP THE SHIT IT DOES.. SHYSTER'S BUT I SEE THIS TUNNELS KICKIN LIVE! GRAFF SURVIVED SOMEHOW!?
W
WORTH
W
YEAH BUT'S SLOWLY DYING OUT.. BETWEEN THE 9-11 CLAMP DOWN IN THE CITY AND LACK OF INTEREST AND TALENT EXCEPT FOR COMMERCIAL CONCERNS..
COMMERCIAL CONCERNS?
SURE.. IT'S HUGE OVERSEA'S AND EVEN HERE.. THERE'S OPPORTUNITIES IN FASHION, ART GALLERIES, ADVERTISING IF YOU GOT A LITTLE STREET CRED... THAT GOES A LONG WAY ON MADISON AVE. AND THE YOUTH MARKET!
OUT THE GHETTO WITH A TICKET TO ART STAR HEAVEN NOT A HARD CHOICE TO MAKE!
SO HOW'D THIS SKELL END UP DEAD IN AN ABANDONED STATION ON BROADWAY?
THIS IS KING CYBER BEEF! DID MAYBE 10 THROWUPS POSTED THEM ALL.. 100 TIMES AND HAS NOT STOPPED TALKING SHIT SINCE!
THE STORY IS THERE'S A HOST OF GRAFF INTERNET SITES DEVOTED TO COMMENTARY ON THE SUBJECT.. ALL OF A SUDDEN NOBODIES BECOME SOMEBODIES BY SHITTING ON OTHERS..
OLD BEEF'S REHASHED AND IT BECOMES A FUCKING HEN HOUSE NICE! SO HOW'D HE BUY IT?
WWW.THEGSPOTCOLAB.COM ©EZO.05
WELL IT SEEMS HE BACKED UP TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THIS DISSED PIECE WITH HIS DIGITAL CAMERA, SLIPPED AND FELL AND THIS GIANT 24oz MOLOTOV CAN OF SILVER WENT UP HIS ASS.. FAT CAP FIRST.. THAT WAS IN HIS BACK POCKET.. ALL THIS TO GET A FLICK ON THE INTERNET AND SOLICITE COMMENTS BY A BUNCHA FUCKING LYING STRANGER'S..
WORTH
WORTH
WORTH
FUCKING KING CYBER BEEF! ALL HE GOT TO SHOW FOR HIS TROUBLE'S IS A ROYAL PAIN IN HIS ASS!
FIN

WORDS & IMAGE: EZO

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